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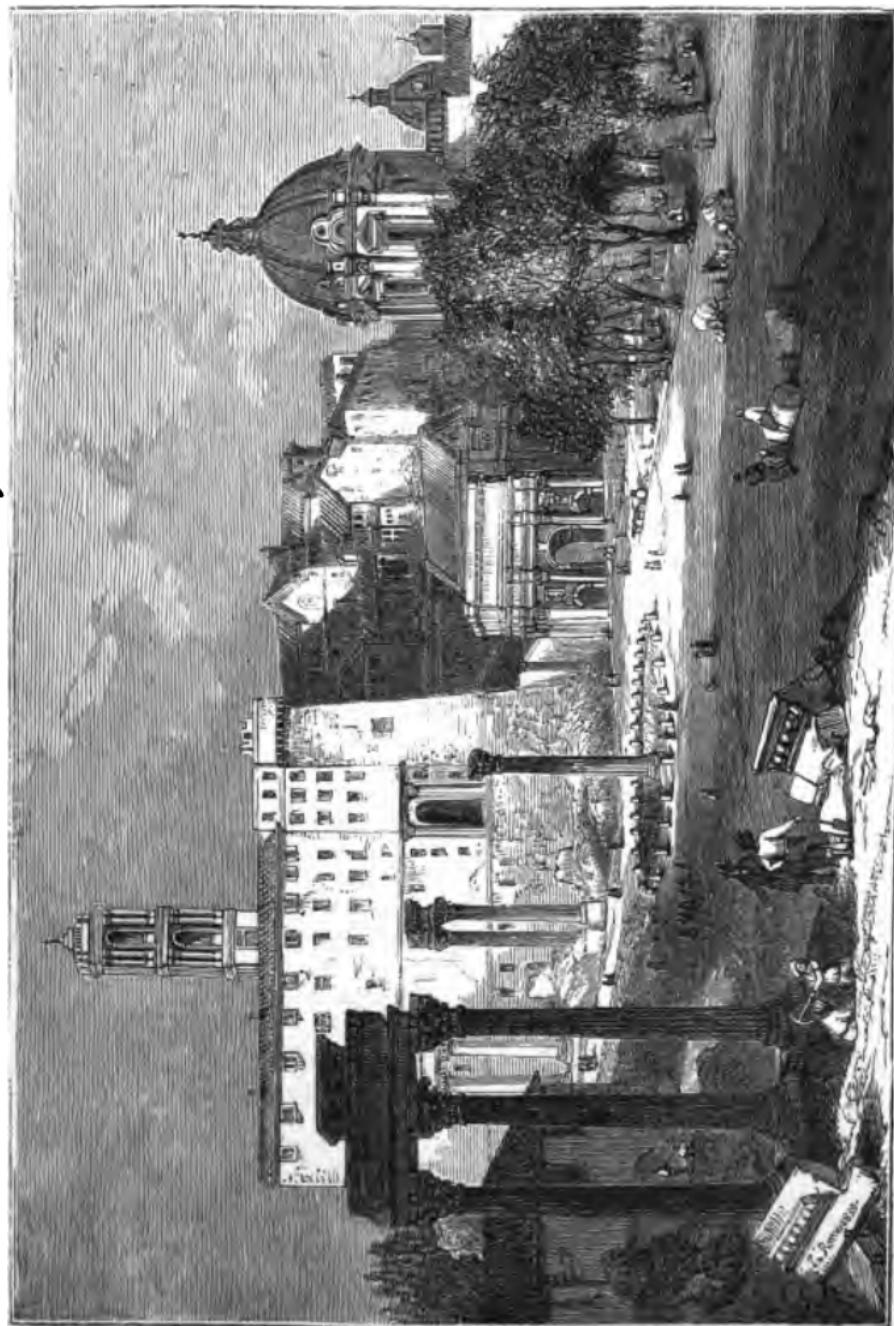


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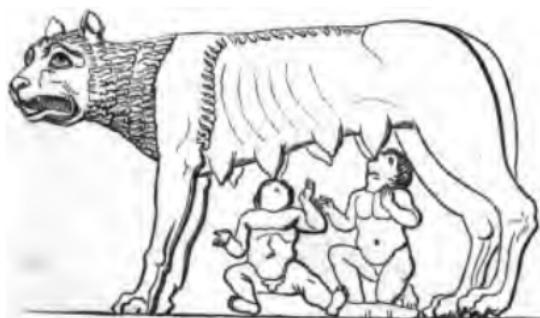
A

CHILD'S HISTORY
OF
ROME.

BY JOHN BONNER,
AUTHOR OF "A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



NEW YORK:
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Tom Crittenton

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New York.

THOUGH this is but a Child's Book, and makes no pretension to scholarship, it is perhaps only right that I should acknowledge my obligations to the Rt. Hon. Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, from whose Inquiry into the Credibility of early Roman History I have derived valuable aid.

It seems to be generally admitted that Sir G. C. Lewis has proved the non-historical character of the scheme of early Roman history proposed by Niebuhr, and adopted by subsequent writers. I am not aware that any material proposition in Sir George's iconoclastic theory has been controverted. No one, to my knowledge, has impugned either the statements of fact or the reasoning on which it rests. It has, however, been urged that we have a personal acquaintance with and affection for the characters whom it divests of historical reality, and that it is asking too much of us to require us to sacrifice them for the sake of the historical canon.

That we are naturally disposed to cling to the beautiful stories which have delighted mankind from Livy's time to our own, is

sufficiently proved by the persistent manner in which the discoveries of Niebuhr have been ignored in schools. Historical criticism has now made a further step, and Niebuhr himself has become obsolete. Shall we close our eyes to this new light too?

Notwithstanding the respect I feel for a recent high example, I am constrained to think that we should not. It appears to me that in this particular histories for children should be governed by as severe a canon as any other class of histories; and that the young should not be asked to receive as history that which, when they grow up, they will know to be fiction.

While, therefore, I have been careful to preserve the more striking of the early legends, including some which are rarely found in schoolbooks, I have given them in their original shape, as legends, and have commenced the History of Rome with the year 282 B.C.

J. B.

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CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

ROME, BEFORE CHRIST 282.

FAR away over the sea, by the side of the River Tiber in Italy, stands the brave old city of **ROME**. It is not a very thriving place ; the great cities of the United States are far more stirring and noisy ; there are no railroads there, nor factories, nor clusters of masts like reeds in the river, nor smoke from tall chimneys clouding the sky. The people who live there are not fond of work or trade. In numbers they are perhaps equal to the people of Boston ; but of these a great many are foreigners, many more are long-robed priests and monks who help the Pope to govern his Church, and many are beggars. The streets are narrow and dirty ; on grand holidays they are filled with bright equipages and crowds of merry people who go to see the Pope and the other rare sights ; but oftener they are so still and desolate that it would sadden your heart to walk through them, and you would feel, when you gazed at the huge remains of old Rome, as if you were standing in a grave-yard looking at tombstones.

A long, long while ago—nearly three hundred years before our Saviour was born—this old city of Rome stood in the same place, by the side of the Tiber, which rolled its muddy waters past the houses, and sometimes overflowed its banks and drove the people to the high ground—just as it does to this day. A very different city though, from the Rome we see at the present time.

It was walled round, and within the walls were inclosed seven hills. You might walk over some of these hills to-day without noticing them—the earth and ruins have been so washed down from their tops into the valleys between them. But at the time I speak of there were seven quite distinct and separate. Of these the most famous were the hill of the **CAPITOL**—on which stood a strong fort called the Capitol, frowning down over the river, a fine temple, and a statue of Jupiter so tall that it could be seen miles off—and the **AVENTINE** hill, about which there were many pleasant legends and stories.

The walls were too big for the city. In places the rocky sides of the hills lay bare, and here and there the ground had not been cleared of trees. On the tops of the hills stood temples and the best houses; narrow and crooked streets crossed the valleys beneath. Most of the houses were small, one story high, built of wood or coarse brick, and shingled or thatched; many of them, I dare say, no finer or more convenient than the log-cabins of the West. Under some of the houses were shops which had no doors or windows, but were open to the street and closed behind.

The principal street in Rome was Sacred Street : it ran through a square, or open oblong space between two of the hills, which was called the **FORUM**. This was the market-place : it was here that public meetings were held. At one end of it a platform had been raised for speakers to stand on when they addressed the people : on either side were shops with stone columns between them, and among these shops stood on one side the Senate-house, on another two fine temples. In the middle of the square grew three trees—an olive, a fig, and a vine—and not far from these, two or three bronze statues had been set up.

It was a very famous place, the Forum ; and I have said this much about it in order that you may have some picture of it in your eye when you hear it mentioned in this history.

There were many temples at Rome, but as they long ago crumbled into dust, we know little or nothing about them. There was an aqueduct, called the Appian Aqueduct after its builder, an old Roman named **APPIUS CLAUDIUS**, about whom there were many famous stories. This aqueduct brought water to the city from a source eight miles off. And there was a great drain, which, I think, was the most wonderful work of ancient Rome. People said it had been built by an old king of Rome, whose name was **SERVIUS TULLIUS**, two hundred years ago and more : any how, it was very old, and so wide that a cart and horse could drive through it, and so strong that it does its duty still, and not a stone of it has mouldered away. I wonder how our drains will look two thousand years hence !



MOUTH OF THE GREAT DRAIN.

I do not know how many people lived at Rome at this time; perhaps not many less than it contains now. It was the chief city of the Roman Republic, which spread along the lovely western coast of Italy for many a mile, and covered perhaps about as much ground as South Carolina, with perhaps as many inhabitants as there are in Massachusetts.

Though Rome was a republic, it was a different republic from Virginia, or New York, or the United States. In these latter, as you know, all white men are born equal. In Rome it was not so. There were three classes of Romans: nobles, citizens, and people who had no vote. The last class—which was chiefly composed of the sons of freed slaves and foreign-born residents—had no power and very few rights.

The other two classes—the nobles and the citizens—were equal in name; that is to say, they were all equally eligible to office. But the government was so contrived that the nobles had, in fact, the lion's share both of power and of offices.

These nobles were of two kinds. Some of them

were men of old families who traced their descent back for a prodigious length of time, and had come by their nobility no one knew how. These were the proudest and the most famous. They were called **PATRICIANS**. Other nobles became so from their fathers or ancestors having held high office under the republic: they were called simply nobles.

The Romans had no legislative assemblies composed of persons chosen by the people to represent them; nothing like the Legislatures of the States, or the United States Congress.

The people met together once a year at the city of Rome to choose magistrates. There were two assemblies of the people: one in which they voted by tribes, according to the place where they lived—as we would say, by districts or counties; the other in which they voted by classes according to their wealth.

In the **ASSEMBLY BY TRIBES** each tribe had one vote. The Roman people were at this time divided into thirty-three tribes, of which the city of Rome contained four; the other twenty-nine being made up of the people who lived in the country. This was, as you see, a clumsy way of finding out the will of the people; still it was fair and democratic.

In the **ASSEMBLY BY CLASSES** all the people in the republic were rated according to their wealth: men worth so much being in one class, those worth so much less being in another, and so on down to those who were worth nothing, who were in a class by themselves. Each class had one vote; and this assembly was so contrived—the rich forming many

classes, but the poor few—that the former could generally carry every thing their own way. The idea was that the opinion of a rich man ought to weigh as much as that of a thousand poor men; an idea which has, I think, prevailed in other places besides Rome.

The assembly by tribes chose the inferior magistrates—the assembly by classes the superior ones.

Both assemblies could make laws for the republic, with the consent of the Senate. The assembly by tribes could make laws without the consent of the Senate, if it insisted upon it; but this it rarely did.

The SENATE was the great Council of the Roman nation. Once upon a time it had been composed of the old nobles only. But as they died out their places were given to men whom the people had elected to office. Thus a man could be a Senator without being a noble. But it generally happened—and for very plain reasons—that most of the Senators were nobles either of the old or new kind. They held office for life.

The Senate did the work which in the United States is divided between the Cabinet at Washington and Congress. It could make laws on all subjects, with the consent of the assembly by classes, and sometimes without. It had charge of all the money affairs of the republic; levied the taxes and spent them; made war and peace; directed the movements of the armies, and chose which general was to lead them; took care of the religion of the State, and generally managed the public business.

To help the Senate, the people elected every year

in the assembly by classes two Consuls, two Censors, and a *Prætor*.

The **CONSULS** were the chief magistrates of Rome. They saw that the laws were obeyed, and led the armies. Without the city their power was supreme; within the walls they were under the control of the Senate.

The **CENSORS** were something like the United States Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of the Interior rolled into one. They collected the taxes and paid out the public money; managed the public lands and works; counted the fighting men (the Romans did not think women and children worth counting), and settled every man's rank—whether a noble, a citizen, or a person without a vote. This last duty gave the Censor a great deal of power, and made him a very important personage; and the Romans said, when he walked through the streets in his bright scarlet robe with his axemen before him, that he looked like a king.

The **PRÆTOR** was what we should call a Judge or Chief Justice.

In seasons of great peril or difficulty the Senate often decided that a superior magistrate to all these should be appointed. He was called a **DICTATOR**. One of the Consuls appointed him with great ceremony at the dead of night. He was master of all Rome, and had the same power as a general or military governor has in modern times when martial law has been proclaimed. But his term of office was only six months.

The assembly by tribes chose several inferior

magistrates. Of these the most important were the Tribunes of the People and the *Ædiles*.

The special business of the TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE was to protect the people from the nobles. There were ten of them altogether, and their power was very great indeed—much greater than that of the President of the United States, or the Governors of the States. They sat at the door of the Senate-house ; and when a bill was passed which they did not like they said, “We veto it,” and it could not be passed afterward, no matter how great the majority in its favor. They could propose the laws they wanted to the assembly by tribes, and see that they were executed. They had nothing to do with money affairs, and were inferior to the Consuls ; but they could compel the Consuls to do their duty ; they could forbid their doing any act which did not suit the people ; they could rescue any man from justice. To add to all, their persons were sacred, and any man who killed a Tribune became an outlaw, and his property was forfeit.

The *ÆDILES*, of whom there were four, were a sort of Common Council, and managed the affairs of the city of Rome.

The most curious thing about these old Roman magistrates is, that they were not paid by the state or the people. From the Dictator to the *Ædiles*, all served the public for honor only. It was a grand idea, no doubt ; but I am afraid it kept out of office all poor men, and allowed the rich alone—who are not always the best or the wisest men in a country by any means—to rise to posts of honor and pow-

er. I fancy we shall see, as this history goes on, that the no-pay plan was the dearest in the end.

There was another reason why poor men had very little chance of rising at Rome. One of the Roman customs was, that the *Ædiles* should give shows to the people. I think I have heard of some modern *Ædiles* who once tried to set a similar fashion in a country a long way from Rome; but I believe they did not propose to pay for the fire-works and processions out of their own pocket. The Roman *Ædiles* did; and hence, of course, it was not easy for a man to be chosen *Ædile* (the people being monstrously fond of show) unless he were rich.

This alone, perhaps, would not have mattered much; but it very soon became a settled custom at Rome that men should rise, step by step, from *Ædile* to *Prætor*, from *Prætor* to *Consul*, from *Consul* to *Censor*, and so on: it was very rare indeed that a man was elected to any of the superior offices unless he had been *Ædile* first. In this way poor men were pretty effectually shut out.

The Romans had no standing army. Every man old enough, and not too old to carry arms, was obliged to serve either twenty campaigns on foot or ten with a horse; and after that he was expected to go home and become a peaceable citizen again.

I dare say this long account of the Roman government and institutions is tedious; but you can not enjoy the history of Rome without understanding these things.

You know that, as the time I am speaking of was nearly three hundred years before Christ, the Ro-



ROMAN SOLDIER.

mans were not Christians. They were a very religious people, though, in their way.

The chief of their gods at this time seems to have been Mars, the god of war—a very proper deity for a fighting people like the Romans. In honor of this Mars sacred shields were carried in procession from time to time; and the story ran that one of these shields had fallen from heaven long, long ago. But as Rome grew, and the Romans mixed more with their neighbors the Etruscans, and the Greeks, who were both very religious races, they adopted the



SACRED SHIELD OF MARS.

Etruscan gods and the Greek gods, and worshipped them all. It would take me too long to tell you of all these gods and goddesses. Some of the most famous were Ceres, the goddess of farming; Vulcan,



CYBELE.



PAN.

the god of smith-work ; Diana, the goddess of hunting ; Apollo, the god of eloquence ; Neptune, the god of the sea ; Pan, the god of the country ; Priapus, the god of gardens ; Silenus, a drunken god, whom you see in the cut seated on a wine-sack ; Flora, the goddess of flowers ; Cybele, the goddess



JUPITER.



PELAPUS.



FLORA.

of the earth. There was a goddess of love, called Venus; a goddess of wisdom, Minerva; a god of roguery, Mercury; gods of home, the Lares and Penates; and a great many others. The head or chief god was Jupiter, who ruled heaven and earth, and lived (very unhappily they said), with his wife Juno, on the top of some mountain in the clouds: a brother of Jupiter, whose name was Pluto, reigned over the infernal regions.

Besides these gods in a regular way of business, the Romans always felt themselves at liberty to make their great men gods after death; just as,

in much later times, the Christian popes and bishops made saints of the best and greatest of the martyrs and priests.

The Roman worship was very different from ours. They had no Sunday; and though they had priests without end, they were not in the habit of preaching sermons. Every Roman prayed to the god he liked best, and in his own way; but the general fashion was to wind up all prayers with a small present to the god. I suppose the priests took care that these presents went straight to the mountain in the clouds where the gods lived.

The most common sort of present was a sacrifice



SILENUS.



JUNO AND MERCURY.

—either a bullock, ox, lamb, kid, or some other animal, which was slaughtered, at an altar raised for the purpose, with many fine ceremonies. Nothing of importance was done without a sacrifice.

Besides the priests the Romans had a large body of fortune-tellers, who were called AUGURS. These augurs fancied or pretended they could find out the future by looking up at the sky and seeing which way the lightning flashed, and by watching the inside of dead animals, and the like. As they were lodged in a fine building at the public expense, and were very much respected, and had a great deal of power, I am not surprised that there were always a good many augurs, and that they did their best to prove that the people would be very badly off without them. But I am a little astonished that the Ro-

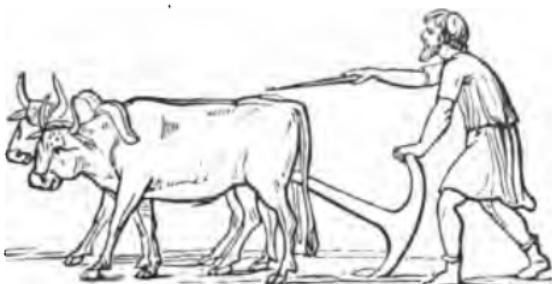
mans, who were so very sensible a people on many points, were customers of theirs for so many years.

There were two kinds of riches at Rome—land and slaves. Rome contained no rich manufacturers or rich merchants. It was thought beneath a Roman to engage in trade: a Senator who did so was degraded. Nearly all the trade and industry of Rome was carried on by slaves, or freed-slaves. The only peaceful work which the Romans thought honorable was husbandry—tilling the ground, rearing cattle, growing vines.

Many persons who lived in the city owned farms which they wrought with slaves. Many who did not own land or slaves, made a living by begging from rich men. We should think very meanly of a man who, being able to work, preferred to beg; but the Romans thought differently, and these beggars



FEMALES WORSHIPPING.



ROMAN PLOWING.

or hangers-on—they were called politely **CLIENTS**—were very numerous indeed; and rich men took pride in having a crowd of them at their doors of a morning, and at their heels when they went out.

The Romans were, at this time, what we should call an ignorant people; that is to say, they had no books, and hardly any writing beyond the rolls of the Censors, a few notes of laws, and the like. Most of them despised learning, and thought—as our ancestors the old Britons and their neighbors did a thousand years afterward—that it was disgraceful for a man who could use a sword to be a scholar.

A few persons at Rome were lawyers, and explained the laws—some of which were engraven on tablets of brass—to the people at large. Nearly all the Senators were good speakers, and many of them were probably very eloquent, as unlettered men often are. There were no doctors at Rome; but rich men kept a slave, who knew something about physic, to tend them when they were ill.

Though they had no books of prose or poetry, there floated among the Romans of this day quite a

number of old ballads, or legends, or stories about the gods and the early history of Rome; and the rich and noble Romans were very fond of hearing these ballads sung to them after dinner, just as the old barons and chief men of much later ages used to have the bands and minstrels sing to them, and celebrate the fame of their ancestors in wild, rude songs.

Listening to these songs was the favorite amusement of the Roman nobles. The people preferred horse-racing and chariot-racing; and every year at the shows—especially the September shows, which were the finest—all the people came up to Rome, and thronged the circus outside the walls, and took as much pleasure in seeing the horses tear round the course as if their lives had depended on the result. They used to bet heavily, and as each horse wore ribbons of a certain color, those who backed him adorned their dress with ribbons of the like hue; and when the horses were set off, the air would be filled with shouts—“Hurra for the Blue!” “The Red forever!” “Yellow ahead!” “Bravo Green!” and so on.

You must not suppose, however, that at this time the Romans were a frivolous people, fond of nothing but sport. They were brave, they were manly, they were patient, they were persevering; no danger ever frightened them, nothing ever broke their courage. They loved their country well; and every man of them was ready to die for Rome.

Such was the condition of Rome and the Roman people two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight years ago, when this history begins.

What the Romans were, what they did, how they lived before this time, I can not tell you, for I do not know.

As they despised learning, they had no histories, and no complete record of their laws.

The first Roman historian lived about sixty years after the time at which this history begins.

Happily, during those sixty years, the Greeks, who were a lettered people, came to hear of the Romans, and wrote about them. So I begin my history with the first Greek accounts of Rome.

Still, though the Romans had no histories, they had, as I mentioned before, a great many pleasant legends, and ballads, and stories about their ancestors, which the minstrels used to sing at noblemen's dinners, and old men used to tell to their children of a summer's evening under a spreading beech-tree, or beside the blazing hearth on a winter night. Many of these old legends and stories—which were not written—were handed down from minstrel to minstrel, and from old man to old man, till they reached the old, old historians who began to write the history of Rome more than two thousand years ago.

These old, old historians put them in their histories, and no doubt believed them. I dare say they added a little here and there; trimmed the stories so as to make them read smoothly, and added ballad to ballad, and story to story, till they made out of the whole a history of Rome for four hundred and seventy-two years before this Child's History begins. I should like very much to carry my history back all this time; but as I am quite certain that a great

part of these stories were invented long afterward, and as the rest are wholly without proof, I can not honestly do so.

I dare say some of the stories are founded on fact. I have no doubt, for instance, that when a Roman saw the great drain I have mentioned, and would ask, "Who built it?" and people would answer, "Old King Servius Tullius, who was so good to the people, and about whom there is this fine old ballad" —I have no doubt, I say, but there would be some truth in the ballad. In the same way, when a Roman boy would ask his father the meaning of the word *Consul*, and how Rome came to be ruled by *Consuls*, I think it quite likely there would be some stray relic of the truth in the story which the father would tell him. And I should not be surprised if many of the men who are mentioned in the ballads and stories, the later ones especially, did really live, and perform some of the deeds ascribed to them.

On this account, and also because these old stories are very beautiful and famous, I can not leave them out altogether. I will tell you them in the first Book of this Child's History. They may give you a faithful picture of the Romans in these old, old times; but you must remember that they are no more history than the *Scarlet Letter* or the song of *Hiawatha*.

BOOK I.

STORIES AND LEGENDS.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND OF ROMULUS.

THE first of the old Roman legends is about Romulus and the building of Rome.

It says that when the Greeks had overcome the Trojans, and taken Troy, the Trojan chief, *Aeneas*, fled with his father, *ANCHISES*, and his little son, *ASCANIUS*, to seek a new home in a foreign land. It tells how he wandered far and wide—driven from coast to coast by the stormy wind, and suffering hardships and mishaps of all kinds—till, at last, he found a quiet resting-place in the sunny plains about the middle of the western shore of Italy. There he settled, and having married the daughter of the king of the country, he succeeded to the throne, and reigned wisely and well for many years. After him reigned his son, Ascanius, and after him his sons for many generations.

It is quite certain that the story of *Aeneas*, and that of Romulus too, were made up long and long after the time at which they are said to have lived. However, as I have told you already that these are

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mere fanciful stories, not by any means to be believed, I will go on.

One of the descendants of *Æneas* died, leaving two sons. **NUMITOR** was the eldest, and should have succeeded to the throne at his father's death. But he was a quiet, easy-going person, and did not care for royalty or trouble of any kind; so, when his brother **AMULIUS**, who was ambitious and violent, said he must have the throne, Numitor gave it up to him without a struggle, and went away to his farm to live quietly.

This was not enough for the wicked Amulius. He contrived to catch his brother's son and put him to death. Next his daughter, whose name was **SYLVIA**, and who was afterward called *Rea Sylvia*, or *Sylvia the Dishonored*, he seized, and forced to become a *Vestal Virgin*.



VESTAL VIRGIN.

These Vestal Virgins were a sort of Roman nuns, whose business it was to keep a fire alight in certain temples, and who took a solemn vow not to marry.

Then Amulius thought he was safe. But one day, as Sylvia was going to a spring to draw water, a wolf sprang out of the wood and frightened her. She ran to hide herself in a cave hard by, and there the god MARS paid her a visit and won her heart. Some of the old legends wickedly pretend that it wasn't the god at all, but only a handsome soldier whose name Sylvia was afraid to tell on account of her vow ; but this matters little.

Sylvia gave birth to two fine boys. But, alas ! just as the twins came into the world, the fire which she was to keep alight went out, and Amulius at once guessed what had happened. Furious at being deceived, he ordered his niece and her two little babes to be thrown into the river. It was so done, no one daring to disobey the cruel order, or showing any pity for the young mother or her new-born infants. She was drowned ; but the twins were carried away in their cradle by the tide, like Moses, and were landed near the foot of a wild fig-tree on the banks of the Tiber.

They whimpered and cried, poor things ! alone on that desert beach : they would soon have died, but for a she-wolf, which heard them and came to their relief. She seized them with her rough paws, carried them off to her lair, made them a bed of leaves, licked them, and nursed them. Very soon they grew fond of their growling foster-mother, and took

suck from her just as the little wolves did. Then a woodpecker flew to them, and brought them fruits and berries; and other birds fluttered and chirped round them, and killed the insects which might have stung them.

They were living in this pleasant way when the shepherd of their grandfather Numitor found them in the woods and took them home to his wife. She was a kind-hearted woman—treated the little foundlings tenderly, and brought them up with her twelve sons till they were men. One was named ROMULUS, the other REMUS.

They helped the shepherd to keep Numitor's flocks; and as they were strong, wild youths, and lived in a wild age, they often got into fights with their neighbors. After one of these fights, Remus was taken prisoner by his enemies and led before old Numitor, his grandfather. The old man, who did not know him, was just going to condemn him to death, when the shepherd came running in, and told his master who Remus and his brother were.

You may fancy how pleased old Numitor was to find that his grandsons, who he believed had been drowned nearly twenty years before, were still alive, and such bold, stout young fellows. Better still he may have liked it, when Romulus and Remus gathered their friends together, buckled on their swords, and fell upon the usurper, Amulius, with might and main. They soon chopped off his wicked head, and made their grandfather King of Alba in his place.

But these bold brothers were not content with this. They wanted a city of their own on the banks of the

Tiber, where they had been found by the she-wolf. Away they started, with several of their friends as bold as themselves, and soon found a place to suit them.

Then said Romulus, "I will build my city here."

But Remus replied that it ought to be built a little lower down.

Romulus said he would be the King.

But Remus answered that he had as good right to be King as his brother.

To settle the dispute, they agreed that each brother should take his stand on a hill at midnight, and the first one who saw any thing strange in the sky should be King. Remus stood on his hill all night, all next day, and a great part of the next night: then he saw six vultures flying from north to south.

So he ran to his brother and shouted that he had won. But Romulus said that it was quite a mistake; that he, too, had seen a sign in the sky; that vultures had flown past him, and not six only, but twelve. At this Remus made a great outcry, and said he was cheated; but Romulus, being the stronger of the two, didn't mind him in the least, but set about building his city, which he called ROME.

He marked its outline with a plow so as to inclose a hill which was afterward called Mount Palatine. Then he raised a little wall, to serve as a rampart in case of attack.

Remus, as you may suppose, had not forgiven his brother yet. His heart was still full of anger and envy. So, as he happened to be standing by when

Romulus built his little wall, he laughed at it, and said that so puny a rampart might answer to keep out children; as for men, why they could jump over it; and he suited the action to the word, and leaped over the wall.

In the first burst of his wrath Romulus struck his brother dead at a blow. Afterward, says the story, he was very sorry for what he had done, and starved himself, and placed a second throne beside his own for Remus's ghost to sit on, if it thought fit; all which, no doubt, did a great deal of good to his poor murdered brother.

Romulus and his Romans thought very little of knocking men dead, brothers or not; they were an unruly, fractious set of fellows. They were glad to welcome to their city any body and every body, no matter whence they came, or what crimes they had been guilty of; and thus, in a short time, Rome soon got a very bad name. So bad a name, indeed, that the ladies of the neighborhood wouldn't associate with the Romans, and a poor Roman who wanted to marry couldn't get a wife on any terms.

In this strait, bold Romulus hit upon a famous plan. He gave out that he would hold a fair at Rome on a given day, and invited all his neighbors to come and see the games, and bring their wives and daughters with them. On the day fixed, they came in scores—fair Latins, bright-eyed Siculians, and more numerous than either, beautiful Sabine maidens—all dressed in their best, and seeming, you may be sure, very lovely indeed to the bachelor Romans.

The games began, and the ladies were in high good-humor, laughing and clapping their hands, when, all at once, the Romans made a rush, each seized the prettiest girl he could lay hands on, and made off with her. They never stopped to look back till they were inside the walls of Rome, and had safely locked up their blushing and weeping captives. Then they looked over the wall, and asked the fathers and the brothers whether any thing could be done for them ?

These worthy people took the matter very quietly, and went home each to his own country. At last, after much thinking, they made war on the Romans. But they managed it so badly—each fighting alone, instead of joining all together—that Romulus easily overcame them.

All but the Sabines. They were the strongest and most warlike of the Romans' neighbors ; but they, of all the nations whose daughters had been carried off, were the slowest to think of avenging the insult. At last, when Romulus had defeated all the others, the Sabines made ready to fight, and their King, **TATIUS**, marched down against Rome with a great army.

Brave Romulus was not dismayed. He shut himself up in his city, barred the gates, and set men to watch on the walls. On came the Sabines ; round and round the place marched they, but could not get in.

Then said King Tatius to the Roman maiden **TARPEIA** :

“Open, I pray you, the gate over which your

father is captain, and you shall have for reward whatever you will."

"Give me," said the covetous Tarpeia, looking at the golden ornaments he wore, "all the bracelets of gold, and the collars of gold which the Sabine soldiers wear, and I will open the gate."

"They shall be thine, fair maiden," replied the King. And he bade his men march forward to the gate. Each soldier, as he passed, threw to Tarpeia his bracelet of gold and his collar of gold: so many were there, and so weighty were they, that the luckless maiden was crushed to death by the load, on the very spot where she stood.

In then rushed the Sabines, eager for the fight. Up stood bold Romulus, who, seeing how he had been betrayed, called to his men to strike one good blow for freedom and for Rome. On either side fierce looks and fiery words showed how deadly would be the fray.

Then it was that a crowd of women, with wild gestures and loose flowing hair, ran between the two armies. They were the Sabine women who had been carried off by the Romans, and who now loved their husbands with all the warmth of their warm hearts. They clung to the knees of their fathers and their brothers, and besought them to spare the men they loved. Some flung themselves on the necks of their husbands, and prayed them not to spill the blood of their kinsmen.

This settled the dispute, of course. The Sabines said there was no use fighting, as the women seemed so happy, and all parties agreed to be friends. They

even went so far as to become one nation, with two kings—Romulus and Tatus—until the latter died, when Romulus ruled alone.

Long afterward the rock on which stood the gate which Tarpeia opened to the Sabines was known as the Tarpeian Rock. There stood her tomb. It is not there now: time has swept it away; but deep quarries have been dug into the rock, and strange stories are told of the sights that are seen in their dark hollows. In some gloomy recess in these quarries, a nook far removed from the daylight—say the Roman girls—still sits Tarpeia, glittering with gold and jewels. She can not stir hand or foot. A spell that can not be broken binds her to the spot; but she is covered with rich golden bracelets and golden collars, and wherever her glance falls it rests upon gold. Thus, say the girls of the forum, she has her reward.

In the fullness of time Romulus died. One story says he was taken up to the mountain of the gods in a flaming chariot of fire by his father, the god Mars. Another pretends he took a different road, and sank out of sight in a swamp, amidst thunder and lightning.

Any way, he did not live forever; and so his story comes to an end.



TEMPLE OF SATURN.

CHAPTER III.

THE LEGEND OF NUMA.

After the death of Romulus, says the legend, the Romans met and chose a Sabine to be their King. His name was **NUMA POMPILIJUS**; and the story ran that he had been born on the very day that Rome was founded, which is just as likely to be true as any thing else we know of him.

A quiet, peaceable old King he was—in the legend—who managed to live on good terms with his neighbors, and taught his subjects to busy themselves with their trades and their farms instead of cutting other men's throats. He built a temple to the two-faced god, **JANUS**, which was to be kept open in time of war, and shut in time of peace; and took care to keep it shut close during the whole

of his reign. He made a number of laws to improve the morals of the people—they were sadly in need of improvement—and to foster the worship of the heathen gods. He likewise tried his hand at setting the calendar straight. In the time of Romulus there were only ten months in the year. Numa is said to have added a couple, without, however, making the year of the right length, as he knew nothing of astronomy.

Old Romans, a couple of thousand years ago, used to tell their children of a fine summer's evening, how the good King Numa was beloved by the beautiful goddess EGERIA. She was a fairy who dwelt in a sacred grove, and gave Numa good advice when he visited her there.

Among other useful things which she taught him was the art of reading the future by means of omens, taken from the lightning and the flight of birds. For instance, when Numa was about to perform any important act, she taught him to climb a hill—just as Romulus and Remus did—and watch the sky. If he saw a flash of lightning or a flock of birds in the east, it meant that he might safely go on with what he intended to do. If, on the other hand, the lightning flashed, or the birds flew on the west, then he was not on any account to persist in his undertaking. It was a very pretty system, but it must have led to some awkward blunders.



JANUS.

She likewise gave him lessons in the art of magic, so that he should be able to get the better of evil spirits and demons. Once, it is said, an evil demon appeared to him with mischievous intentions. The demon accosted him in a terrible voice, beginning, "Cut a head—" Numa interrupted him with, "from an onion in my garden." The demon went on, "of a man." "The topmost hairs," added Numa, quickly. "I demand a life," again began the demon, trying a new tack; but Numa was as quick as before in saying, "of a fish." Upon which, says the story, the demon gave up the contest and went away. This shows us that the old Roman demons must have been a very inferior article.

The most wonderful thing that the fairy Egeria ever did for Numa was turning the earthenware dishes on his table into gold, and the plain food upon them into delicious viands. But even this is nothing to the feats performed by some of our fairies in the books of fairy tales which you have read.

At the ripe old age of eighty, the good King Numa was gathered to his fathers. The people mourned him, as well they might. As for his friend the fairy, she was so overcome by grief, that after weeping long and copiously, she found it simpler in the end to turn herself into a fountain, which may still pour out tears of sorrow for any thing we know to the contrary.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEGEND OF TULLUS HOSTILIUS.

THE next story is about TULLUS HOSTILIUS, who was said to have been the third King of Rome. He was a desperate warrior, and was all for quarreling and fighting with his neighbors.

His first war was with his neighbors the Albans, who, the Romans said, had plundered their fields. Away marched King Tullus with his fighting men to the Alban boundary, and there he met the King of Alba with all his army drawn out in battle array.

Said the King of Alba, "Let us settle this quarrel of ours, O Romans, by a duel of three on a side."

Said King Tullus, "With all my heart."

It chanced that there were in the Roman army three brothers named the HORATII, men of great courage and strength. These Tullus chose to be the champions of Rome. In the Alban army, too, there were three brothers, bold and strong, who were called the CURIATII. They were chosen as the champions of Alba. And it was agreed that if the Horatii won the day, then the Albans should submit to the Romans; but if the Curiatii were the conquerors, that Rome should be subject to Alba.

Into the plain then stepped the champions with bold faces and high hearts; and all the men of Alba, and all the men of Rome gathered round them to

see the deadly fight. None spoke, and many held their breath as the brothers met the brothers, and swords clashed and rang upon shields.

Very soon a shout arose from the Albans—a shout of joy; for one of the Curiatii had killed one of the Horatii. The Romans hung their heads, and looked anxiously—how anxiously!—at the remaining two brothers.

After a little while the Albans shouted again. Another of the Horatii was dead. Their champions, the Curiatii, were all wounded, but still stood their ground firmly. The Romans stamped their feet with rage, and gnashed their teeth. They had but one champion left; and he—oh shame!—was running away.

Mid scornful cries from the Albans, and bitter curses from his own friends, the last of the three Roman brothers ran slowly across the plain. After him ran, as fast as they could, the three wounded Curiatii. Dark, very dark then seemed the prospects of Rome.

But as the two armies stood gazing, the flying Roman stopped suddenly short, turned round quickly on the nearest of his pursuers, and laid him dead at a blow.

The Albans ceased to shout and hiss, and the Romans to murmur.

Up limped the second of the Curiatii—the third was yet behind—and made at the Roman; but his arm was weak, and with a single stroke of his sword Horatius slew him.

“These two,” he shouted, “have I slain to an-

swer for my dead brothers ; the third will I offer as a sacrifice to my country."

And as the last of the Curiatii drew near, bleeding and exhausted, the Roman cleft his skull with a heavy blow.

'Twas then the Romans' turn to shout, and the Albans' to bewail their sad fate. Proudly marched Tullus back to the city, with the champion Horatius by his side, and the arms of the vanquished Curiatii borne aloft in triumph. They were at the gate, and the women of Rome—who had gathered to meet them—were rejoicing at their speedy return, when a young girl sprang forward with a shriek.

It was the sister of the Horatii. No one had thought of her when the bloody fight began ; but she was betrothed to one of the Curiatii. When she learned that her lover was dead, and that her own brother had been his murderer, she turned to him and cursed him in her cruel despair.

So bitterly she cursed him, that he flew into a rage, drew his red sword once more, and laid her, too, dead at his feet. A sad day of butchery that !

The judges had the murderer arrested and brought before them. They even sentenced him to death. But the people were too proud of him, and too thankful for his victory, to suffer him to be punished. It was arranged that he should do penance for the murder by walking under a yoke, after which he was set free.

Then Tullus, having settled with the Albans, went to war with some other neighbors of his called

Etruscans, and called upon the Albans to help him, according to their bargain. The Alban chief, **METTIUS FUFFETIUS**, was a cunning, double-faced rogue. He pretended to be quite willing to help the Romans, and marched by their side; but, at the same time, he sent word to the Etruscans that he was on their side.

When the battle began he drew back his men upon a hill, and neither helped one side nor the other. But when Tullus and his bold men, after much hard fighting, drove back the Etruscans, and put them to flight, the cunning Alban came thundering down the hill, and charged the flying Etruscans as though he was the best friend the Romans had in the world.

Rogue as he was, King Tullus was a match for him. He pretended he did not know the Albans had hung back till the victory was decided; and sent word to Mettius, in a pleasant, friendly way, that he was much obliged to him, and would he come and get his share of the spoil?

Of course he would, said the Alban. And he went accordingly with all his men. They left their arms behind them, it seems, which was a sad mistake; for as soon as they had entered the Roman camp, the King gave the signal: they were surrounded, and Mettius was seized.

Tullus then reproached him with his treachery, and wound up by saying, that as he was so fond of being on both sides at once, he would help him to do so more easily in future. So saying, he had the wretched man's limbs bound to wild horses, then

started the horses, which galloped off furiously in different directions, and tore the hapless Alban's body asunder. As for his subjects, they were made to live at Rome, and their city was razed to the ground.

After this King Tullus got into more wars with other neighbors of his, and there was more slashing and breaking of heads. He was so fond of fighting that when a shower of thunderbolts fell on the Alban Mount he wanted to fight with Jupiter himself; on which the god, to punish him, shot a flash of lightning which consumed him and all his house.

So there was an end of his story.

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CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF ANCUS MARTIUS.

THE story of **ANCUS MARTIUS**, who was said to have been the fourth King of Rome, is a very short one. Perhaps it was forgotten during those long ages when there was no writing, and the minstrels who used to sing it died away one by one.

There was, however, a bridge across the Tiber which the old Romans used to say was the work of **Ancus Martius**; and a quay at the mouth of the Tiber (which long ago fell to pieces and disappeared), with which his name was always interwoven. There was also a dark, dreary prison, dug out of the hill of the Capitol, which was laid to his charge; but nobody knows whether he dug it out or some one else.

The legends further said that he was a fighting King as well as a building King; that he fought his neighbors the Latins for year after year, and overcame them, and carried off much plunder from their cities, and scores upon scores of prisoners; but the Latins, though in these old legends they were always getting beaten and slaughtered, somehow were never any the worse.

Another story about **Ancus Martius** was that he befriended the people, and took their part against the nobles; so that, long after his day, the people of Rome used to praise him, and talk of the good old times of good King **Ancus Martius**.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LEGEND OF TARQUIN THE ELDER.

A LONG time ago, says the next story, a merchant from Corinth went to live in Italy with his children. After living there many years, he died, and left all his fortune to his son. Now it happened that at the place where they lived there were many rich nobles, who thought themselves a great deal better than other people, and despised the Corinthian merchant's son.

So this young man, being proud, resolved to leave the place and seek a home in some city where he should not be looked down upon. And as he saw no place so much to his mind as Rome, he packed up all his money and his treasures—he was very rich—and traveled thither with his wife TANAQUIL.

As he passed through the gate of Rome an eagle flew down with a swoop and plucked his hat from his head with its beak. Then, after sailing round and round him several times, this sensible bird flew down and put his hat back on his head again. He was very much astonished at this, as you may fancy; but his wife Tanaquil, who pretended to be a witch, said she knew the meaning of the eagle's conduct—that it was a sign he should one day be King of Rome.

I should not wonder if he said in reply that he

thought it a capital idea. For he set to work at once to gain the good will of the Romans ; which he was the better able to do as he was rich. He gave them fine shows, and helped the poor, and took care of widows and orphans, and in this way soon contrived to make every one like him. The people became so fond of him, that when Ancus died, and he made them a fine speech, assuring them that he was the very best man to be their king, they one and all cried : Yes he was. And they crowned him on the spot.

His name was **LUCIUS TARQUINIUS PRISCUS**, but we generally call him **TARQUIN THE ELDER**.

The story goes that he made war on his neighbors as usual, and this, at all events, is likely enough. It is said that in one of these wars the Sabines pressed him hard, and were about to cross the bridge over the Tiber to march upon Rome, but that he built a number of fire-rafts and set them adrift in the stream. They soon ran against the bridge, and burned it down ; all the people who were on it were drowned, and it was by seeing their bodies, charred and blackened by the fire, floating past the city, that the people at Rome first heard of the victory.

It was in King Tarquin's time, the legends say, that the augurs became important characters at Rome. I have told you already what their trade was, and how well they liked it.

One of their ways of finding out the future was by watching some chickens they kept. If the chickens would not feed, then misfortune was at hand, and whatever business was about to be done was

postponed. If, on the contrary, the chickens gobbled up their food greedily—as chickens have a way of doing in general—then all was right, and the business in hand might proceed.

King Tarquin, the story says, rather suspected the augurs of being rogues. Being one day with the chief of them, one ACCIUS NAVIUS—an uncommonly bold knave—he thought he would put him to the test, and asked him whether what he was thinking of could be done or not ?

Navius looked up to heaven and down into the inside of an ox or two, paid a visit to the hen coop, and then said it could be done.

“Then,” said the King, handing him a razor and a whetstone, “I was thinking of cutting this whetstone with this razor !”

Navius, nothing daunted, took the razor and cut the whetstone in two with a single stroke.

This Navius had his statue set up in the Senate-house at Rome, and it stood there till very late times. I should not wonder if other augurs, long after his death, had made up this story of the razor and the whetstone, and told it to the people in order to convince them what very important personages augurs were, and how dangerous it was to oppose them.

The end of the story of Tarquin the Elder is very sad.

It seems that Ancus Martius had left two sons, who, forty years after their father’s death, began to find out that Tarquin was a usurper, and that they ought to be kings of Rome. So they hired two stout ruffians, and sent them to the palace, with orders to

dispatch the old King. When the ruffians asked to see Tarquin, he showed himself, fearing nothing; and one of them, then and there, laid open his head with a blow of an axe.

The Romans always believed that this Tarquin had begun the great drain which I have mentioned; it was, they say, completed by his successor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGEND OF SERVIUS TULLIUS.

ABOUT the next King, SERVIUS TULLIUS, there are many pretty stories. One relates to his birth.

One day one of the servants of Queen Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquinus Priscus, went to her mistress, and said she had seen the face of a god in the fire. Tanaquil, who, as you remember, said she was a witch, answered that she knew what that meant. And she went away and got ready a cradle and some baby-clothes.

The baby was born sure enough, and while he lay in his cradle flames were seen dancing round his head. At this his mother screamed, and ran in her fright for water to put out the fire. But Tanaquil, in her grand way, bade her be still, saying that the flames could not burn the baby, and only meant that he was to be a great man.

Servius grew up, says the story, a fine manly youth, and fought in the wars of the time with valor. Tanaquil had taken such a fancy to him that she persuaded her husband to give him the chief power in the state next to himself.

When Tarquin was killed, as I have related, a great tumult arose. Soldiers rushed into the palace, and speedily put the murderers to death. Mean-

while the Queen and Servius Tullius carried off the body of the King, and gave out that he was not dead, but only much hurt. This they said lest the sons of Ancus should persuade the people to elect one of them king.

Servius Tullius took pretty good care that there should be no danger of any thing of that kind. Then, when all was secure, he confessed that the

King was dead, and asked the people whether they would have him to reign over them. They said they would, and thus the wicked sons of Ancus were foiled in their aim. Servius became king, and gratefully built temples to the goddess of Fortune.

It was this, perhaps, which put Servius in mind that Tarquin, too, had left two sons who might some day trouble him. To guard against any plots on their part, he resolved to marry them to his two daughters. Now it so

happened that one of Tar-

quin's sons, ARUNS, was a mild, gentle youth, inclined to virtue; but the other, LUCIUS, was wicked, and ready for any mischief. So, of the two daughters of Servius, one was a gentle, virtuous girl; but her sister, TULLIA, was a horrible wretch, full of wickedness. Servius fancied that if he gave



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his good daughter to the bad son of Tarquin, and the bad one to his good brother, the two good ones might leaven the whole lump ; and he married them accordingly in this cross fashion. It was a bad plan, as you will soon see.

For, Servius Tullius being a good man and a kind king to the people, he made many laws to protect them from the oppression of the nobles, and took away from the latter a great deal of power of which they had made a bad use. This angered them against him ; and after a time they began to conspire against him, and to plot his death.

Now it befell that the marriages of the King's daughters to Tarquin's sons did not answer as well as the old King had expected. Tullia hated her virtuous husband. Lucius despised his gentle wife. These two fancied they were in love with each other—as though such wretches could feel love—and, by mutual agreement, Tullia murdered her husband and Lucius his wife. Then they got married ; and when the nobles, far from spurning them, asked Lucius would he join their plot, and be king after Servius was murdered ?—he said he would.

So he put on a kingly robe, and walked straight to the Senate-house. The moment old Servius heard of it he sallied forth from his house, and went straight to confront the traitor. It was on the steps of the Senate-house he met him ; and there the fearless old King began loudly to upbraid him with his crimes.

But he had hardly opened his mouth when Lucius seized the weak old man and hurled him down

the steps. Bleeding and maimed, the aged King raised himself from the ground and tried to totter home; but Lucius made a signal, and several murderers rushed upon him, ran him through with their swords, and threw his body into the street.

It lay there still when his daughter Tullia drove down in her chariot to see how her husband had fared. As the chariot drew near the spot where it lay the horses snorted, and the driver pulled them up in a great terror, pointing out to his mistress her father's mangled corpse.

“Fool!” she cried; “drive on!”

And the horses, urged by word and lash, tore wildly forward, dragging the chariot after them. Their hoofs trampled the old man's body, and his blood spurted up and dabbled his daughter's dress.

Ever after that day the street where this horrible scene was said to have taken place was called WICKED STREET. Good Romans shuddered as they walked through it at night, and thought of the fine old King, Servius Tullius, and his infamous daughter, Tullia.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEGEND OF TARQUIN THE PROUD.

THE next story was a great favorite among the Romans ; there was none the poor people loved so well to hear, after they had come from their work of an evening, and sat them down by their doors to watch the sun set.

It was about Lucius, who now took the title of King and the name of TARQUIN, to which the people afterward added the nickname of THE PROUD.

It had been written in the bargain between him and the nobles that they should be free to oppress the people, as they had done before the time of Servius Tullius. Tarquin kept his word : the nobles stripped the poor people of their lands, made them work for them on scanty food, and oppressed them so cruelly that many flung themselves into the Tiber to escape from their cruel taskmasters.

But no word had been said in the bargain about the way Tarquin should treat the nobles. So, while they were trampling the people, Tarquin fell to trampling them ; and heavy as their foot was, the King's was heavier still : so heavy that the nobles began to think that they had made a bad bargain after all, and were better off under Servius Tullius.

The story ran that Tarquin had built the temple which stood on the Capitol Hill ; and that when he

had spent all his own money, and all the money he could take from his neighbors in war, he turned round upon the nobles and the people of Rome, and forced them to help him on with the work. The nobles he forced to give money, imprisoning them if they refused ; the poor people he drove in gangs to the top of the hill and compelled them to work, killing them without pity if they hung back. The temple was a fine one, they say, and looked well—with a chariot and four horses in baked clay on the roof—but the Romans always spoke of it with curses, a-thinking of the hundreds of brave lives the legend said it had cost in the building.

In a dark cell under this building were kept three bundles of palm-leaves ; some with a few Greek verses written on them, others with a picture rudely painted : these were called the SIBYLLINE Books. This was their story :

One day, as Tarquin sat in his palace, an old woman, very meanly dressed, went to him, and offered to sell him nine books. When the King heard the price she asked for them, he said they were too dear, and he wouldn't buy them.

Then the old woman hobbled away, burned three of the books, and returned to the palace and asked Tarquin would he buy the six that were left ? He, when he heard that she asked as much for these six as for the nine, laughed at her, and bade her begone.

But after she had gone away he told the story to the augurs ; and they, with very grave faces, said the King had done wrong. They said the old woman was a sibyl—which is a fine word for a witch

—and that Tarquin ought to have bought the books at any price. Of course the augurs had nothing to do with the old woman ; of course they didn't share profits with her. Not they.

But it happened—quite to the surprise of the augurs, of course—that just as they had convinced King Tarquin he ought to have bought the books, up comes the old woman once more ; this time with three books under her arm. For these three she asks as much as she had wanted for the nine. If the King wouldn't buy them, she would burn them too, and there was no saying what the consequences might be. But there was no fear of that. The augurs knew their trade too well. The three books were bought, and the old woman got the money.

These three books were highly prized by the Romans, and whenever any evil befell the city, such as a defeat in war, or a fatal pestilence, orders were given by the Senate to consult the Sibylline Books. The way it was done was this : one of the two men who had charge of the books opened the trap-door of the cell where they were kept, thrust in his hand, and drew up the topmost leaf. Then he read to the people what was written upon it, and translated it into Latin for their benefit. It was generally some moral sentence, which must have been a fine thing for the plague.

The story said that Tarquin was a warlike King, and fought his neighbors right valiantly. Some of these neighbors, who dwelt in the city of Gabii, gave him a great deal of trouble. Round the city there ran a strong wall (they say that some ruins of it are

still visible), and over this wall King Tarquin could not make his way. After thinking a while, he devised a cunning scheme to take the place.

One day, while the people of Gabii were watching over their wall, a single Roman ran toward them and begged them to let him in. When they had done so, he said his name was **SEXTUS**, and he was Tarquin's son, adding that he had fled from home to escape his father's cruelty. He showed them his back, which was marked by stripes, and besought them to let him fight in their army against his father. At first, they rather mistrusted him; but when he led a party of Gabines to the attack, and drove back a party of Romans, they began to believe in him. And when he made another sally and captured ever so much booty—Tarquin had left it in his way on purpose, you may be sure—they made up their minds that he was honest, and gave him the command of their army.

Then Sextus sent a trusty man to his father to ask him what was next to be done?

Old Tarquin was in his garden when the messenger arrived. He did not say a word in reply; but, walking to and fro among some beds of poppies, he struck off, with his stick, the heads of the tallest. Then he bade the messenger go back to his son and relate what he had seen.

Sextus understood what the story of the poppies meant. He very quietly got the chief men of Gabii into his power, and cut off their heads; then, when there was no one in the city strong enough to oppose him, he opened the gates and let the Romans in.

But, said the legend, the more conquests he made, the more wretched was King Tarquin. Like most bad men, he had horrible dreams, and fancied in his sleep that rams were butting him with their horns, and driving him down steep places, and that his guards wouldn't help him. Then, when he offered sacrifice, as usual, to the gods, a hideous snake crawled from under the altar and fastened its fangs in the meat intended for the gods. He had in his garden an eagle's nest: one day, when the old birds were away, a flock of vultures—unclean fowl—flew down, tossed the young eaglets out, and took up their abode in the eyrie.

When the poor frightened King told these things to the augurs they put on long faces, and said they were very bad signs indeed. The best thing to be done, they thought, was to send to Delphi and put a plain question or two to the oracle there.

These oracles were fortune-telling concerns got up by shrewd men, who knew more than the rest of mankind. The oracle itself was generally an old woman who sat on a three-legged stool in a very grand temple in a wood. People who wanted to consult the oracle paid their money at the door, then asked their question. The old woman then began to writhe and twist on her stool, and after a few moments of this exercise, gave an answer, which, nine times out of ten, meant nothing at all, or meant so many things that whatever happened it was sure to come true.

We have oracles nowadays, as you know—gypsies and other old women, who go about telling for-

tunes with greasy packs of cards, and pretending to describe to innocent young ladies the color of their sweethearts' hair and the shape of their noses. But it isn't by any means so good a trade as it used to be in the days of King Tarquin.

He—poor, guilty, conscience-stricken man—had no doubt of the truth of whatever the oracles said; and sent his two sons and his nephew BRUTUS to Delphi in all haste. When they got there, and had paid their money at the door, they asked,

“When will Tarquin fall?”

And the oracle answered,

“When a dog speaks with a human voice.”

Then said the three young men, who thought they might as well learn something about themselves as they were there, and had paid their money,

“Who will rule Rome after Tarquin?”

And the answer was,

“He who kisses his mother first.”

Upon this, says the story, the two sons of Tarquin started homeward as fast as they could go; but Brutus stumbling, fell to the ground, and so kissed his mother earth before them.

This Brutus—a nephew of King Tarquin's—passed for being an idiot. He was not so really; on the contrary, he had more than his share of sense and cunning, as you will see. But Tarquin had put his brother to death in order to grasp his wealth, and prevent his plotting against him. He would have done the same to Brutus if the latter had not pretended to be half-witted, lived on wild figs and honey, and talked nonsense. Seeing him so silly,

as he thought, Tarquin spared him, and even let him grow up with his own sons in his house.

It appears that the oracle meant him when it spoke of “the dog”—a crazy man being regarded by the Romans as little better than a dog. Thus Brutus won on both questions. Lest, however, you should suppose that, in this instance, the oracle spoke truth, the old story expressly says that before asking his questions Brutus—who was a shrewd dog, if a dog at all—handed the old woman on the stool a lump of gold hid in the inside of a piece of wood; and it was after she got this that she thought of the dog and the rest.

What Tarquin thought of the oracle the story does not tell us; very likely he groaned more pitifully than ever because he could not make out what it meant.

He was at war as usual, besieging the strong town of Ardea, and had plenty of time during the long, weary siege to think over his crimes, and feel the sharp stings of remorse. How he must have tossed in his tent when those horrid nightmares hung over him in his sleep! And what work the augurs must have had watching the sacred chickens, to see if they could find some grain of comfort for their haggard King!

In a tent near his, at this siege of Ardea, says the old legend, his two sons, with their cousin **COLLATINUS**, spent their evenings in mirth and feasting. They laughed, and drank, and sang songs, and chatted to while away the time; and once they fell a talking of their wives who were away at home.

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Each said his own wife was the most virtuous woman in the world, and tried to prove to the others that it was so. The dispute growing hot, they agreed to decide it by going home that very night, and seeing how their wives spent their time.

All three took horse at once, and rode and rode till they reached the gates of Rome. Then they dismounted and walked quietly to the house where lived the wives of Sextus and his brother. All was noise and merriment there: both the wives of Tarquin's sons were deep in joyous revels, with flowers on their heads, wine cups in their hands, and tipsy friends around them. Dark and angry were the faces of Sextus and his brother as they stalked away, took horse again, and rode and rode till they reached Collatia, where Collatinus's house was.

There was the beautiful LUCRETIA—Collatinus's wife—in the midst of her maids, spinning and working for her husband, a very sweet picture of domestic virtue.

Of course they agreed that Collatinus had won the wager, and he was very proud of his good and beautiful Lucretia. Little thought he how dear the victory was to cost him!

The young men rode back to the camp, and the next day Sextus—the same, you remember, who, the story says, betrayed the people of Gabii—rode stealthily away to Collatia once more. He begged Lucretia to let him rest himself there that night; she, as kind as she was beautiful, gave him a hearty welcome.

When all was still, at the dead of night, the

black-hearted villain went to her room, his drawn sword in his hand.

“Dare to resist me,” he whispered fiercely, “and I will slay a slave, place him beside you, and say to Collatinus that I found you with him, and avenged his dishonor.”

Lucretia yielded.

That dark and miserable night passed, and the morning came bright and happy for all but Lucretia. The villain Sextus had left her in the deepest despair, hardly knowing what she did. At last, when she had roused herself, she sat her down and wrote to her father and her husband to come quickly, as something dreadful had happened. Then she clad herself in mourning, and awaited their coming in tears which never ceased to flow.

They came quickly—**LUCRETIUS**, her father, with his friend **VALERIUS**; **Collatinus**, with Tarquin’s nephew, **Brutus**—and the unhappy Lucretia, with downcast eye and burning cheek, told them her pitiful story.

“For me,” said she, as she ended, “life is not worth keeping, now that I am bereft of mine honor. But ye, if ye have hearts of men, remember to avenge murdered Lucretia.”

So saying, she drew a dagger from her bosom and stabbed herself to the heart.

Then it was—while the men and women around were standing aghast at so mournful a sight—that the idiot Brutus “spoke with the voice of a man.”

“Be witness, ye gods!” he cried, “that I will avenge the chaste Lucretia; that from this moment

I am the foe unto death of the wicked Tarquin and his lustful house; and that this right hand shall take no rest till the tyrant is overthrown, and my country is free!"

Down, then, into the market-place he bore the dead body of the beautiful Lucretia, all dabbled with the red blood which trickled from the wound in her breast. And there, to the people shuddering at that horrid sight, he spoke in such fervid words of the shame and the cowardice of allowing wretches like the Tarquins to hold rule any longer in Rome, that with one voice all the people said they would have no more of them. Even the nobles were as fierce as the people; all together with one voice shouted that Rome had had enough of kings.

So they buried Lucretia; and all the soldiers of the army, and all the chief men of the city made a solemn compact that day that Rome should have no more kings, and that the people would try to govern themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEGEND OF BRUTUS.

WHEN King Tarquin—so runs the story—heard of the things that had been done at Rome, and of the rising among the people, he mounted his horse and rode straightway to the city. But the gates had been shut, and as he stood on the outside, it was told him that neither he nor any of his wicked house should be suffered to live at Rome from that day forth.

So he and his three sons and his wife Tullia—she had fled from the city at the first outbreak, no one caring to kill so vile a creature—journeyed to Cære, a city of Latium. His son Sextus, with the image of the murdered Lucretia haunting him perhaps, wandered about some time in search of a resting-place, till fate drove him to the very last spot in the world to which he should have gone. He went to Gabii, where the people well remembered his former treachery, and his cruel murder of their chief citizens. Right glad were they to get hold of him once more, and very quickly did they cut off his head as a warning to other traitors.

Tarquin had many friends at home still, and when he sent messengers to them, claiming what belonged to him in his old house, they told the messengers they would like to see the King back again, and said

they sighed for the old kingly times, and hated the republic in their hearts. Tarquin's messengers encouraging them, they met together and began to plot to set up King Tarquin once more.

But, as they were plotting, a slave listened and heard what they said, and ran straight and told the Consuls Brutus and Valerius of the danger that was at hand. Then Brutus commanded that all the conspirators should be seized and brought up before him to be punished for plotting against the republic.

It was so done, and the two first persons that were brought before the Consul were his own two sons. He was greatly angered and grieved at the sight, and the people said, one to another, "He dare not condemn his own children."

But when the plot was unraveled, and it was made to appear that the two young men were really guilty of plotting against the republic, Brutus made the axemen scourge them according to the law. And after they had been scourged, he commanded that they should be put to death.

It was before the eyes of the stern father, says the old story, that this cruel sentence was carried into effect. And the iron-willed man, who had no pity for his own children when they were proved to be the enemies of their country, sat in his chair with unmoved countenance while their heads were being struck off. They do say, however, that when he left the judgment-seat he was overcome by sorrow and anguish.

He had done his duty to his country as he understood it, but he had thenceforth nothing to live for;

and when Tarquin collected his friends from among the Etruscans, and marched with a great army against Rome, Brutus marched out to meet him with the Romans, quite ready to die. So, when the two armies met, one of the sons of King Tarquin rode furiously up, seeking the Roman chief to fight him ; and Brutus, seeing him, rode out to meet him with spear and sword. The two charged, and at the first onset their spears crossed, and both were rolled dead on the ground.

Then the battle raged fiercely till the sun went down, and both armies returned to their camps, not knowing which side had won the victory. But that night, while all was silent, a shrill voice came out of a wood hard by, crying, “The Romans have slain one man more than the Etruscans!” which so frightened King Tarquin’s friends, who believed it was a god’s voice, that they took to their heels the first thing next morning, and ran home.

CHAPTER X.

THE LEGEND OF LARS PORSENNNA.

KING TARQUIN wandered away to another city of Etruria, called Clusium, where dwelt a brave and warlike chief named LARS PORSENNNA. To him Tarquin told his pitiful story, and begged him to help him back to his throne.

There was nothing in the world bold Lars Porsenna would have liked better. He swore a great oath that Tarquin should yet reign in Rome, and sent his heralds north and south, and east and west, to gather his fighting men together. When all his army was ready, he marched forth at the head of such a vast swarm of warriors that, long before they came in sight, the clouds of dust which they raised warned the Romans of their coming. Town and village he overran on his way like a great flood, sweeping every thing before him, till he reached the bank of the Tiber over against the city of Rome.

In all past time it had never known so dreadful a day as that. For two days, horseman after horseman had come riding in from the country, covered with foam and mire, to say that Lars Porsenna was coming, was coming, was coming! The rich had tried to hide their money and their treasure, and long strings of carts still rattled over the road to

the south, bearing away the wives and children of the Roman soldiers.

Then said the Consul, "We must hew down the bridge to prevent their getting into the city." And they began with axe and crowbar to hack and break the bridge.

But the clouds of dust came nearer, nearer, nearer, and the Romans could soon see the Etruscan captains glittering in their bright armor and riding in front of their men. Said the Consul, "They will be upon us before we can cut down the bridge."

Up then started stout **HORATIUS COCLES**, and cried, "Give me two brave men with me, and I will keep the bridge and stop the enemy till the whole is hewn down."

SPURIUS LARTIUS shouted, "I will be one!" and **TITUS HERMINIUS** said he would be the other. So these three went out alone to meet Lars Porsenna and his army, and to keep the farther end of the bridge.

When the Etruscans saw them standing, three against so many thousand, they laughed loudly, and three out of their host went to do battle with them. They were stout soldiers, but Horatius and his two comrades were better than they, and soon overcame them. Then came three more, but they too fell by the hands of the Romans; then three more, and they were killed likewise.

Lars Porsenna sat on his horse, and wondered at the bravery and strength of those three champions. "Who will make me an end of those three Romans?" he cried. And a host of Etruscans ran forward to do as their chief had bidden.

Just at that moment the bridge began to tremble and crack. "Come back! come back!" shouted the Romans from the other side; and back ran Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius. Horatius stood still. On came the Etruscans, showering their darts at him. In a few minutes more they would be upon him; but as they came, the heavy bridge groaned and cracked, then fell with a thundering crash into the river.

Horatius watched it fall. Then turning his eyes toward Rome, where he could see his own house, he prayed, "Father Tiber! receive these arms, and me who bear them, and let thy waters befriend and save me this day!" So saying, he plunged into the stream, clad in heavy armor as he was.

The Romans gazed in pity, little dreaming that one so heavily laden with breast-plate and sword could float. But, as the poets say, Father Tiber heard his prayer, and bore up the brave Roman's chin. He swam across, while the Etruscan darts were dipping into the water all round his head, and landed safely on the other side.

Loud was the shout the Romans set up when he stood once more among them. Long did they honor his name as the defender of the bridge and the saviour of the city; and afterward—in happier times, when Rome was at peace—they had a statue of him cast in his armor of mail, and set up in a public place, with the whole story of his gallant deed written beneath, so that all men should remember the name of Horatius Cocles.

But still Lars Porsenna lay encamped opposite

the city, and the Romans knew that in the end—as they were so much weaker than the Etruscans—he must conquer them. Their danger was so pressing, and their dread of having King Tarquin back again so great, that one of them—a young man named CAIUS MUTIUS—was impelled to commit a most shocking deed in the hope of saving his country. He crossed the river at night, stole into the Etruscan camp, and groped his way to the tent of Lars Porsenna. There he saw several men together; one of whom—a man of fine carriage and gorgeous dress—he stabbed to the heart, believing him to be Porsenna himself. It was, however, only a secretary of his.

The murderer was forthwith arrested and brought before Porsenna. When the latter began to question him, Mutius would not speak: whereupon the guards threatened to put him to the torture. At this Mutius, seeing a fire kindled near by, thrust his right hand into the flames and held it there till it was burned off to the wrist. Then turning to Porsenna, “You see,” said he, “how little I fear pain. There are in Rome three hundred bold men who have sworn to do the deed which I have vainly attempted.”

Upon which, says the story, Porsenna was so much struck with the fortitude of Mutius that he pardoned him, and let him go. The Romans thought a great deal of Mutius, and there were many pretty songs and ballads about him. For my own part, I confess I see very little difference between him and any common murderer.

There was a man, you remember, in times not very distant from ours, who held his right hand in

the flames till it dropped off, and spoke never a word during the pain but this: "Unworthy right hand!" This was THOMAS CRANMER, who was burned at the stake because he was a Protestant, in the reign of Bloody Queen Mary, in England; who had been badgered and bullied by priests while in prison, until he signed a paper denying his belief, through weakness; and who, when his manhood returned, recalled what he had written, and died nobly, holding the hand that had signed the paper in the flames till it blazed and burned away, and crying, "Unworthy right hand!" There is a good deal of difference between this sort of heroism and that of the murderer Mutius the Left-handed.

However, when Porsenna thought of the three hundred Romans who, as Mutius said, had sworn to murder him, he began to grow tired of helping Tarquin. He sent word to the Romans that he would return home and not trouble them more, provided they gave him twenty hostages, ten youths and ten maidens, as a pledge that they would not war upon him. The Romans were delighted to get rid of so powerful an enemy. They sent the hostages, ten youths and ten maidens of the chief families, and Lars Porsenna made ready to march home.

But as his army passed along the bank of the Tiber, the maidens who were with him as hostages saw the homes of their fathers and their friends glistening in the sunlight in distant Rome. They thought of the strange land to which they were going, and as their hearts were ready to burst, one of them, named CLÆLIA, sprang up and ran toward

the Tiber. The others followed, and all together leaped into the river, swam across, and returned to Rome.

The stern old Romans were not at all rejoiced to see them back again. They said their faith was plighted to Porsenna, and they bade the weeping girls return forthwith whence they had come. Porsenna, however, who seems to have been an excellent sort of person, would not keep them when they were brought back to his camp, but sent them home once more, and granted to Clœlia the right of taking with her whomsoever she chose out of the youths who were hostages.

After this, Lars Porsenna marched away to his own home, and he and the Romans grew close friends.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAY OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

BUT old King Tarquin never lost hope. When his first Etruscan friends deserted him, he turned to Lars Porsenna; now that Porsenna left him, he journeyed to Tusculum, and told his sorrowful story there. When the King of the Tusculans heard it—he was a son-in-law of King Tarquin's—he swore by his gods that Tarquin should yet reign in Rome. And he sent messengers to the thirty cities of Latium, bidding them muster their bravest men, that they might go up with him and fight for old King Tarquin. So the thirty cities, being jealous of Rome, gathered their warriors together, and gave them to **OCTAVIUS MAMILIUS**, King of Tusculum, that he might overwhelm the Romans.

When the news of this great gathering came to Rome, there was as much dismay in the city as there had been in the days of Lars Porsenna. "How shall we stand against so many?" said the Romans one to another. Then said one of them, "We must have one leader instead of two, that what we do may be done with the more vigor." So, Publius Valerius being dead, the people chose **AULUS POSTUMIUS** to lead them; and as he was alone they called him not Consul but **DICTATOR**—and this, the Romans said, was the way they came to have Dictators.

Tarquin and his Latin friends, the bravest from the thirty cities, were marching on apace. Forth did brave Aulus lead the Romans to meet them ; and before the fight they agreed, as the Romans and Latins had once been friends, and many young Romans had taken Latin wives, and many Latins had married fair Roman girls, that every Roman woman who chose to leave her Latin husband and go back to Rome, and every Latin woman who chose to leave her Roman husband and return to her native Latin city, should go in peace. Whereupon, say the old Roman poets, all the Roman wives of Latins returned home to Rome, but only two Latin women were found, out of the many who had wedded Romans, willing to leave their husbands for the sake of their country.

The battle began near the Lake Regillus. At the very first old King Tarquin, with his white hairs blowing about in the wind, spurred his horse forward and charged the Roman leader Aulus ; but before he could come up with him, some Roman struck the old man down, and he was carried away out of the battle. But his sons with their friends, who were called the Tarquinii, fell like a storm on the Romans, scattering them far and wide. Their horses snorted and pranced over the dead and the dying, and no man stood there that day who could resist the shock of their terrible onset.

Quoth Aulus, “If the gods be not for us, it shall fare ill with Rome this day.”

Just then he saw two fair and tall young men mounted on horses as white as snow, riding in front

of the battle. "Who be these?" cried he. But they answered not a word, but rode furiously at the Latin host, riding down and slaying all that were before them. The Romans took courage at the sight, and Titus Herminius—the same who had stood with brave Horatius at the bridge—fell upon the Tusculan king and ran his spear right through his body. A loud shout arose from the Romans, and a deep groan from the Latins when the great Mamilius fell; and the two fair youths on the snow-white steeds plied their strong broadswords more fiercely than before, and the Latins lay in huge heaps on the field. Then Aulus bade the Romans charge once more; and they charged so hotly that on all sides the Latin soldiers fled, and the bravest of the thirty cities poured out their blood upon the plain.

When evening came the battle was over, and the Romans had won the day.

Far away in the city of Rome the old men and the maidens and the young boys sat wondering how it had fared with Aulus and his brave men; and as they wondered, two fair young men, mounted on snow-white steeds, rode through the Forum, and washed their horses' legs, which were stained with blood, at a little stream which trickled down to the Tiber. Then some one asked these strangers, "What cheer?" And they told them how that a great battle had been fought, and that the Romans had won the victory.

There was great rejoicing at Rome at this glorious news, and when Aulus and the soldiers came

home there was no end to the feasting and the cheering and the singing for joy. But when the old men and the maidens told how the two youths on snow-white steeds had first brought them the news, Aulus knew that they were the same who had fought so bravely in the battle, and he commanded that they should be brought before him to receive some reward. But they were nowhere to be found; nor was any trace of them or of their snow-white steeds to be seen. Then Aulus knew that they were the divine brothers Castor and Pollux, and he raised a temple in their honor.



CASTOR AND POLLUX.

After this last defeat old Tarquin went away with a broken heart. He had lost his son in the fight, and there was no one left now to take his part and do battle with the Romans. He journeyed to a city of the Greeks, and there he died. So there was an end of him and of his house, and of the struggles of the Romans to prevent their old King getting back again.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE TRIBUNES OF THE PEOPLE.

AS the Tribunes of the People were very important officers, the Romans had a long story to account for their creation.

According to the old legends, when the republic was first established the nobles insisted on keeping all the offices for themselves. They said, for instance, that the two Consuls must both be nobles, and that it was quite ridiculous for a common man to think of being Consul.

The people did not mind this so much as other matters which touched them more closely. By some means or other the nobles had got into their hands all the riches that were in Rome; and when work was scarce, or the harvests bad, or the farmers taken away from their farms to fight in the wars, there was nothing for the poor people but to go to the nobles and borrow.

To strengthen themselves and keep the people down, the nobles made a variety of laws concerning debts, which were most oppressive and cruel. When a noble wanted to persecute a debtor he called upon him to pay what he owed. If he could not—as was usually the case—he had the choice of selling himself and his children into slavery, or of answering with his body for the debt. If he chose the latter,

he had thirty days to find the money. If he had not found it by the end of this time, he was handed over to his creditor, chained with a heavy iron chain. The creditor gave him just enough food to keep him alive, and kept him chained in his yard sixty days. If, at the end of this time, he was still unable to pay, he was judged to be incorrigible, and the creditor might either kill him or sell him into slavery. If there were several creditors, each had the right to cut a piece from his living body.

The legend said that the Romans submitted to this shocking law for fifteen years; but, at last, they could bear it no longer, and they rose. Being a quiet, harmless people, they did not seek to revenge themselves on their oppressors, but quietly packed up their little property, and leading their wives and children by the hand, trudged out of the city to find a new home. Just outside the old city stood Mount Aventine: to it they flocked, and settled down, in the fine summer weather, on the side and the top of the mountain.

When they were gone, quoth the legend, the nobles began to be alarmed, and sent them word to come back directly. But they answered—No, they would stay where they were.

This did not suit the nobles at all, as the people had been very useful to them—fighting their battles, digging their fields, building their houses, and so on—so they took counsel together, and resolving to yield something to the people for the sake of getting them back, they sent to Mount Aventine, as their messenger, MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Menenius made his speech to the people, and then the leader of the people made his, and then Menenius made another, at the end of which speeches the people and the nobles were farther from agreeing than ever. Then Menenius said he would tell the people a story or parable, and they said they would hear that too.

So Menenius began by saying that once upon a time the head, hands, feet, eyes, and mouth, rebelled against the stomach. They complained that the stomach was an idle, good-for-nothing creature, which lay still at its ease while they were working, and they declared that they would support it no longer. The hands said they would carry no more; the eyes, that they would see no more; the legs, that they would walk no more, to serve so lazy a creature. As they said, so they did; and, for a time, all went well with them. But very soon, one by one, they began to languish and grow weak: the eyes grew dim, the legs tottered, the hands could no longer grasp any thing; and so they discovered, when it was too late, that the stomach was really the source of their own strength, and that in injuring it they had been destroying themselves.

Then, says the legend, the people, perceiving how uncommonly like the stomach in the fable the Roman nobles were, cried, with one voice, that Menenius Agrippa had spoken well, and they would go back to Rome. So they went back, and the nobles—who, perhaps, were astonished that the fable had answered so well—forgave every man his debts, and allowed the people to choose officers to protect them,

who were to be called TRIBUNES. This was the way the Romans accounted for their having Tribunes.

Ever after that time, the spot on Mount Aventine where they rested was holy ground. Poor Romans long afterward used to lead their children up the mountain on holidays, and delighted to tell them the old story about the times when their forefathers took refuge there from the oppression of the nobility, and were brought back by Menenius Agrippa.

But the quarrels were not over yet by any means. Though the Tribunes had been created for the purpose of protecting the people, and for nothing else, still the nobles insisted on their being chosen from the nobility and not from the people. Year after year the people murmured, and said that noble Tribunes were of no use to them—that they wanted Tribunes chosen from among themselves. But the nobles being firm and united, and the people poor and ignorant, for many years this clamor led to nothing, and the nobles made their own friends Tribunes, who gave the people no protection at all.

After a time, however, one of the Tribunes chosen, whose name was VOLERO, took the people's part strongly, and said, loudly enough for all the nobles to hear, that if the people did what was right they would have their own Tribunes, whether the nobles liked it or no. It was very curious that one or two men who had said the same thing as Volero had died suddenly, no one knew how. Volero knew this, and when he went out he was always backed by a body of sturdy workmen. When the nobles met him and jostled him, or insulted him, these workmen

gathered round him, with sticks and stones, and if the nobles did not go home, there were broken heads.

However, Volero did not alter the law. After him there was chosen another bold Tribune, named LÆTORIUS ; and he demanded, as before, that the Tribunes should be chosen from the people. Consul APPIUS CLAUDIUS, a haughty noble, sneered at Lætorius, and mocked him. Said Lætorius, “We shall pass the law to-morrow, or there will be blood spilled in the Forum.”

Said Appius, “We shall see to that.”

Early next morning Appius Claudio and the nobles went down into the Forum with a crowd of slaves and hangers-on : and to the same place went Lætorius at the head of a great concourse of people. Now the law was, that when the people began to vote in their assemblies the nobles should keep away ; so when the voting began, Lætorius sent word to the nobles that he would be much obliged if they would leave the Forum.

Appius made answer that the nobles would stay there if they pleased.

Then some one flung a stone, and some one else flourished a stick, and a street fight began. The nobles, with their hangers-on, made a rush at Lætorius and knocked him down ; but the people charged in their turn, picked him up, and carried him off bleeding. Their blood being up, they would not go this time to the Aventine ; they marched straight up to the Capitol, took possession of the fort there, and barred the gates.

The nobles were surprised at first ; then, making

sure that the people would soon come to terms, they went home each to his house, laughing and joking about the affair. But the next day came, and the next, and the next, and no word of yielding came from the people. Then the nobles began to think it was no laughing matter, and sent to the people in the Capitol to inquire when they would come out and be friends again.

Lætorius said they would not leave that place till the nobles agreed that the Tribunes should all be chosen from the people.

The nobles were greatly disgusted at this, and there was some talk of storming the place. But when a wise old noble, named QUINTIUS, showed his friends how they would surely be beaten if it came to open war, they yielded, and agreed that the people should choose their own Tribunes from that time forth. Then the people came down from the Capitol and went every man to his own house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STORY OF SPURIUS CASSIUS AND THE HOMESTEAD LAW.

THE next quarrel, says the old story, was about land. It seems that in these wars which the Romans were always waging with their neighbors they conquered a great deal of land. From time immemorial the nobles, who commanded the armies and managed the government, had been in the habit of keeping this land for themselves. Now the people said that if the nobles would let each man have a little farm out of this land, there would be no more poverty, and the people would not need to borrow.

But the nobles answered that they would do no such thing.

It happened, however, that one of the Consuls at that time was a very honest, kind-hearted man. His name was SPURIUS CASSIUS. He said that the people were quite right; that the nobles had more land than they could farm; and he went to the assembly of the people and proposed that out of the unoccupied public lands each man in Rome should have a homestead of four acres and a half.

It was a bad business for him. For the nobles in the Senate would not say No to the bill openly; but after agreeing to it, they would not allow it to be carried out, and very soon afterward somebody

accused Spurius Cassius of treason. He was found guilty by the nobles, and sentenced to be beheaded; which cruel sentence was actually carried into effect, according to the story, as a warning to all Romans not to quarrel with the nobles.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LEGEND OF CORIOLANUS.

ABOUT these times lived a noble whose name was CAIUS MARCIUS. He was a soldier, like all the Romans, and fought at the old battle by Lake Regillus, when he was only a boy. His father had died when he was an infant; but his mother, VOLUMNIA, was a woman of strong mind and great heart, and taught him to be fearless and bold.

In one of the Roman wars siege was laid to a strong city named Corioli. While the Romans lay before it, the people of the city sallied forth of a sudden, and fell on the Romans with such fury that they turned to run. Young Caius Marcius, boiling with rage at the sight, shouted that all who were men would face the enemy with him; and most of the soldiers, roused by his words, turned again and fought stoutly by his side. It was then the turn of the men of Corioli to fly. They ran back to the city, hotly chased by the Romans. As they entered the gate, Caius Marcius and one or two others rushed in with them, and held the gate open till the whole Roman army passed through, and the city was taken.

To honor Caius Marcius for this brave deed the Consul ordered that, from that time forth, he should bear the name of CORIOLANUS.

When he returned from the wars the people were glad to see him, and feasted him, and paid him great honors; but he scorned them, calling them low-born knaves, who were not fit to speak to the nobles. More than this, he said that they ought not to have Tribunes to protect them, and that if he had his will the Tribunes would soon be done away with. This was not the way to make the people like him, as you may imagine; and in a short time they hated him as much as they had honored him before.

It fell out that a great famine overtook the city of Rome, and the people were in sore distress for want of food. They might have died of hunger, but for the King of the Greeks who were in Sicily. He heard of their suffering, and sent ships to Rome laden with corn to feed them. But when the ships arrived, the nobles got hold of the corn; and when the people asked for some of it to feed their starving wives and little ones, Coriolanus answered, "No, they should have none until they gave up their Tribunes, and promised to leave all the power to the nobles."

At this there arose a mighty tumult in the city, so fierce that the nobles were forced to give corn to the people to save their own necks. Then said the Tribunes, "We must try this Coriolanus, and find out whether or no he has been guilty of treason against the people in refusing to give them corn."

Coriolanus knew very well that he was guilty, and, with very little of the courage he had formerly shown in the old wars, ran away from the city in order to escape a trial. They say that as he left

the gates of Rome this proud man turned round and cursed the place and the people, and hoped they would one day feel what it was to have lost so great a warrior as himself.

He journeyed away to a city of the Volscians, who were enemies of Rome; and when he found the King of the Volscians, whose name was ATTUS, he told him that he had left Rome forever, and that he would like nothing so much as to make war upon his old friends.

The old story does not say that Attius shrank from the traitor, though no doubt he did; but as Coriolanus was a great soldier, he answered that he was very glad to see him, and they would see what could be done against the Romans. Then he went to his people, and asked them, "Would they march down and fight the Romans?" But they answered, "No, we have had enough fighting for the present."

Attius then contrived a cunning trick to persuade them to make war.

When the time for the fair at Rome came round, Attius went there with a great number of his people to see the games. After the sport had begun this wily King said secretly to the Roman Consuls, "There are a great many of my people here: have a care lest they quarrel with your folks, and trouble arise. Perhaps it would be better to find some excuse to send them away." After he had given them this hint, he slipped privately out of the city and hid himself on the wayside, a few miles from Rome.

The Consuls thought over what he said, and judged that it was best to send away the Volscians.

So they made a decree ordering every Volscian to leave the city before sunset that day. Accordingly, while the sun was still seen over the tops of the hills, all the Volscians who had come to see the games walked out of Rome, and began to journey homeward.

When they came to the place where Attius was, he pretended to be surprised to see them, and cried, “What! are the games over already?”

The Volscians said they believed not; but that the Consuls had ordered them to leave.

Then Attius pretended to fly into a great rage, and swore that the Volscians were disgraced in the eyes of all the nations that were gathered together to see the games, and asked them if they were thieves or outcasts, that they should be driven out of Rome.

The Volscians were maddened by his words, and with one voice called on their King to lead them against Rome, in order that they might be revenged upon the city for the insult that had been put upon them there.

So Attius succeeded in his trick, and he and the Volscians, with the traitor Coriolanus to help them, marched down against the Romans. They were so many and so strong, now that Coriolanus fought on their side, that they took city after city from the Romans, and laid waste the whole country with fire and sword. Very soon they pitched their camp over against the city of Rome itself, and prepared to attack it.

The Romans, it seems, from some reason or other,

happened to have very little courage at the time, and instead of turning out like men and fighting a good fight for their homes, bethought themselves of sending messages to the traitor Coriolanus, begging him to turn away and spare them. So they sent five of the chief nobles to him, and they besought him not to harm his native city.

But Coriolanus—like Benedict Arnold, when he led the British troops against Connecticut—said that it was because Rome was his native city that he intended to lay it low, and bade the five nobles begone.

They returned with heavy hearts to Rome, and the people read in their faces the bad news they brought. They resolved to try another message, and other nobles went forth to the Volscian camp; but the traitor Coriolanus would not even see them.

When they returned to the city, the people were indeed in sore dismay. The Volscians were even then making ready for the attack, and the Romans seemed to have made up their minds that there was no use in fighting. In the midst of their despair, a woman named **VALERIA** remembered how dearly Coriolanus had formerly loved his mother **Volumnia**, and she bethought herself that perhaps he might yet listen to her.

So **Volumnia**, and **Valeria**, and **Coriolanus's wife, VIRGILIA**, and his little children—for the fellow had deserted his family as well as his country—and a great concourse of the chief matrons of Rome, went out from the city and traveled to the Volscian camp. **Coriolanus** was there sitting before the general's tent,

and a host of Volscian officers stood around him. When he saw the crowd coming with the Roman matrons in the front, all clad in the deepest mourning, he asked who were these women, and what came they to do? And they told him it was his mother, Volumnia.

Then he arose from his seat and ran to his mother, and tried to kiss her. But the noble Roman matron stopped him, and said that if he was her son he could not be the foe of Rome: if not, why did he pretend to love her?

Not a word did Coriolanus say; and indeed there was nothing to be said in his defense.

So Volumnia went on, and implored him to save her from the disgrace of having borne a son who became the ruin of his country. Many more things she said, this noble woman, all tending to show how basely and vilely her son had acted; while he, smitten with shame and remorse, stood still and hung his head, and answered never a word.

At last he looked up, and saying, "Mother, thou hast saved Rome but lost thy son!" gave orders to his soldiers to strike their tents and march away. Thus he betrayed the Volscians—who had begun the war believing that he would be true to them—just as formerly he had betrayed his own countrymen the Romans.

One story says that Coriolanus was killed by the Volscians; another, that he cut his own throat; and another, that he died of old age, bitterly repenting his past life. I think the last is the end I should have liked best, if I had invented his story.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAY OF THE FABII.

THE quarrels between the nobles and the people still went on, and the people were in great poverty. They said to each other, as they starved in their scanty homes, "Would to God the nobles would carry out the wise law of good Spurius Cassius, and give each of us a homestead out of the public land which lies idle yonder; then we should not need go a-hungered, or see our little ones die of want!"

But when some of them went to the nobles and said, "What about the law of Spurius Cassius?" the nobles turned their backs on them, and said that law couldn't be thought of on any account.

Then said some shrewd men among the people, "Let us refuse to go a-warring for the nobles: we'll warrant, when they find they have no soldiers to fight their battles, they will think differently about the homestead law."

The people agreed to this sensible plan. But when the Senate declared war upon one of the neighbors of Rome, and the Consuls made speeches to the people about the glory and honor of Rome, and asked them whether they were afraid of their neighbors, and had they lost their ancient valor? the poor people, quite excited and blinded, buckled on their swords and marched out to meet the enemy.

It is pleasant to think that nations nowadays are far too wise to be tricked by such pompous talk about war and glory. Oh, far!

After a time, when the people came to reflect, they saw what a mistake they had made, and said bluntly and plainly that they would go home. This the Consul Appius would not permit. Then the people said, "Very well, he might keep them there if he chose, but he wouldn't make them fight unless they had a mind." So, when they met the enemy, instead of fighting, one and all, they ran away.

On this the Consul Appius, who was a stern, determined man, got a number of soldiers from a neighboring city, and, with their help, seized the soldiers who had run away, and put every tenth man to death. After this the hatred between the nobles and the people grew fiercer than ever.

One of the most famous of the legends to which it gave rise was about the FABII.

They were a great house at Rome, all nobles; but in all these quarrels they took the people's side. They said openly that the nobles had no right to oppress the people; and whenever the people's wrongs were discussed in the Senate, then the voice of a Fabius was sure to be loudly raised on their behalf. They were not mere talkers either. When a great battle had been fought, and ever so many Romans wounded, the Fabii had the poor fellows carried into their houses, and shamed many other nobles into doing the like.

In this way the Fabii became great favorites among the people, and were, as a matter of course,

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hated by the nobles. They were so great a family that, for a long time, the nobles dared not meddle with them to injure them. But when Kæso FABIUS was made Consul, and declared boldly that he was for dividing the public land as the people wanted, the nobles burst into open revolt. They had so much power, and could do so much mischief, that Kæso found he could not make head against them; and he and all his house resolved to leave the city of their own accord.

Rome was at that time at war with Veii, a strong city ten miles off. Kæso Fabius went to the Senate, and said: "We of the Fabian house will take upon ourselves to fight the people of Veii. We want neither arms, nor men, nor money from Rome. We will overcome Rome's enemy ourselves, at our own cost, for the honor of our name."

The nobles were delighted to get rid of them, and said that it was all right. Then Kæso Fabius collected all the men of his house on the Quirinal Hill—three hundred and ten in all—and after they had been blessed by the priests, and the augurs had paid a visit to the hen-coops for their benefit, they marched out of Rome, girt and equipped for war, and settled themselves by the river Crimera. When the men of Veii next marched down, the Fabii rose up to meet them, and defeated them with great slaughter. And after one or two lessons of this kind, the Veientians found Veii quite a pleasant residence, and staid there a good deal more than they had been used to do.

But there was a certain day every year, when the

custom was among the Fabii that they should sacrifice to their gods on their old home—the Quirinal Hill. Every year, when that day came round, all the men of the house went from their new home to the old spot, leaving their arms behind them, as it was not the custom to go armed to offer sacrifice.

This habit of theirs came to the ears of the people of Veii, and they laid a plot to be revenged on their dreaded enemies. On the road through which the Fabii would pass on their way to Rome a vast number of Veientians hid themselves; and the moment the Fabii appeared they fell upon them with great fury. The men of Veii had arms, and the Fabii had none, so it was more like a butchery than a fight; and out of the whole three hundred and ten, only one, a boy, escaped alive. Thus the nobles were avenged, and for a few years Veii was spared.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LEGEND OF CINCINNATUS.

ALL the old legends say that, at this time, the distress of the people of Rome was such that nothing was ever seen like it. The plague broke out among them, and carried off whole streets full at a time. Famine pressed heavily on them; and to add to all, the nobles trampled them more cruelly, more brutally than ever: robbing them of the little they had, carrying off their wives and daughters, and beating them soundly if they ventured to complain.

The young nobles were the worst. One spirited young fellow named Kæso QUINTIUS had committed so many shameful acts — insulting poor men's wives, falling with sword and stick upon the poor men when they complained, and laughing at all law and justice — that at last the Tribunes of the People were forced to bring him to trial. They would have done so long before, but that Kæso's family was very powerful, his father, QUINTIUS CINCINNATUS, or THE CURLY-HEAD, being one of the chief leaders of the nobles. When Kæso was tried, a great many witnesses came forward to swear against him; and seeing that there was no chance of escape, he ran away from the city and hid himself.

However, according to the legend, his father re-

solved to avenge him, and this is the way he contrived it.

The Romans were at war with a rough mountain tribe called *Æquians*. The story says that the war was caused by the plundering of some Roman farms by the *Æquians*; and that when the Romans sent to the *Æquians* to demand redress, the *Æquian* chief, a proud man named *CLOELIUS*, said roughly, that he had not time to listen to them; that they might, if they chose, tell their story to yonder oak. Whereupon the Roman messengers did tell their story to the oak, and took it and all the other trees around to witness that there would be blood spilled, and orphans made, for that rude speech of the chief *Cloelius*.

So the war began. The Romans won the first battles; but very soon, being rash and imprudent, they got caught in a mountain pass by the *Æquians*, and could neither go forward nor return backward the way they came. Seven men only contrived to escape and bear the news to Rome.

This was the chance old-*Quintius the Curly-head* had been waiting for. As he was a very skillful politician, he soon managed to get the Senate to bid the Consul appoint him Dictator.

However, he pretended he had no hand in the business, and feigned to be very much surprised when the messengers of the Senate sent him word that he had been appointed. One of the legends even mentions that he made quite a touching speech to his wife about leaving their little field unsown that year; but as the other stories do not make him

out to be quite such a modest, retiring character, we will say no more about that.

When he took office he bade every man shut up his house, gird on his sword, and march to the relief of the army. So vigorously was the work done, that before the *Aequians* knew that any men had escaped out of the pass the new army marched up and gave a great shout, to let the people inside the pass know there was help come. Then the fight began; and the *Aequians*, being attacked on both sides by the Romans, within and without the pass, very soon cried "Enough!" and were glad to make peace by giving up their cloaks and their arms, and marching, one by one, under a yoke made of three spears, as an acknowledgment of their defeat.

Then Cincinnatus marched back to Rome in high feather; and being greatly applauded for his victory, and allowed to have a public triumph, he quietly took the opportunity of driving into exile the Tribune who had accused his wicked son Kæso. Then he laid down his power and went back to his farm.

A long while afterward he turned up again. A famine breaking out at Rome, says the story, the people were plunged into great distress, and starved to death in great numbers. There were no charitable societies then, such as we have now—for charity was not considered so great a virtue among the Romans as it is by the Christians—so there is nothing impossible in this part of the story.

But there lived at Rome a man named **Mælius**, who was not a noble, yet, strange to say, was very

rich. This Mælius saw no better way of spending his money than buying ship-loads of corn in foreign countries—in Sicily and Africa, for instance—and giving it away when it was landed at Rome. He gave freely to all: it was only necessary to be hungry to share his bounty.

For this, and out of the grateful fullness of their hearts, the poor people of Rome loved Mælius, and showed their love, as their custom was, by following him in the street, and hanging round his house; so that he came at last to have a larger throng of followers than the richest of the nobles. This vexed the envious nobles to that degree that they began to plot against Mælius. Said Quintius their leader: “There is no one who can rid us of him so well as old Cincinnatus.” And all the others being of this mind, they bade the Consul appoint Cincinnatus Dictator once more.

He was eighty years old at the time, says the story, and if he had been as fond of his farm as some of the legends pretend he would have staid there now; but he did not make the least objection when the Senate sent for him, but girt up his toga and went straight to the Capitol.

Next morning he marched down to the Forum with four-and-twenty axemen, and a great concourse of nobles and hangers-on. To Mælius he sent word by AHALA—his master of the horse, or aid-de-camp as we should say—to appear before him directly.

When Mælius saw Ahala coming at the head of a crowd of nobles, he knew very well what it meant.

Seizing a knife from a butcher's stall, he ran into the crowd and called upon his friends to stand by him. But Ahala dashed after him with his men, came up with him, and struck him dead with his sword.

The story adds that the people were at first greatly enraged at the deed; but that Cincinnatus quieted them by saying that Mælius had wanted to make himself king, and had died the death of a traitor.

This is the last of the stories about Cincinnatus. Though we know very little more about him than we do about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, he is a very famous character in history; and he is often mentioned as a virtuous patriot and a man of rigid honesty. Judging him by the stories which have come down to us, I am not very much affected by his virtues: he was true to his party, ambitious, revengeful, and unscrupulous—if more than this, I have not found it out.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STORY OF THE TEN MEN AND SICCIUS DENTATUS.

THE next story says that the misery of the people growing too great to bear, and many in their deep sorrow fancying they saw strange signs in the heavens—the gods fighting in the clouds, and a rain of flesh descending upon the earth—the people decided there must be something very wrong in their government, and said to the nobles that it must positively be changed.

Then said the nobles, “Suppose we send over to Greece and get some Greek laws from thence, to see if they will answer better than our own; and suppose, also, we choose no more Consuls, but put the government in the hands of Ten Men—men of standing and virtue.”

The people answered, they had no objection to any change. So ships were fitted out and sent to Greece for the laws, and Ten Men were chosen—all nobles—to manage the government.

The ships came back laden with laws, which were engraven on brass in order that they should last forever; and the Ten Men—who were kept very busy for a year or more studying the new laws, and altering them to suit the Romans—had so little time to attend to the people that every one said

they were excellent rulers—a great improvement on the old Consuls.

So, when their term of office expired, the people all said they would adhere to the new plan, and elected Ten Men again, one of whom was **APPIUS CLAUDIUS**.

By this time the business of altering the laws was over, and the Ten Men turned their attention to the people. They ruled, says the story, more cruelly than any of the old Consuls. With all their sad experience the poor people of Rome had never known a more dreadful time.

One day, as the people were talking in the Forum about the old subject of the division of the public land, an old soldier came forward and begged to be allowed to say a few words. His name was **SICCIUS DENTATUS**, and he was known to be one of the bravest and best soldiers in the army.

This old hero reminded the people that he had fought for the republic now forty years, and that he had been present in all the battles of the Romans during that period. He told them of the honors that had been paid to him on account of his victories, and counted up the names of the soldiers and citizens whose lives he had saved in battle. Then he bared his breast and showed the scars of forty-five wounds he had received, all in front, and not one behind. "And yet," said this stout old soldier, "here am I without any means of living, or a single acre of the land that has been bought with my blood!"

The people cried with one voice that it was a

shame that so brave an old man should starve. But the nobles only laughed at his complaints.

When Appius was chosen to be one of the Ten Men, the Roman army was beaten in their wars against the Volscians. Appius said the cause was the cowardice of the soldiers; but old Siccius Dentatus went about crying aloud that this was not true—that the real cause of the defeat was the folly of the generals and the bad management of the Ten Men. And he was so well known, and so much thought of, that most of the people believed him.

On this, the Ten Men resolved to get rid of him. They appointed him to bear a message to the general of the army, and bade him set out from Rome at a certain hour with a small band of men whom they gave him. The old soldier obeyed, and started with the men at the hour fixed.

They marched quickly forward for some time, till they were in a hollow between several hills, a long way from any houses. Then one of the men made a signal, and all the others drew their swords and fell upon the old soldier. He was at first stunned by the attack; but soon recovering himself, he set his back against a high rock, and began to defend himself desperately. The nearest of the murderers soon rolled in the dust; the others ran to a distance, and threw darts at Siccius. But he was used to handle his shield, and every dart that flew toward him he received on it; and whenever any one of the assassins came within reach he cut him down. Fifteen of them, the story says, he had killed, besides a great number wounded, when two or three of the coward-

ly wretches climbed the rock against which the old man stood, and threw down great stones upon him until he fell dead.

When the news reached Rome Appius and the other nine Men pretended to be dreadfully shocked; but the people, though they said little, were not deceived in the least, and knew in their hearts that the brave old soldier had been murdered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAY OF THE MAIDEN VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA was a lovely girl of about sixteen, the daughter of an officer in the army named VIRGINIUS. She was betrothed to a man named ICILIUS, who had formerly been a Tribune of the People; but she was still very young, and went to school (to learn to knit and sew, I suppose) with the other Roman girls.

On her way to school she passed morning and evening before the judgment-seat of Appius Claudius. This bad man was struck by her beauty the first time he saw her pass. Next day he watched for her, and thought her prettier still. On the day after that, and the following days, he thought of nothing else but her, and sat in his seat moodily plotting schemes to steal her away. At last he hit upon a plan.

As she passed along with her nurse, laughing and talking, a man rushed upon her, seized her roughly, and cried, "Ha! I've caught you; you're my old slave!"

Virginia screamed, and so did the nurse, and very soon a crowd gathered around them. The people took her side, and MARCUS CLAUDIUS, the man who had seized her, would very soon have had his business settled but for his offer to take the girl straight

to Appius and let him decide. The people knew that Virginia was the daughter of Virginius, and nobody's slave; and they said to each other that Appius would, of course, set her free.

They little knew how the villain had watched her with his wicked eyes, and made up the plot to steal her.

When Marcus Claudius went before Appius and claimed her as his slave, Appius said it was a very clear case, and that she must go to him.

The people were much excited, and asked would he wait a day till her father Virginius could be sent for, to prove that she was his daughter?

Cunning Appius thought a while, and then said he would: "For," said he to himself, "if I decide the case to-day, there will certainly be a riot; but to-morrow I can have all my friends, the nobles, and their hangers-on to back me, and beat down the people." So Virginia was let go for that day. Swift horsemen started at once to the camp where Virginius was, to bid him come to Rome at full speed to save his daughter. Appius likewise sent messengers to the generals of the army, bidding them keep Virginius where he was; but they were outstripped in the race by the others, and Virginius started at the first watch of the night, and arrived safely at Rome.

Next day poor little Virginia was brought into court with a fluttering heart. Her father was there, and so was her lover, Icilius, both looking as black as thunder; and there was he who claimed her as his slave, Marcus Claudius, with his hang-dog face;

and Appius himself, on his judgment-seat, cold, and stern, and cruel. To the court, too, came hundreds and hundreds of stout men, who knew Virginius, and felt in their hearts that the end of their wrongs was not far off.

After Marcus Claudius had brought forward his proofs—they were, of course, a mass of lies got up by Appius himself—Appius gave judgment that the girl should be given up to him.

A groan rose from the people, and Virginius and Icilius and many others tried to plead for the poor crying child; but Appius waved to his axemen, “Clear away the mob, I say: make room for the man to take away the girl!”

Then Virginius, in a quiet tone, asked, as a last favor, to be allowed to kiss his child once more before she was carried away. Appius answered, “Well, let it be done quickly.”

Virginius took his trembling daughter in his arms, and drew her on one side, as if to get out of the crowd. Near where he stood was a butcher’s stall, and on the stall a large butcher’s knife. He gave Virginia one kiss, then, saying “This is the only way my child, to keep thee free,” he seized the knife, and plunged it up to the hilt in her poor beating heart.

“Tyrant!” he shouted fiercely, turning to Appius, “on thee and on thy head be the curse of this innocent blood. Make way!” and with the red knife in his hand he dashed through the crowd, no one daring to stop him.

A terrible shout arose from the mob at the sight

of the hapless maiden's blood. "Vengeance! vengeance!" cried Icilius, "Down with the tyrants!" And the people echoed the cry, "Vengeance!"

Appius rose from his seat, pale and frightened, and bade his axemen clear the way for him. The nobles thronged to his side, and drew their swords to keep back the people. They had terrible work to get the bad man home. If the people had caught him they would have torn him limb from limb; as it was, they charged again and again, like the waves of the sea, against the guard of nobles and axemen, and threw stones and dirt at him, and roared again, till Appius nearly died of agony and fright. The miserable wretch covered his face with his robe, and crouched behind his friends, while they cut and battered the heads of the nearest among the crowd, and fought their way to his house inch by inch.

He was safe at last. But the people's blood was up. Virginius marched furiously through the camp with his bloody knife in his hand, and all the soldiers, when they heard his story, struck their tents and marched away to Rome, leaving their generals behind. In the city every man was afoot, Icilius leading them. The cry was: "To Mount Aventine!"

And to the old familiar hill they flocked, with their wives and their children, an angry throng. I am not at all surprised that the legend says their first idea was to seize Appius and the other nine Men and burn them alive.

The nobles, as usual, tried to cajole them, and sent them civil messages, begging them to return

home, and promising that all would be forgotten. But the people answered that, on the contrary, they intended that all should be remembered, and that the blood of poor murdered Virginia must be avenged. Then the nobles—who grew very humble and cringing when the people threatened—made all sorts of excuses for the past, and promised any thing and every thing for the future. Only forgive them this once, and they would be the best friends of the people forever after.

And in the end, says the story, they were forgiven, as usual—Appius Claudius with the others, greatly to the honor of the people. All Rome said, however, that the Ten Men must be done away with ; and Appius and another of them having cut their own throats in the prison where they were put for safe keeping, there was an end of them and of their story.

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OUTLET OF THE ALBAN LAKE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAY OF VEII AND THE BRAVE CAMILLUS.

THERE is a lake near Rome, imbedded in high land, called the Alban Lake. Its waters are higher than part of the lowland of the Roman country; and they stand so nearly on a level with its banks that in spring and after heavy rains they would overflow and drown the valleys around, were it not for a tunnel which carries them off to the sea. This tunnel has stood and has carried off the waters of the lake for more than two thousand years.

When the Roman children asked how this tun-

nel came there, and who built it, this is the story they were told.

Once upon a time the people of Rome were at war with the people of Veii. Now Veii was a strong, walled city; so strong, and so full of great-hearted and stout-limbed men that the Romans could not take it, though they attacked it with all their might and main, and lay besieging it for seven long years.

They had been seven years encamped opposite Veii, when the waters of the Alban Lake (on whose borders stood Veii) began to overflow. They rose and rose till they poured over the banks of the lake; rose and rose still, till they covered the tops of young trees and cottages in the valley. The Romans were greatly alarmed at this deluge, and sent to their augurs to know what it meant. The augurs said it was a very strange circumstance indeed, and they couldn't account for it. Wouldn't it be best to send to the oracle at Delphi and see if they knew any thing about it there?

Just about this time a Roman soldier met near the city an augur from Veii, made him prisoner, and led him to the general's tent. When the general heard he was an augur, he bade him consult his art and say what the rise in the waters meant. The old man was at first loth to speak, but when the Romans hinted that they would soon find a way of opening his mouth, he said,

“When the waters of the lake flow no more over the land, then woe to Veii!”

The Romans were puzzling their heads about the

meaning of this strange prophecy when their messenger returned from Delphi. He brought word from the oracle that when the Romans drained off the waters of the lake all would go well with them, and Veii would be theirs. Very good advice, too.

The Romans, never doubting the oracle, set to work, dug ditches and drains, and began to cut a great tunnel through the rock by the side of the lake. The rock was soft, but very thick ; it took them two years hard work to cut so much of the tunnel as would draw off the waters of the lake. But at last they completed the work ; the tunnel did its duty, and the waters of the lake fell to their old level.

Veii being still as strong and unyielding as ever, the Romans thought a Dictator was needed for the business, so they had one of the Consuls appoint **FURIUS CAMILLUS**.

He, says the story, finding the soldiers expert at digging and ditching—they had had practice enough—set them to dig an underground passage under the walls of Veii. They dug and dug by day and by night, just as soldiers dig at sieges nowadays ; and at last, by measuring, and by listening at the roof of their underground passage, they found they had wormed their way underneath a temple of Juno in the heart of the city of Veii.

It chanced that the people of Veii were in the temple at the time, sacrificing to Juno. An ox had been killed, and its quivering carcass lay upon the altar. The high-priest, turning to the King of Veii, who stood by, cried, “The gods pronounce that they will send victory to him who offers this sacrifice !”

At that very moment the Roman soldiers broke the ground over their heads, and leaped up among the people of Veii. They flew back in affright at the sudden apparition ; and Camillus, seizing the ox, offered it up to Juno himself. Then he bade his men charge. Some fell upon the people of Veii ; others ran to open the gates and let in their comrades ; and so, before the sun went down, Veii was taken.

It was so rich a city, says the legend, that all the army was enriched by the spoil. Gold and silver, ivory and brass, rich stuffs and jewels, were carried to Rome by the cart-load. Among other things, there was a statue of Juno which Camillus wanted to take to Rome. But when some one went to the statue and asked, Would it like to remove to Rome ? it answered, in a polite way, that it rather liked the idea. And so saying, it stepped gracefully off its pedestal and walked to Rome at a round pace.

This is nothing, you know, to the statue of the Virgin, which in much later times took a fancy to change its lodgings, and traveled ever so many miles through the air to the Church at Loretto, in Italy. But traveling is easier in modern times than it was in the days of Veii, so we must not think lightly of Juno.

Camillus had a splendid triumph at Rome in honor of his victory. He entered the city in a chariot drawn by four milk-white horses ; the army following him, singing and cheering ; and then came the prisoners from Veii, chained together in pairs, with their hands bound, and looking very miserable. The triumph lasted four days ; and during

all that time rich men kept open house and bade all who chose eat of their bread and drink of their wine. From morning till night the temples were thronged by pious Romans, who went to offer up thanks for their victory.

The next story about Camillus relates how he was besieging the Etruscan city of Falerii, and almost despaired of taking it, when a strange accident occurred.

A schoolmaster of the place used to walk out every day with his scholars. He thought, no doubt, that the Romans would take the place in the end; and to curry favor for himself, treacherously led his boys within their camp and handed them over to Camillus, saying slyly that, no doubt, if Camillus threatened to put the boys to death, their parents would yield.

“Villain!” cried Camillus, “dost thou suppose we make war upon innocent boys?”

The schoolmaster was a good deal taken aback by this fierce answer. He was much more disgusted, however, when Camillus bade the boys cut good stout rods, and thrash the fellow all the way back to the city. The boys rather enjoyed it, and I shouldn’t wonder if they laid it on with a will.

At all events, they got back to their friends and told them the story. At which, says the legend, the people of Falerii were so much struck with the handsome behavior of Camillus that they sent him proposals for peace, and became very good friends of the Romans.

There is another story about Camillus which is not so pleasant as this.

In olden times it was commonly the custom for soldiers to strip a conquered city of every thing they could carry away: this was the reward of their conquest. It was a very bad custom, as it made the soldiers mere robbers; but in olden times this was not thought of, and so, as I mentioned before, when Veii was taken, every thing worth stealing was stolen by the Roman soldiers.

A long while afterward, Camillus suddenly remembered that he had made a vow to give a tithe of the spoil to Apollo. The people said it was very strange he had not thought of this before; but the augurs (who managed the express-business between Rome and the residence of the gods) saying positively that a vow must not on any account be broken, every man who had shared in the spoil now came forward and accounted for a tenth of what he had had.

The Romans did not much like disgorging in this way; and while they were in an ill temper, some one bethought himself that the brass gates of Veii had not been forthcoming. Search being made, they were found in Camillus's house. The legend says he had not concealed them, but had kept them openly as his share of the plunder; still, the people were so angry with him that they tried him for the offense, and condemned him to leave the city.

It is not pleasant to read in the old legend that as he went out of Rome his heart was full of bitterness and revenge, and he turned round and prayed that the gods would send trouble upon Rome. However, we shall hear of him again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STORY OF THE GAULS.

THE next legend—about the Gauls—is no doubt founded on fact.

Beyond the Apennines, in the countries which we call Piedmont and Lombardy, there lived at this time a race of men whom the Romans called Gauls. They were in many respects not unlike the old races of Indians in this country; led a wild roving life, built no large cities, knew little of art or science, and spent their time in hunting and fighting. Like the Indians, they rushed to battle in confused crowds, shouting and yelling, and making unearthly noises with horns and trumpets. Like them, they were fierce and cruel, and put their prisoners to death savagely. As the Indians in former times used to scalp those whom they killed in battle, and wore the scalps afterward as a proof of valor, so these Gauls used to cut off the heads of their enemies, and tie them by the hair to the manes of their horses. Like the Indians, they were very fond of adorning their persons with jewels, and as they had plenty of gold among them, the chiefs used to wear golden collars, and golden bracelets, and chains of gold round their necks.

They were, however, a much stronger, bolder, and, no doubt, manlier race than the Indians. Their

warriors were giants ; with their long shaggy hair, and their huge broadswords, with which they would cleave a man's skull to his neck at a single stroke, they looked very terrible indeed.

These Gauls, says the legend, hearing there was, south of the mountains, a lovely country where the sun was always warm and the grapes luscious, started on a foray thither. One story says they were invited by a poor man who had been ill-used by the nobles and sought revenge ; but they were not people to wait for invitations.

Over the mountains they poured, under their brave leader, BRENNUS or BRENHIN, and sat them down at the foot of the Apennines, near the pretty city of Clusium. The people of Clusium, frightened out of their wits, sent to Rome for help.

The story says that the Romans sent three nobles —Fabii—to Brennus, to try to persuade him to be the friend, and not the enemy, of the Italian cities. Brennus said he was quite ready to do all they wanted ; only give him half the land which belonged to Clusium and he would be the best friend they had.

Of course the Clusians didn't like the idea of giving up half their land. They said the Gauls had no right to it. To which Brennus, like a good many other soldiers in much later times, answered, pointing to his big broadsword, that that sword gave him a right to every thing he could take.

Then the Gauls and the Clusians fell on and fought with great fury for some time. But in the midst of the fight—so says the story—Brennus perceived that the Fabii were leading on the Clusians.

He bade his trumpeter sound a retreat instantly, for it was accounted a shameful act, in those times as now, to harm an ambassador, and he was afraid that the Fabii might chance to be killed.

When the Gauls had drawn back, Brennus chose three or four of his hugest warriors, and sent them to Rome to demand that the Fabii should be given up, because they had drawn sword upon the Gauls while their nation was at peace with Rome. The Romans were at first much shocked at the bad conduct of their ambassadors, and most of the people were for giving them up; but afterward, thinking the matter over, and believing that they need not mind behaving fairly with so rude a race as the Gauls, they told the huge warriors they would not give up the Fabii. They were even so vain and so foolish as to elect them Tribunes.

When Brennus heard their answer he sounded a march, and all the Gauls struck their tents and marched down toward Rome. The Romans went out to meet them, and took their stand on the banks of the little River Allia. They very soon saw how gross a blunder they had made in despising the Gauls; for on they came like a swarm of bees, covering the whole face of the land, blowing their shrill horns and trumpets, and shouting in their wild language. They very quickly got to the right of the Romans, and, falling on them on two sides at once, routed them with great slaughter.

The Romans ran homeward, huddled together like sheep; the Gauls after them, hurling darts, and chopping down the hindmost with their tremendous

broadswords. Ever so many Romans plunged into the River Tiber and were drowned ; and all the road to Rome was heaped up with dead bodies.

It was well for the Romans that the Gauls, as their custom was, spent that night and the next day, and the day after that, in feasting and drinking and stripping the dead men of their clothes and their armor. This gave the Romans time to carry off the most precious of their goods to hiding-places in the villages hard by. Many of the people went with the goods, and took their household gods, and their wives, and their children, with them ; and all the roads leading from Rome were choked with carts and people on foot, just as they had been in the days of Lars Porsenna.

Among others, the vestal virgins left Rome, and trudged over the road, carrying with them the sa-



HOUSEHOLD GODS.



ROMAN CART.

cred fire, which, as you remember, they had vowed to keep alight. But a pious citizen, seeing the poor girls weary and way-sore while he drove along in his cart, made his wife alight with his children, and took up the virgins and their fire-pot into his cart in their place.

At this dark hour for Rome I am very glad that the legend says the nobles behaved with great spirit and manliness. The younger among them, with the bravest of the people, betook themselves to the Capitol, barred the gates, and prepared for a siege. The elder ones—those who were too old to fight—gathered together, and, with the high-priest and the augurs, resolved to die in a manner worthy of Rome.

When, therefore, the Gauls had done feasting and marched on to Rome—which was deserted and empty—these brave old men arrayed themselves in their robes of state—some all white with a broad scarlet border, others colored with gold embroidery—and sat down in their ivory chairs in the Forum.

The Gauls rushed in, and were amazed to find the streets empty, and to hear no sound but the hollow echo of their own footsteps. But they were much

more astonished when they saw these white-headed old men sitting silently on their ivory chairs. At first they thought they were gods. Then, seeing them so grave and so still, they fancied they were statues. To find out what they were, a Gaul stroked the long white beard of old MARCUS PAPIRIUS. In his wrath at the insult, the old man raised his ivory sceptre and struck the rude Gaul on the head; on which the Gaul killed him on the spot. The others were soon murdered in the same way. Then the Gauls set fire to the city, and burned it all down except a few houses in which they lodged themselves.

But the Romans still held the Capitol, which, as you remember, was on a high hill. Brennus resolved to storm it, and led his men up the hill with their shields over their heads; but when they were half way up, the Romans rushed down upon them, and tumbled them down to the bottom. The Gauls tried it again; but again they were thrown down.

Then Brennus made up his mind to starve out the Romans. He girt the hill round with a strong line of men, so that no one could go out or in except through the Gauls. Then he waited patiently till the food of the Romans should be exhausted.

While he was waiting, the friends of the Romans were gathering in the country around, and a brave young Roman, named PONTIUS COMINIUS, crept cautiously toward Rome one night, swam across the Tiber without making the least noise, climbed the steep rock, and bore the good news to the Romans within the Capitol. When he had told his message and cheered up his countrymen, he let himself

down again into the river, swam across, and got away safely.

Next day a Gaul noticed that some of the bushes growing on that side of the hill were pulled up. He guessed at once that some one had climbed the hill; and Brennus ordered the Gauls to try if they could not climb it too.

Accordingly, when night came, and the defenders of the Capitol were asleep, the Gauls started, marching silently and stealthily. They mounted the hill, clinging to the bushes and ledges of rock, and the foremost had reached the top, when all at once the sacred geese, which were in the Temple of Juno, on the Capitol, set up a loud cackle.

This roused MARCUS MANLIUS, who ran to the edge of the hill, and seeing a Gaul about to leap over the wall, knocked him down with his shield. Other Romans came in a twinkling, and hurled down Gaul after Gaul as he climbed up. So, after a short struggle, the Gauls went back whence they came.

The Romans were so grateful for their wonderful escape that, ever after that day, they spoke respectfully of the goose; and as for Marcus Manlius, each man in the Capitol gave him half a day's food—a better gift than millions of gold when all were so near starving.

Still Brennus was not discouraged. He drew his Gauls closer round the hill, and kept sharper watch at night, feeling quite certain that in time the Romans must yield from hunger.

The legend says that when the brave men within

the Capitol had only a few pounds of meal left, they baked it into hard loaves, and threw them into the camp of the Gauls. This, together with the evil effects of the sultry summer weather, induced Brennus to think of giving up the siege. He sent word to the Romans that he would lead his men away if they would give him a thousand pounds' weight of gold.

The Romans agreed, and, as the legend says, they began to weigh the gold out, when some dispute arose between them and the Gauls as to the weights, the Romans saying they were false, the Gauls that they were true. At this Brennus, stepping up haughtily, threw his broadsword into the scale and shouted, "Woe to the conquered!" By which he meant that the Romans had no business to complain however they were dealt with.

But at that very moment who should come up but old Camillus at the head of a great body of fighting men from the country? When he heard what was in dispute, he cried, angrily, that Rome paid her debts with steel and not with gold, and gave the word of battle. The Gauls fought well, but the Romans fought better. Camillus won the day, and sent the gold back to the Capitol.

It was then the Gauls' turn to complain, and the Romans' turn to cry, "Woe to the conquered!" The legend says that not only did the Gauls lose the promised booty, but their leader, Brennus, lost his head too.

However, the Gauls, who were not so famous for their legends as the Romans, had an old story about

this capture of Rome; and in their story there is nothing at all said about Camillus or his victory. In their legend the Gauls carried off the gold in triumph, and long afterward used to show lumps of it to strangers, till, one unlucky day, the Romans invaded their country in their turn, and took the gold away.

It is almost certain that the Gauls did win a great battle over the Romans at the River Allia, and that they afterward burned Rome. As long as there was a Roman nation the anniversary of the dreadful day of Allia was kept with mourning and sorrow, and the stories of the burning of the city were handed down in every family till the old historians wrote them in their histories.



THE BRENNUS SHIELD.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LEGEND OF MANLIUS.

THE old legend says that when the poverty-stricken Romans returned to Rome and found their houses burned down, their vines uprooted, their fields ravaged, and all they had in the world gone, they lost heart, and began to think Rome was a doomed city, and they had better leave it. They were debating the matter in the Senate, and old Camillus had called upon each Senator to say whether he was for going away or staying, when the centurion, or officer on guard outside, happened to give the word of command to his men—"Halt!"



A CENTURION.

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At this the Romans, who were a very superstitious people, suddenly resolved to stay at Rome, believing that the order they had heard thus accidentally was intended by the gods for their guidance.

The next story was about Marcus Manlius—the man who had hurled the first Gaul down from the Capitol on the night when it was so nearly stormed.

He was a rich man, according to the story, and when he saw a poor old soldier being dragged to prison for a debt which he owed and could not pay, he straightway furnished the poor man with the money to satisfy his creditor, and set him free. The old soldier went back to his wife and children in high glee, and told them and every one he met how he had been saved, and how Marcus Manlius was as generous as he was brave. The story soon ran round the city, and every man was praising and blessing Manlius.

He, when the people thronged round him and cheered him, said he had done nothing to merit such gratitude; but since the people thought well of him, he would try to deserve their good-will. They were all very poor at the time, in consequence of the war with the Gauls; almost all had been forced to go to the nobles and borrow, at the risk of being chained up and sold into slavery if they could not repay what they had borrowed. Marcus Manlius now said that so long as he had a single as (which was the Roman copper coin) or a foot of land he would not let any Roman be chained up for debt.

He kept his word. He sold a large estate which

he had, and with the money paid the debt of every man whose creditor tried to oppress him.

This was the story of Mælius over again. The people adored Manlius: the nobles grew jealous of him, and took counsel to get rid of him. They thought the old plan the best; so they sent for the Consul and bade him appoint a Dictator. He appointed CORNELIUS Cossus, who forthwith had Manlius seized and thrown into prison on a charge of treason.

When the people knew of it, they burst into loud complaints. Crowds of them gathered round the prison, and hung about the doors all day long, with torn clothes and uncombed hair, as signs of their grief. At last they grew so bold, and their threats so violent, that the nobles were afraid, and set Manlius free, on condition that he was to appear to stand his trial for treason on a day fixed.

He was first tried before the assembly by tribes, where the whole Roman people sat as judges. He defended himself, and brought forward four hundred poor Romans whose debts he had paid to bear witness on his behalf. Then he reminded the people of the many victories he had won, of the lives he had saved in battle, of his wounds. When the people were excited, he turned suddenly round to the Capitol, which stood full in view, and asked them, in a voice of thunder, whether they had forgotten what he had done for Rome there?

A tremendous shout proved that the people remembered well. And they acquitted Manlius on the spot.

But the nobles had no idea of being beaten so easily. A short while afterward they contrived to have Manlius tried again in the assembly by classes, where the people had very little power, and the nobles (through their wealth and their hangers-on) a great deal. This assembly condemned Manlius to death as a traitor; and he was thrown from the Tarpeian rock, as the law of Rome directed. Even after his death, says the story, the spite of the nobles did not abate; they razed his house to the ground, and took away from his children the remains of his property.

It was soon after this, says the story, that the Roman people, goaded beyond endurance by the wrongs they suffered, resolved to seek relief and pro-



THE TARPEIAN ROCK.

tection by having one of the Consuls chosen from their own class. The nobles made a strong fight on the question, and the augurs said that the gods couldn't bear the idea; but the people steadfastly adhered to the point, and carried it—choosing **LU-
CIUS SEXTUS**, who was not a noble, to be Consul.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LEGEND OF CURTIUS.

THREE was always—until very modern times—a pool or marshy spot in the Forum at Rome. About this spot there was a legend, and the legend was this :

After the Gauls had burned Rome, all at once, in a single night, a huge gulf or hole yawned open in the middle of the Forum. When the people saw it next day they were greatly alarmed, and ran to the augurs to know what it meant. The augurs pretended to consult the gods, and made answer that the gulf would not close till the best and truest strength of Rome had been offered up as a sacrifice for the city.

Men puzzled their brains to find out what was the best and truest strength of Rome. One said gold was the thing meant; another said steel; and another something else. But while they were debating on the point, a brave young noble, named CURTIUS, said that Rome's soldiers were her best and truest strength. So, having equipped himself in his complete armor, and mounted his war-horse, he bade adieu to his friends, and rode at full gallop into the gulf; which closed over him, and never opened more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LEGEND OF VALERIUS THE CROW.

ONE of the most famous heroes of these old legends was named VALERIUS.

When yet a stripling, he fought a stout Gaul; and while the fight was going on, a crow sailed down, perched on the Gaul's head, and picked out his eyes with its beak and claws. When the Gaul was blinded, Valerius, of course, made short work of him; and in memory of the feat the Romans gave him the surname of CORVUS, or THE CROW.

Perhaps this story, and one or two others which I have yet to tell, may remind you of Jack the Giant-killer. But Valerius was a very superior hero to Jack.

He was several times Consul, and when the war with the Samnites broke out (the Samnites were a people of herdsmen living in the country to the southeast of the Romans, and the old legends say the Romans fought them for fifty-five years) he led the armies. He was a good general, and a great favorite with the soldiers, with whom he would eat his hard cakes and crack his joke as freely as the lowest among them.

After having beaten the Samnites, says the legend, he went back to Rome, leaving his army encamped near the rich and idle city of Capua, in the

heart of the lovely country called Campania. The soldiers liked their quarters so well, that when the order came for them to strike their tents and return home, they said flatly they would do no such thing. Their officers insisting, they rose against them, refused to obey them, and chose an old noble named QUINTIUS to lead them. On this the people at Rome, in sore dismay and trouble, made Valerius the Crow Dictator, in the hope that he would find some way of saving them from a war with their own army.

Valerius bade every man in Rome arm himself and march forth to meet the mutineers. When the two armies drew near each other, he gave the word to halt, and stepping forward with a pleasant smile on his face, he cried, "Who is going to kill Valerius the Crow?"

No one answering, but those who stood nearest him in the rebel army beginning to feel rather ashamed, he walked straight up to one, and asked him would *he* be friends again; then to another, and put the same question. Meanwhile his own men following close on his heels, and the mutineers likewise pressing forward to see what he was saying to their comrades, both armies stood very close to each other, and soldiers in both began to recognize old friends in the ranks opposite them; thus softened, when Valerius gave a great shout and a hearty laugh, all together flung down their arms and embraced. So this great mutiny, which had like to have put an end to Rome, was happily quelled, and the legend of Valerius the Crow came happily to an end.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LEGEND OF MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

THE great house of the **MANLI**, who were one of the richest and most powerful families of Rome, had a fine legend about an ancestor of theirs, whose name was **TITUS MANLIUS**, but who got the surname of **TORQUATUS** from his first exploit.

In one of the wars with the Gauls (who returned again and again to plunder the rich fields of southern Italy) he challenged a huge Gaul to single combat in presence of the two armies. The Gaul was such a giant that Manlius appeared like a little boy beside him, and every one said, when the two marched forth to the fighting ground, that the Gaul would cleave the Roman in twain with a single blow. But when the fight began, Manlius ran at the Gaul, and lifting up the huge shield he bore, stooped under it quickly, and ran his sword into the Gaul's body. The giant fell with such a crash that the earth trembled; and his corpse, says the old story, covered quite a tract of land. Manlius took from his neck his gold necklace, which the Romans called a *torques*; and therefrom he got the surname of **Torquatus**.

Manlius became after this a great leader of the Romans. When the Latin cities (which were the cities scattered round Rome, and with which the Romans were perpetually waging war in these old

legends) sent to Rome to ask the Romans to become one nation with them, so as to end their wars, the proposal appeared such an insult to **Manlius Torquatus** that he seized the Latin messenger by the nape of the neck and threw him down the Senate steps. Being afterward blamed for this rudeness, however, he explained that he had been privately inspired by Jupiter to throw the Latin down; which made all right, of course.

War was then declared with the Latins, and the two armies encamped opposite each other. As they were alike in all respects, wore the same dress, spoke the same tongue, and used the same arms, **Manlius**, who commanded the Romans, ordered that no Roman should leave the ranks or engage the enemy without special direction from him.

Now there was a bold Latin, whose name was **GEMINIUS METRIUS**, who was thirsting for the blood of a Roman. He rode up to the Roman lines, flourishing his spear, and taunted the Romans, asking if there was no one there who would like to die by his hand. The Romans stood still at first, on account of the order; but at last young **TITUS MANLIUS**, the general's son, goaded to madness, mounted his horse, and rode into the plain to fight him.

They rode at each other fiercely, and **Manlius** drove his spear into the head of the horse which **Metrius** rode. The poor beast reared, and threw its rider. As he fell to the ground, **Manlius** pierced his body through with his spear.

Then, as the custom was, he stripped his body of his armor, and bore it away in triumph to his fa-

ther the Consul. "Father," said the young man, proudly, "I offer you these spoils that you may not be ashamed of me, and that men may know I am your son."

The stern old Consul said never a word. He made a sign to his bugler beside him, and the bugle sounded; and the army, with the captains, gathered round the place where he stood. Then, turning to his son, he reminded him of the order he had given against leaving the ranks, and said that, so far from escaping punishment because he was his son, he ought to be judged more severely than another; adding firmly to his axeman, "Go, bind him to the stake!"

The axeman led the young man to the stake and bound him, while the Consul and the army looked on in breathless suspense. Then the axeman with a blow of his axe chopped off his head.

A great cry arose from the army at the cruel sight, and many cursed the Consul, while all bewailed the fate of the brave youth. They burned his body, as the Roman habit was, with great honors. And ever after that time harsh and cruel orders were called "Manlian."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LEGEND OF DECIUS.

ANOTHER hero of these times was DECIUS MUS, whose family afterward became famous at Rome.

The Romans were at war with the Latins, and a great battle was being fought beneath the shade of the burning mountain Vesuvius. The Romans giving ground, and the Latins pressing them hard, the Consul Decius cried, "The gods must help us now. Bid the high-priest come hither!"

When the high-priest came, Decius said that the day was lost for the Romans unless the gods interfered on their behalf. Then he asked in what way he could give up his life to the gods of the dead, so as to win their favor for the army.

The high-priest bade him wrap his toga round his body, stand upon a spear, and cover his face with his hand while he repeated a solemn vow after the high-priest. Decius obeyed, and hiding his face with his hand, he cried, "I devote my body to the infernal gods, in the faith that death may help the Romans." This said, he rushed furiously into the Latin host, and after killing many, was at last overwhelmed, and died covered with wounds.

The legend said that the gods heard his prayer; that the Latins were seized with a strange panic, after Decius's death, and were routed with great slaughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LEGEND OF PAPIRIUS CURSOR AND QUINTUS FABIUS,
AND THEIR SONS.

PAPIRIUS CURSOR was another great Roman general in these legendary wars against the Samnites.

Once, as he was going to fight a battle, the augurs consulted the gods at Rome, and said that the gods wished particularly that Papirius should consult them himself before any battle was fought. So orders were sent to Papirius (who was in the field with the army) to come to Rome directly. He started off at once, leaving particular directions with his aid, **QUINTUS FABIUS**, not on any account to engage the enemy in his absence.

Perhaps Fabius did not think so much of the augurs as Papirius did. Perhaps he suspected Papirius wanted to get all the glory of beating the Samnites. At all events, as soon as Papirius was gone, he called the troops to arms, and gave the word of battle. The Samnites fought bravely; but the Romans carried every thing before them, and won the day.

When Papirius returned to the camp, and found that Fabius had won a battle in his absence, and against his orders, he flew into a terrible rage, and was for chopping his head off instantly. But this the soldiers prevented by gathering tumultuous-

ly round the general, and filling the air with such shouts that Papirius could not make himself heard. Fabius took care to mount his horse that very night and ride away to Rome.

When he arrived there he went before the Senate and began to explain what he had done, and accuse Papirius; but in the middle of his speech, in rushed Papirius himself, who had ridden at full speed from the camp, and was bent on having Fabius's head. He called on the axemen to seize him and execute him.

Up rose the father of Fabius, an old man, who had been Consul and Dictator: he begged Papirius to spare his son's life. The Senators, too, were moved by the young man's danger, and they besought Papirius to be satisfied with some slight punishment.

But Papirius sternly answered that as Manlius had put his own son to death for disobeying orders, so he would have Fabius beheaded for the like offense; and he bade the axemen seize him.

Then old Fabius, though a noble, turned to the Tribunes of the People, and called on them to protect his son. They said they would, and summoned Papirius to appear before the assembly of the people to make good his charges.

The Dictator appeared before them accordingly, but would not abate a hair's-breadth of his demands. Fabius he must have, he said; and as for the Tribunes, he warned them not to give an example of setting at naught the power of a Dictator. He was so stern and so resolute that, after a long struggle, the Tribunes yielded, and Fabius was given up. For

the last time Papirius bade the axemen unsheathe the axes.

At that terrible order the Tribunes, and all the people who were standing by, rushed to Papirius, and begged the prisoner's life as a favor to them. Old Fabius clasped his knees, and joined in their prayer. Then Papirius, having commanded silence, said aloud that, as the Roman people begged the life of Fabius, he would grant their request, and spare him ; but he warned them that the next officer who refused to obey his orders would certainly be put to death.

About the son of this Papirius Cursor (who was named like his father), and about Quintus Fabius and his son, there were also other stories.

Papirius the son was going to give battle to the Samnites at the head of his army, when he sent in great haste to the priests, as became a pious Roman, to ask, "What of the sacred chickens?"

"They ate their food so greedily," said their feeder, "that some of it dropped from their mouths."

Then Papirius, quite satisfied that the gods were for him, gave the word of battle. But just as the Romans were going to fall on, his nephew went to him, and whispered in his ear that the feeder had spoken untruly—the sacred chickens had not fed at all.

Papirius did not hesitate an instant. "Let the feeder be placed in the front of the army," said he, "and march!"

At the very first onset the unlucky feeder was killed, and the Samnites pressed on, fighting more

furioualy than ever. As they advanced, however, they saw, on both sides of them, horses galloping down in clouds of dust; and supposing that they were the Roman cavalry in thousands and thousands (they were only the baggage-horses with hurdles tied to their tails), they turned and fled. So Papirius won the day.

Long after old Quintus Fabius had won the battle I have described, his son, FABIUS GURGES, was chosen Consul, and led the Roman armies against the Samnites. He was rash; and before he had been long in the field, the Samnites contrived to catch his army unawares and defeat it utterly.

When he returned to Rome the people were so furious with him that they were for putting him to death to punish him for his rashness. But when his old father came forward and reminded the Romans of what he had done for them long, long ago, and besought them to let his son try one more fight, they could not refuse him; and Fabius Gurges marched out again with an army, his old father following him as his aid.

The Samnites were soon found, and another battle fought. In the heat of it the Consul Fabius was surrounded, and would have been cut down, but for his father, who came galloping down, with his old white head bare, and a band of horsemen spurring behind him, and rescued his son. At this the Romans rallied, and the Samnites were beaten.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LEGEND OF PONTIUS.

THE Samnites had a brave and gallant leader named PONTIUS, about whom there is a beautiful legend.

While the war was going on, he spread a report that he was going to march into Apulia. The Romans, eager for a battle, took the shortest road thither at once. On the way they passed through a deep hollow between two high and steep mountains: the hollow was afterward called the Caudine Forks. Well, the Romans marched into the hollow without suspecting any thing, and boasting of the victory they would win over Pontius; but as soon as the last man had entered the hollow, they heard a rustling behind them and in front of them, and lo! the Samnites, who had been hidden in the woods, had run down, and closed up both ends of the hollow. The Romans were caught in a trap. After a vain effort, first at one end then at another, to break out, they saw there was nothing for it but to surrender.

The leader, who was the Consul POSTUMIUS, sent word to the Samnites in true Roman style, that they confessed themselves beaten. "Put us to the sword," he said, "but bury our bodies decently." This he said because the Romans believed that un-

less their bodies were buried or burned, their souls could not find rest.

Pontius the Samnite was generous as well as brave. He said that he did not want to put the Romans to death; let them make peace with Samnium, restore all the land they had taken from the Samnites, and give up their arms: he asked no more. To these terms the Roman Consul very gladly agreed.

The Samnites then set two spears erect at the entrance of the defile, and placed a third spear across these at the top. Under this yoke the whole Roman army passed, and each man, as he passed through, laid down his arms and armor, and marched out with nothing but one garment. Pontius gave them food for the journey and wagons for their wounded. Six hundred young men, of the best families of Rome, were left with the Samnites, as pledges for the honest fulfillment of the treaty.

With very heavy hearts and downcast faces the army returned homeward. They were so overwhelmed by shame that they cared not to enter the city in daylight. They slunk in one by one at night, with their heads covered, and shut themselves up in their own houses to hide their disgrace. The people were as deeply grieved as they. All the nobles and chief citizens put on mourning, and laid aside their rings and other jewels. All feasts and even marriages were put off. So dreadful seemed the disgrace which the army had undergone.

When the Senate assembled, the new treaty with the Samnites was laid before it; and the late Consul

Postumius, who had signed it, was the first to say that it ought not to be approved. He gave it as his opinion that he himself and all the officers of the army who had signed the treaty should be given up to the Samnites; that the six hundred youths who had been left behind as pledges should be left in the hands of the enemy, to be dealt with as the Samnites chose; and finally, that the treaty should be rejected, and war made more fiercely than ever upon the Samnites.

This was not a very honest way of dealing; but the Romans stuck at nothing when the honor of the State was at stake; and they one and all approved the proposal of Postumius. So he, and the other Consul VETURIUS, with all the other officers of the army, were led back to Pontius with their hands bound, and their bodies stripped of their armor, in order that the Samnites might put them to death as persons who had broken their plighted faith.

But Pontius, who appears in the legend to have been a truly noble and beautiful character, refused to harm them, and sent them home again, saying that his quarrel was with Rome, not with them.

Sad, very sad, is the end of his story. Thirty years afterward, another battle was fought between the Romans and the Samnites, and Pontius, now a gray-headed old man, was taken prisoner. He was dragged behind the conqueror's chariot in the triumph at Rome, and when the Consul turned in the procession to mount the hill of the Capitol, a band of axemen seized Pontius and led him aside into the underground prison in the side of the hill. When

he was inside, the door was shut, and there, by the dusky light of torches, which burned badly in that damp, close place, they struck off his white head. A very shameful legend this, and one which I wonder the old ballad singers did not contrive to forget!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LEGEND OF THE BATTLE OF SENTINUM.

THREE was a famous place in the mountains called Sentinum, where the story said that a great battle had been fought in these old Samnite wars. This is the legend of the battle :

The war was growing more and more severe for the Romans year after year. From among the smaller nations of Italy the Samnites persuaded several chiefs and clans to join them ; they even invited a party of Gauls to cross the mountains and enlist in their army, promising them the plunder of Rome as their reward. Strange signs, as usual in time of distress, were seen at Rome. One day, blood flowed from the altar of Jupiter on the Capitol ; on the next day, honey ; on the third, milk, from the same spot. When the augurs were asked what these signs meant, they answered that the blood was a sign that Rome would be victorious in the war ; the honey (which was a common medicine), that sickness would visit the city ; the milk, that there would be a famine throughout the land.

Then the news came that a band of Gauls, all on swift horses, had been seen galloping off to the north with ever so many Roman heads tied to the manes of the horses.

The Roman people would not allow themselves to

be downhearted, however; they raised the greatest army they could, put it under the command of the two Consuls QUINTUS FABIUS and DECIUS MUS (the son of the Decius Mus whose legend I have told you), and sent it into the Samnite country. It ravaged the country far and wide, and did not stay its hand till there was not a blade of grass left green.

Then the Samnites marched down to give the Romans battle at a place called Sentinum. As both armies were drawn up in order of battle, a deer, chased by a wolf, leaped out of a thicket and ran into the open space between them. The deer made straight for the Samnites, who killed it with their spears when it came within reach. The wolf, on the other hand, ran toward the Romans, and they, who held the wolf in great respect on account of Romulus having been nursed by one, allowed it to enter their ranks without harming it.

A Roman general instantly cried out that the goddess Diana would be sure to avenge the death of the deer, as she was supposed to take peculiar delight in such animals. And thus encouraged, the Romans made an onset.

It happened that the Gauls, who had come to help the Samnites, had brought with them their war-chariots, which were very long low carts with two wheels, and a sharp scythe fastened to the axle of each wheel outside. To these chariots were yoked fiery horses, which liked fighting as well as men. So, when the fight began, the Gauls lashed their horses and shook the reins; and the animals snorting, and neighing, dashed at the Romans at full speed. The

chariots broke through the Roman lines, the terrible scythes whirling round and round, and mowing down men like grass. Then the drivers turned, and starting their horses anew with a shout, tore upon the Romans on another side, mowing them down as before.

By this time the whole Roman army was in disorder, and the goddess Diana didn't appear to be doing them much good. One of the Consuls, DECIUS, the son of Decius Mus, bethought himself of what his father had done in the like case, and resolved to follow his example. Calling the high-priest to his side, and bidding him repeat the vow, he raised his sword above his head and charged alone into the Samnite army.

He was killed, of course ; but his death gave new courage to the Romans, who fancied it would secure them the victory. They charged again and again with such vigor that the Samnites and Gauls were checked, and gathered together into solid squares, covering themselves with their shields. Then the Romans picked up the darts and spears which lay on the field, and hurled them into the squares.

At last the Samnite general was killed, and the day was lost for his side. Slowly and in order his army retreated, leaving the Romans on the field of battle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STORY OF THE OGULNIAN LAWS.

I MENTIONED in the first chapter of this Child's History that a Roman could fill any office under the government without being a noble. According to the stories, it was not so at first. The people fought their way inch by inch. When they conquered the right of being Consuls, the nobles would not let them be Censors; when they conquered this, the nobles would not allow them to be Dictators; when they won this, too, the nobles forbade their becoming augurs or priests. The quarrel was finally settled by the Ogulnian laws. This is their story:

While the Samnite war was going on, and after the Samnites had won a great victory, there was dismay at Rome, and all men said that a Dictator should be chosen. Word was sent accordingly to the Consul, who chose CLAUDIUS MARCELLUS—a very good man for the office, but not a noble.

When the news reached Rome the nobles were terribly disgusted. "Was there no noble fit for the office," said they, one to another, "that he should choose a common man without family or ancestors?" While they were murmuring in this way, the time arrived for the augurs to consult the gods, and ascertain their views about the new Dictator.

Now the augurs were nobles to a man, of the noblest families in Rome.

After having consulted the gods, they rushed out to the people and said, with very white faces, that some terrible crime had been committed: the gods were awfully angry. What could it be? After a time some one hinted that it must be the appointment of Marcellus as Dictator. And the augurs, having consulted the gods again, came out and said, "Yes, that was the very thing."

So Marcellus was obliged to resign his office, and a noble was appointed in his stead.

Thinking over this matter in their homes, the people came to the conclusion that it was very little use for them to conquer the right of being elected to office if the augurs could come in at the last moment and say the gods were against them. They thought—and very reasonably—that as they prayed to the gods, they might consult them too; so their Tribunes, both of whom were named OGULNIUS, proposed a law by which, from that time forth, half of the augurs and priests were to be chosen from the people.

The nobles opposed it, of course. Their great leader, the Censor APPPIUS CLAUDIUS (the same who built the Aqueduct and the great road to Capua, called after him the Appian Road) argued, threatened, begged; the augurs said the gods would never think of having any thing to say to common men; but the Tribunes OGULNII were firm as rocks, and the law was passed.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LEGEND OF ESCULAPIUS.

NOT very long before the real history of Rome begins, the legend says that the plague broke out in the city, and thousands died of it. In sore dismay and trouble the people went to the augurs, and the augurs said that the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to see what the Sibylline Books said.

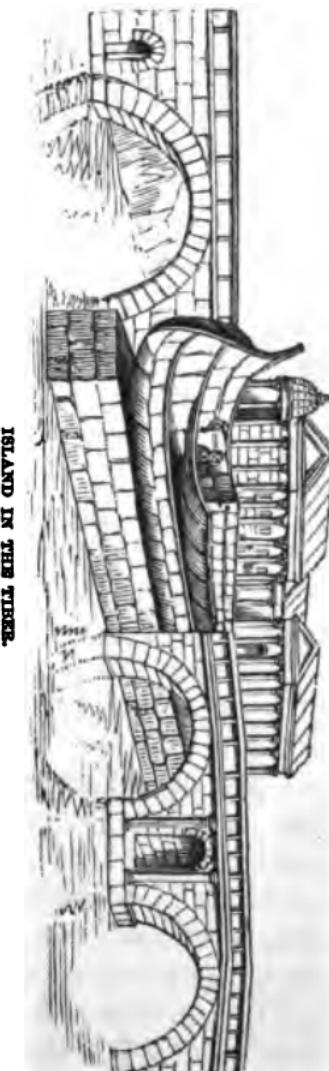
The Books were consulted in the way I have described, and they said that the only thing to be done was to send for ESCULAPIUS.

Now, as Esculapius was a famous doctor, you may, perhaps, think this was not such bad advice for the books to give. It would have been very good advice, indeed, but for one little circumstance. Esculapius had been dead over a hundred years. However, the Romans seemed to think that a dead doctor would answer as well as a live one, and perhaps they were right, too, as doctors went; and they sent off a trireme—which was a big boat with three rows of oars—to fetch Esculapius from Greece. When the trireme reached Epidaurus, the place where Esculapius had lived, and the Roman messengers explained what they wanted, the Epidaurians said it was all right, they had only to pray vigorously and Esculapius would come.

So they fell to praying with all their might, and while they were at work a large snake crawled out of a wood, traveled straight down to the trireme, and coiled itself up in the cabin. This was Esculapius, the people said; so the Romans, without more ado, took to their oars and pulled back again. On their way they stopped at a place called Antium, where there was a temple sacred to Esculapius. Here the snake uncoiled itself, went ashore, and remained three days in the temple.

On the fourth day it returned to the vessel, and the Romans pulled away to Rome. But just as they had cast anchor, the snake uncoiled itself once more, plunged into the Tiber, swam to a little island, and was never seen more.

The Romans were a little surprised at this singular conduct on the part of Doctor Snake; but



they consoled themselves by hewing the rock of the island into the form of a trireme, and got well or died of the plague in their own way. If you go to Rome you may still see the island, and trace in its shape the form of the old trireme; and then, perhaps, you may wonder whether it was this curious shape which gave rise to the story, or the story which led to the curious shape.

BOOK I L
THE REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PYRRHUS.

WE now come to the real history of Rome. There are a few legends still mixed with it, but the main story is true.

If you look at a map of Italy, you will perceive that it resembles a boot in shape. On the inside of the heel of the boot there stands a sea-port called Taranto, where people who are fond of good eating go to eat shell-fish. More than two thousand years ago this city was larger than it is now. It was then called Tarentum, and was known, far and wide, as one of the richest, and idlest, and gayest places in the world.

The people who lived there were Greeks, and, like all the Greeks of that day, they were polished, and very fond of art and luxury. Under the loveliest sky in the world, with the blue waters of the Mediterranean playing at their feet, the Tarentines spent their days in listening to soft music and tender poetry, in feasting, dancing, and love-making. They were so learned in the art of feeding, that their feasts

were the finest that were given any where, and their wines famous wherever wine was drunk.

A very different people from the Romans, you see ; and if the Tarentines had been wise, they would have let the rough men of Rome alone.

But one day, as the Tarentines were gathered in their great theatre, which looked down upon the sea, they saw ten Roman ships come sailing round the point on the westward. They were not on very good terms with the Romans, whom they despised and called a barbarous people ; and it seems, moreover, that Rome had agreed to send no ships into the Tarentine waters. So when the Tarentines saw the ten ships, they burst into fury ; and collecting all their vessels, and crowding them with men, they attacked the Romans, and sunk four of the ships, took one, and put the crew to death.

When the news reached Rome, the people were much shocked, and sent one of their chief men, Postumius, to Tarentum to ask what it meant. He went before the Tarentines, who were assembled in the theatre to hear him, and began to deliver his message ; but he was not a learned man, and spoke the Greek tongue—which was the only one known at Tarentum—with an uncouth, foreign accent. He had hardly uttered half a dozen words when the Tarentines burst out laughing at him.

He went on with great dignity, not seeming to notice their rudeness, till some fellow threw dirt at him, and soiled his white toga. Postumius raised the toga and showed it to the crowd, as if to ask if this were their treatment of a foreign ambassador. But

they only laughed more loudly than before, and jeered and scoffed at him.

“Laugh on,” then said the stern Roman, “while ye may: ye shall weep presently, and my toga shall be washed in your blood!”

So saying, he started homeward, and never stopped till he got to Rome, where he showed the people the stain on his toga, and told them of the insults he had suffered. The Romans asked no questions, but declared war against Tarentum.

War was not at all to the taste of the Tarentines, who preferred eating, and drinking, and dancing, to fighting. So they sent over to their friends in Greece to see if they could get any fighting men to cross to Tarentum and fight the Romans for them.

It fell out that the King of Epirus, in Greece, whose name was PYRRHUS, was just at that time in want of some one to fight with. He was a warlike king, and very ambitious, and as he had a large army at his call, nothing suited him better than to cross over to Italy. He did not care much for the Tarentines, but he supposed that, as he was a Greek, and learned, and lettered, and famous, he would be sure to beat the savage Romans, and would take their country as his reward.

So he crossed the sea with a great army of horsemen, and foot-soldiers, and over fifty elephants. When he landed at Tarentum, and found the people feasting, and singing, and drinking, as usual, he lost patience with them, shut up their theatre and their places of amusement, and gave orders that every man must make ready to fight. If any idler grum-

bled, his guards cut off his head. You may fancy how pleased the easy-going Tarentines must have been with this mode of life, and how bitterly they must have cursed their own folly in sending for this terrible soldier from across the sea.

However, Pyrrhus did not care a straw what they thought. He sent his messengers out to the Samnites, and the other nations who were unfriendly to Rome, and stirred them up to join him in putting the Romans down. To the Romans, likewise, he sent to say that all he wanted was to settle the dispute between them and the Tarentines ; to which the Romans, who were too shrewd to be deceived so easily, replied that they settled their disputes themselves.

A short while afterward, the Roman soldiers caught a spy whom Pyrrhus had sent to spy out their camp. Instead of putting him to death, as was usual, they led him all over the camp, showed him every thing, then sent him back to his master to tell what he had seen.

When Pyrrhus discovered that the Romans could neither be cheated nor frightened, he secretly admired them, but made ready to fight. The two armies met in a plain near the town of Heraclea, on the little River Liris. After the battle had lasted some time, the Roman general—LÆVINUS—thought the time had come to bring up his reserves. Up they came, all fresh men full of fight, and fell upon the Greeks, who staggered and gave way.

But Pyrrhus, seeing that all the Romans were now engaged, gave the signal for the elephants to charge. With trunks and tails erect, and with cas-

ties on their backs full of armed men, they ran forward, shaking the ground as they went. They were so well trained that they liked fighting as well as their masters, and would plunge into an enemy's rank and trample soldiers under their huge feet, or seize them with their trunks and whirl them into the air.

The Romans had never seen elephants before. When the enormous creatures charged them, they were smitten with fright, and a good many ran away without more ado. The horses, especially, were terrified by the sight of these monstrous animals, and galloped in every direction to get out of their way. In a few minutes the Romans were in helpless confusion, and the elephants were among them crushing them by the dozen, and spearing them with their tusks. Losing all hope of victory, they ran to the River Liris and contrived to make their escape across it.

Pyrrhus thus won the day. But when he walked over the battle-field and saw how many of his friends and soldiers had fallen, he turned to his officers, and cried: "One more such victory and I shall return to Epirus alone!" Some one showed him how all the Roman corpses lay with their face to the enemy. "Ah!" said he, "if the Romans were my soldiers I should conquer the world."

This is the Roman story, and you may believe it if you like. If Pyrrhus did say so, it was not very complimentary to his own soldiers, four thousand of whom had that day died for him.

After the battle, Pyrrhus resolved to try persuasion again. He sent to Rome one of his chief coun-

cilors, a man of wonderful learning and wisdom, whose name was CINEAS.

The day after Cineas arrived at Rome he knew the name of every Senator; so quickly did he learn, and so surprising was his memory. For each he had a pretty compliment; for their wives, a rich present of Grecian stuffs or jewelry. Then, when every one was talking of his wisdom and his generosity, he went to the Senate and proposed smoothly to make peace. His proposal was that neither Tarrentum nor any of the old enemies of the Romans should be molested by them in future, that the Romans should give up all the land they had conquered, and become friends of King Pyrrhus.

These were not very good terms for the Romans; but Cineas had won the hearts of so many of the Senators, and Pyrrhus and his elephants seemed such terrible enemies, that many were for accepting them.

It was then that old Appius Claudius, who had been Censor thirty years before, declared that he must speak to the Senate. The old man was blind, and very infirm; his sons and his sons-in-law led him by the hand to his place in the Senate, and supported him while he spoke.

But feeble as his body was, the heart of that brave old noble had never been stronger than it was at that moment; he spoke such fiery words, he showed so truly the baseness and the cowardice of yielding to Pyrrhus, he called so loudly upon the Senate and the people to resist the invader to the last—that, then and there, without other argument

or delay, the Senate rejected the offers of Cineas, and bade him leave the city that very day.

Then the Romans sent an embassy to Pyrrhus to exchange prisoners. Three of the most famous Romans were chosen to go ; the greatest of the three, **CAIUS FABRICIUS**. The story goes that Pyrrhus was so much struck by the wisdom of Fabricius that, seeing him poor, plainly dressed, and unused to fine living, he offered him rich presents and a high rank if he would enter his service. These offers the stern Roman firmly refused. He would neither leave his country, he said, nor accept favors from an enemy. Then, to try his courage, Pyrrhus had an elephant hidden behind a screen in the building where he met the Romans : at a signal, the elephant suddenly raised the screen and waved his trunk over Fabricius's head. But Fabricius did not start or show any sign of fear ; he only smiled, and looked coolly at the huge animal, which quite convinced Pyrrhus that it was useless to try to corrupt or frighten such men as the Romans.

He admired Fabricius so much that he released all the Roman prisoners, and sent them home with him, on condition that Fabricius was to answer for their return if the war went on.

The war did go on, and soon after another battle was fought at a place called Asculum, and the Romans were beaten again. This time it was the Macedonian phalanx which gave Pyrrhus the victory. The phalanx was a solid mass of men, sixteen deep, all armed with spears ; the men stood close together, and the spears of the rear ranks were

so long that they made a sort of cover for the men in front. When this phalanx charged, with all the spears bristling out in front, nothing could resist it; it rolled heavily over the Roman troops like a huge wave of the sea.

Still, though Pyrrhus won the victory, the Romans fought so well that he lost a large number of his best men; and when he counted them up, he cried bitterly as before, "One more such victory and I am undone!"

He soon found other reasons to regret that he had ever come to Italy. His allies broke faith with him and robbed him. Revolts broke out in his own country; and his friends at home wrote to him, begging him to return.

While he was in doubt how to act, some fellow—his name is not certain—went to Fabricius and offered to poison Pyrrhus. The noble Roman shrank with horror from the bare idea of such a crime, and sent off a messenger directly to Pyrrhus to put him on his guard against the murderer.

This message appeared so honorable to Pyrrhus that he set free all his Roman prisoners, freshly clothed at his cost, and soon afterward embarked on board ship and set sail for Sicily.

The Romans then continued the war with great vigor against their Italian foes. Several victories were won, and they were steadily making their way toward Tarentum, when all at once King Pyrrhus turned up again on the coast with his spearmen, and his horse, and his elephants.

The news cast the Romans into great dismay, for

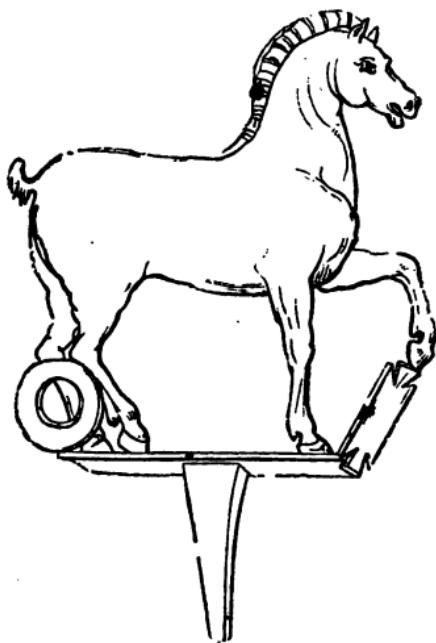
they were afraid of the brave and skillful Greek. Their fright was increased by a strange accident. In a thunder-storm a flash of lightning struck the clay statue of Jupiter on the Capitol and knocked off its head. What was most singular, the head couldn't be found any where. Greatly troubled by the event—which they supposed to be a sign of the gods' anger—the Romans went, as usual, to the augurs to ask where the head was.

The augurs consulted the gods, and made answer that if the people looked in a particular spot at the bottom of the river they would find the head.

A crowd of people ran to the spot at once, and good swimmers dived to the bottom, where, sure enough, they found the head. I shouldn't wonder if the augurs had put it there; or, as they were almost the only learned men at Rome, if they had calculated where a heavy body, like this large clay head, would fall if thrown from the Capitoline Hill.

Still the Romans were downhearted. The new Consul, CURIUS DENTATUS, was, happily, a man of great firmness and Roman virtue. In the olden time he had had the homestead law enforced, in spite of old Appius Claudius and the nobles, and had secured to every Roman a farm of four acres and a half. When the people wanted to reward him for this, and to give him three hundred acres for himself, he sternly refused, saying, that no man could want more than the four and a half, and that so long as he had a mess of pottage he asked for nothing. This old hero now raised an army and marched to meet Pyrrhus.

The latter was quite ready, and near a place called Beneventum a great battle was fought. Pyrrhus began the attack, but the ground was bad, and his heavy phalanxes were thrown into confusion. Then he ordered his elephants to charge. But this time the Romans were ready for them. As they approached, every Roman threw a fire-ball of flax and rosin at their heads. Elephants are terribly afraid of fire; these fire-balls drove them wild, and they turned and charged their own friends. Thus



THE OLD ROMAN STANDARD.

the Roman standard triumphed, and the battle was won by the Romans.

This defeat so disgusted Pyrrhus that he instantly embarked, and returned home. He could not remain

quiet, however. Two or three years afterward, the restless King made war on some of his Greek neighbors, and laid siege to Argos. In the attack upon the place, he raised his sword to kill an Argive who stood in his way; but the mother of the man seeing her son's danger from a window, threw a heavy stone upon Pyrrhus, and dashed his brains out.

After he went away, the Romans made short work with his Italian allies. Some were beaten in war; others submitted quietly: all became subject to Rome. As for poor, idle, rich Tarentum, the Romans took away its fleet, dismantled its forts, and made the people pay for a guard of Roman soldiers to keep them in order.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIRST WAR WITH CARTHAGE.

THE Romans had now conquered all their southern neighbors in Italy. Of their old enemies none had strength left to face them.

But the old soldiers who had fought with the Samnites, and with the Tarentines, and with Pyrrhus, could not bear the idea of peace. They growled to each other as they met in the Forum, "Whom shall we get to fight with us next?" Some one said he thought Carthage would do; and the old soldiers cried: Yes, they would try Carthage.

CARTHAGE was a rich and mighty nation of North Africa. Its people were Phoenicians, and had come from the neighborhood of the country of the Jews: they were skillful workmen, and enterprising traders. Their navy was the largest in the world. Merchant ships from Carthage sailed to every port in the Mediterranean. Some roved into the Black Sea, and bought and sold with the wild races on its shores. Others let the east wind drive them through the straits of Gibraltar, and crept round the western coast of Spain, Portugal, and France, even as far as the isles of the savages who were called Britons. Wherever there was money to be made, there the merchants of Carthage were sure to be found, trafficking, and bartering, and building up great fortunes.



COIN OF CARTHAGE.

There were at Carthage men who were wise and brave, as well as shrewd. I do not know where to look at this time for greater soldiers, or greater statesmen than some of those who opposed Rome in the war which I am going to describe.

There was no quarrel between Rome and Carthage. On the contrary, for many many years the two nations had been friends and allies. But for this the old Roman soldiers did not care a straw. Fighting was what they wanted; whether with friends or enemies it mattered very little: and they soon found an excuse for going to war with Carthage.

At Messana in Sicily there was gathered at this time a band of robbers called Mamertines. These robbers annoyed the Carthaginians who were in Sicily; and from Carthage word came to put them down. The Mamertines begged for help from the Romans.

Now the Romans were not slow to put down robbers in Italy, and they knew that the Carthaginians were quite right in getting rid of the Mamertines. So when the latter sent to Rome to beg for

help, the Roman Senate would not listen to them, and bade them begone.

But the old soldiers, who were dying to get a chance to fight, assembled in the Forum, and bawled all day long that Rome ought to help the Mamertines. The Consuls were only too willing to let them have their way; and in the end the Senate too, being very weak in such matters, gave its consent, and ordered C. CLAUDIUS to Messana.

But when Claudio tried to transport his army over into Sicily in boats, the Carthaginians attacked them, sunk several of the boats, and made many prisoners. These the Carthaginian leader, HANNO, sent back to Claudio, saying that he had no cause of quarrel with Rome, but that the Romans must not interfere with him.

Claudio made answer that he would rescue the Mamertines in spite of Carthage. Upon which Hanno, who was a man of great spirit and very proud of the naval power of Carthage, sent word that since that was the mind of the Romans, he would so thoroughly sweep them from the sea that they should not be able even to wash their hands in it.

Claudio crossed into Sicily, notwithstanding, and sent word to Hanno that if he would meet him in a friendly way, their dispute might perhaps be adjusted without fighting. Trusting in the honor of the Roman, Hanno went; and Claudio basely seized him, and kept him a prisoner. He offered at last to let him go, if he would march away from Messana with his army; and to this Hanno agreed, being unable to help himself.

It was a bad business for him. For when he went back to Carthage, and told what he had done, the Senate and the people were so enraged at his having let the Romans get into Messana, that they crucified him as a warning to their other generals.

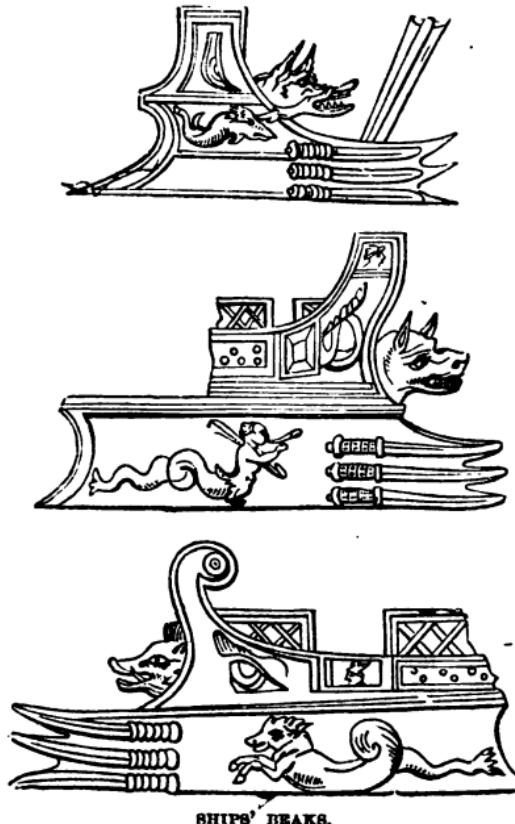
Then the war began in earnest. The Romans overran the whole of Sicily, most of which belonged to Carthage. City after city fell into their hands, and there was no end to the rich booty they captured, or the poor people they seized and sold as slaves. On sea, the Carthaginians were the strongest of the two; they laid waste all the towns and villages on the coast, and snapped up every Roman ship which ventured to put to sea.

The Romans soon saw that, if they did not want to be beaten, they must have ships as strong and as large as those of Carthage. How to build them was the question; for the Romans were not fond of sea-faring and trading, like the Carthaginians, and there was not in all Italy a man who knew how to build a ship of war.

Haply, a Carthaginian man-of-war — quinqueremes they were called, on account of their having five rows of oars placed, one above another, like the seats in a theatre — had lately run aground on the coast. The hulk was taken to Rome, and the boat-builders, one and all, set to work to build vessels like it. With such vigor was the building carried on, that in sixty days after the timber was felled, one hundred quinqueremes and thirty smaller craft were launched. To teach the men how to row, while the ships were being built, benches were arranged on

land in the same order as they stood on board ship, and all day long the future sailors were trained to tug at the oars from these benches, until they could pull strongly and all together.

These Roman ships were, of course, very different from ours. They had a mast and sails; but their oars, of which they had a prodigious number, were their chief reliance. Their bows were armed with an iron beak, very strong and pointed; and the great object of the helmsman at sea fights





A ROMAN SHIP.

was to run this beak against the side of the enemy's ship, so as to sink her. On the decks of the ship stood the fighting men, armed with spears and darts, which they hurled at the sailors in the enemy's vessels.

But besides these weapons the Romans provided their ships of war with a sort of draw-bridge, which hung to a mast near the bow. When they drew near an enemy's ship, this bridge was let down ; it fell with a crash, and fastened itself, by means of a spike at its end, to the enemy's deck ; and down the bridge the fighting men ran to board.

As soon as these ships were equipped and manned they put to sea in search of the enemy. The Carthaginians were very glad to see them, for they made sure they would easily beat such raw sailors as the Romans ; and they laughed a good deal at the queer-looking concerns which were strung up in the bows of the Roman vessels.

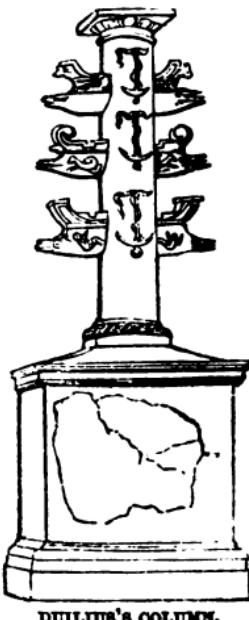
But when the fight began, they did not laugh quite so much ; for as soon as the Romans got within reach of a Carthaginian ship, the queer-looking concerns

came down with a thump on its deck, the spike stuck fast, and down the draw-bridge poured the Romans, covering themselves with their shields. There was very little chance for the Carthaginians after the Romans had once got on board their vessels. And after the Carthaginian leader had lost in this way fifty ships and ten thousand men, he signaled his fleet to escape as fast as they could.

This was the first naval victory the Romans ever won, and they were very proud of it. In honor of the day and of the Consul DUILIUS, who commanded the fleet, they set up in the Forum a fine column, bristling with ships' beaks, of which you may still see a very ancient copy in the Capitol at Rome.

For four years after this the war went on in Sicily, the Romans having generally the best of it. To put an end to Carthage, they at last resolved to send an army into Africa.

An immense fleet, with a great army on board, sailed accordingly, under the Consuls, of whom the famous REGULUS was one. The Carthaginians tried to stop them as they passed the end of Sicily, but Regulus sunk a large number of their ships, put the others to flight, and passed on. Away the Roman men-of-war went, the oars bending at every stroke, and the soldiers eager to see the strange



DUILIUS'S COLUMN.

country over the sea, where they had heard there were huge serpents acres long, and monsters without heads, and wild men and women covered with hair, in the woods.

When they landed, they saw very few of these wonderful creatures, as you may imagine, but they found—what suited them much better—rich fields and splendid cities, pleasant country houses, ripe orchards, and fat vineyards. Upon these Regulus let loose his men; who, liking nothing better, fell to robbing and destroying and burning with a fine relish. Terrible havoc these rude soldiers soon made in this lovely country, and very little of its wealth and plenty remained after a few weeks of their mischievous work.

As for the poor Carthaginians, they rushed in throngs to the city of Carthage, and shut themselves up there, quaking and groaning. No man was there, it seems, who was able to lead them against the Romans. And when they sent an humble message to Regulus, begging for peace, he haughtily bade them submit to be the slaves of the Romans, or take the consequences.

But sore as their distress was, the Senators of Carthage had some spirit left. They said they would never be the slaves of Rome. As they had no leader at home who was bold and skillful enough to oppose Regulus, they sent abroad for one; and very soon they found a Greek named XANTIPPUS, who was a soldier of great experience, and not at all afraid of the Romans.

Him they brought to Carthage, and gave him the

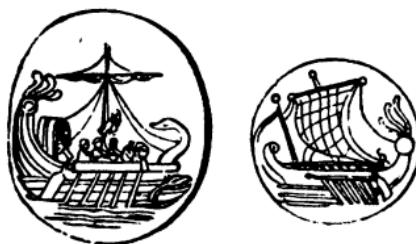
command of their armies. Then having, as their barbarous custom was, thrust their fairest children into a blazing fire before the horrid statue of Moloch, they marched out to fight Regulus with their bravest soldiers, their fleetest horses, and their strongest elephants.

The Romans fought well, as usual, but they were beaten; and Regulus, with five hundred of his best men, was taken prisoner and led in chains to Carthage. There was plenty of feasting and merry-making, you may be sure, in the crowded city, on the day when the prisoners came in; and many a brave Roman was roasted alive before the statue of Moloch in honor of the victory.

At Rome, the people were enraged at the news of the defeat of Regulus. With all haste they built another great fleet and sent it away southward; but a storm overtook it, and destroyed it utterly. For



ROMAN VESSELS.



miles and miles the shore was covered with the dead bodies of the drowned Romans, and the broken timbers of the ships.

It was a dreadful blow to the Romans, but they bore it stoutly, and set about building another fleet at once. Within three months it was launched, and sailed away to Africa. For a short while it cruised, doing some mischief to the Carthaginian coast villages; but before it fought a battle, a storm caught it too, and shattered it to pieces.

This heavy disaster threw the Romans into low spirits. It gave heart to the Carthaginians, who now swept the seas triumphantly, and began to boast once more that the Romans should not be able to send so much as a cockle-shell to sea.

In Sicily, the war went on as before, the Carthaginians having their forts, and the Romans theirs, and each trying to drive the other out of the island. At last the Carthaginian general, having received a number of elephants from home, made a furious attack on the Romans in their stronghold at Panormus. Unluckily for him, the Romans had learned in the war with Pyrrhus how to deal with elephants. The Roman leader, **CÆCILIUS METELLUS**, bade his

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soldiers let the men alone, but aim all their spears and darts at the trunks of the elephants. They aimed so many and so well that the huge brutes were all wounded in a few minutes; and maddened by pain, turned furiously on their friends, plowed up the Carthaginian ranks, and threw the whole army into confusion. Then Metellus, seizing the right moment, rushed out of his stronghold with his best troops and finished the enemy.

Many of the elephants were taken alive and sent to Rome, where they figured in the triumph of Metellus, and were afterward hunted down in the Forum by the people.

It was now the turn of the Romans to boast, and of the Carthaginians to droop. Many of their greatest nobles had been taken prisoners by Metellus. To recover these, a message was sent to Rome offering to release a like number of Roman prisoners in exchange for them. With the messengers was sent old Regulus, who had now been five years a prisoner in a dreary dungeon under the burning sun of Africa, and whose body was wasted and strength gone. He was one of those whom the Carthaginians offered to set free in exchange for their captured nobles.

As the messengers supposed that he would, of course, be very anxious to get free once more, they bade him speak to the Roman Senate. But the weak and battered old man was as strong of heart as ever; he besought his countrymen not to release one single prisoner. Rome, he said, could spare her sons better than Carthage; and as for himself, he was a wretched, broken-down old man, who had but

a short time to live, and was not by any means worth the Carthaginian nobles for whom they proposed to exchange him.

The Carthaginian messengers were enraged at this speech of his, and threatened him with all manner of vengeance. His friends crowded round him, and implored him to save himself. His wife and his children clung to his skirts, and hung round his neck, weeping and beseeching him not to leave them again.

But he was firm as a rock. It was for the good of Rome that he should not be set free, he said ; and neither threats nor prayers would make him say the contrary. So the Senate, guided by his advice, refused to exchange prisoners, and bade the messengers go home ; and with them went brave old Regulus, away to his death.

They say that the Carthaginians were so furious at his conduct that they put him to death with frightful tortures ; and that the Romans avenged him by inflicting equal cruelties on two of the Carthaginian prisoners. But this is not likely. You may believe that Regulus died of old age and disease in prison at Carthage ; and that no Carthaginians were tortured to death at Rome.

What with the bold words of Regulus, and what with the victory of Metellus, the Romans took heart again, and built another great fleet, and sent it to sea, under CLAUDIUS PULCHER.

This Claudius was the son of blind Appius Claudius, and was quite as headstrong but not nearly as wise as his father. Just as he was about to give battle to the Carthaginian fleet, the augurs went to

him with very blank faces, and said that the sacred chickens refused to eat, which, as you remember, was regarded as a very bad sign.

“Won’t eat!” cried Claudius, angrily; “then they shall drink.” And he took the hen-coop and flung it into the sea.

Apart from the cruelty of drowning the fowls, you will not be inclined to think much the worse of him on this account. But the act no doubt discouraged the Roman sailors and soldiers, who were as much shocked as our sailors and soldiers would be nowadays, if a Commodore were to make a parade of throwing the Bible overboard before a battle.

So it turned out. For when the battle began, the Carthaginian chief, ADHERBAL, very quickly sunk or captured most of the Roman ships, and Claudius was lucky in being able to row out of danger himself.

Close on the heels of this defeat, another Roman fleet, which had been fitted out after Appius had sailed, was overtaken by a storm and wrecked. This was the fourth fleet lost since the war began. An unlucky business this sea-fighting.

But the Romans were never so great as when calamity pressed on them. They never lost heart or hope. As the state had no more money left, the Consuls called on rich men to come to its aid. There was no hanging back either among the nobles or among the people. Each gave according to his means; some a small sum, others a larger; the richest of all fitted out ships of war, and armed and equipped them at their own expense. And so, every

man straining his means to the utmost, in a wonderfully short space of time a fifth fleet was afloat.

When the Carthaginians learned what had been done at Rome, they too fitted out a strong fleet, and sent it to sea under the command of HANNO, one of their best leaders. His orders were to sail to Sicily, and there to take on board the great Carthaginian general HAMILCAR BARCA, who had been on that island for some years, fighting with the Romans. The idea at Carthage was, that if Hamilcar and his old tried troops were joined with the men under Hanno, there would be no resisting them, and Rome would be obliged to yield. And it was, no doubt, a very good idea.

But, as ill-luck would have it, just as Hanno was sailing to Eryx, where Hamilcar was, the Roman fleet hove in sight, the sailors rowing might and main to get between the Carthaginians and the land. So stoutly did they pull, bending the oars at every stroke, that before Hanno could help himself he was cut off from the shore and forced to fight.

His ships were not well manned, the Carthaginians having counted on Hamilcar's men to fill them. The Roman ships, on the contrary, were excellent of their kind ; and every man on board knew that if this fleet were destroyed it would be very hard indeed to find another. So you will not be surprised to learn that the Carthaginians were completely beaten, many of their ships taken, others sunk, and only a few suffered to escape.

The war had now lasted twenty-two years, and Carthage was quite exhausted. This last defeat

broke her spirit, and a message was sent to Rome to beg for peace. Rome was not in a very vigorous state, as you know ; but the Romans were resolved to make no peace without gaining some advantage. They proposed very hard terms to Carthage ; among other things, they insisted on being paid twenty-five thousand six hundred pounds of silver every year for ten years.

It was a heavy tribute to pay ; but Hamilcar and the best men of Carthage were convinced that, for the present, nothing better could be done, and a peace was accordingly made on these terms.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BREATHING-TIME.

ROME and Carthage liked each other none the better for the peace. Very soon after it was made the Romans repented of it, thinking that they had let Carthage escape too cheaply ; and the first chance they had they began to talk of war again.

When the wolf wanted to eat the lamb, he accused it of troubling the water of the stream at which he drank. The Roman wolves growled that the Carthaginians had troubled their ships, and had sent a fleet to the coast of Italy to threaten Rome. And on these pretenses—the old soldiers, you may be sure, being at the bottom of the business—war was declared again.

But Carthage was in no humor to fight. Her slaves had just rebelled, her armies were weak, her purse was empty, her trade had not yet recovered from the blight of the last war. So the Senate of Carthage sent to Rome to beg for peace. The Romans demanded that more silver should be paid them—ninety-six thousand pounds the wolves asked—and that the island of Sardinia should become subject to Rome. Carthage sullenly agreed to these harsh terms.

But in the African city there was many a stout heart that swelled, and many a strong hand

that trembled with rage at the insolence of Rome. Among the proud nobles of Carthage not one but promised himself to take terrible vengeance for these Roman insults when his country should have regained her strength. Fiercest of all, though very silent and outwardly quiet, was brave Hamilcar Barca, who had fought the Romans in Sicily, and but for whose absence the last battle might have been won by the Carthaginians.

He was now fitting out an expedition against Spain. Not so much that he wanted to conquer the Spaniards, but that he saw, affar off, that the rude warriors of Spain and Gaul were the proper men to help Carthage in the future tussle with Rome, and he wanted to secure them beforehand.

The ships were ready and the men mustered on the shore. Before sailing, Hamilcar offered sacrifice to the gods as usual ; and when the altar was smoking with the blood of the victim, he bade his officers stand aside, and called his son **HANNIBAL**.

He was a little boy nine years old ; but he raised himself erect, and his eye flashed, when his father asked him if he would go with him to Spain ?

“Ay, gladly, father, will I go, if you will take me.”

Then his father led him to the altar, bade him stretch his hand over it, as the custom of the ancients was when they took an oath, and swear that “he would never, to his dying day, be a friend to the Romans.” Young Hannibal swore, and deep into his young heart the oath sank ; and from that hour all his thoughts were how he could fulfill it—

how he could prove most surely that he was the deadly foe of Rome.

Hamilcar then crossed over into Spain, and began to overrun the country.

He had hardly crossed the sea when the Roman wolves began to growl again, and demand more money from Carthage, or else, they said, they would declare war. Ten of the chief nobles of Carthage went to Rome—grave, white-haired, venerable old men—and the wisest of them, whose name was HANNO, said some things to the Senate that must have made that body feel somewhat ashamed. In fine, he said that if nothing but war would satisfy the Romans, well and good; but if so, let them give back Sicily and Sardinia, which were given by Carthage as the price of peace.

The Romans said they would rather not; and I dare say they laughed, and prayed the Carthaginians to believe that all their talk about war was only a joke. To satisfy them the better, the Temple of Janus, which, the story said, had always been open since the days of Numa, was now shut, as a sign that the peace was really serious.

It did not long remain shut, for the Romans soon contrived to pick a quarrel with another of their neighbors, the Queen of the Illyrians, whose kingdom lay to the north of the realm of their old friend Pyrrhus. The Queen just served to amuse the soldiers for a short while; she was soon overcome, and forced to pay tribute.

The new province of Sardinia also gave the old soldiers a chance; for the islanders rebelling, REGU-

LUS, the son of the old Consul, crossed over with an army, killed a few of them, and frightened the others into quiet.

Very soon, however, they had more serious enemies to meet. After many years of rest, the Gauls once more began to covet the rich fields and splendid cities of the Romans. Those who lived nearest to Rome sent to their cousins across the Alps—in the country which is now called France—to ask would they join them in a swoop on the Roman country? And they, mightily excited at the idea, answered, With pleasure. So they began, each tribe in its own country, to sharpen their broadswords and train their horses for the campaign.

News of all these doings came quickly enough to Rome, and great was the terror among the faint-hearted. Well did the old men remember the stories they had heard in their youth of the frightful wars with the Gauls long long before, of brave King Brennus, and of his fierce, yellow-haired, giant warriors. Women shuddered and children grew pale as they listened to the tales of that dreadful day at the River Allia, and of the burning of Rome.

Whiter still grew their cheeks, and even many a bold man stood still and thought, when, one stormy night, the lightning flashed and struck the Capitol at Rome. To the augurs the people went, as usual, and bade them quick see what the Sibylline Books said. The books said:

“When the lightning shall strike the Capitol, beware, O Romans! for the race of the Gauls and the Greeks shall dwell in the Forum.”

This seemed to be a pretty shrewd guess for the books, which were not any thing very wonderful as guessers, generally speaking ; but, this time, the Consuls and the nobles took counsel together, and made up their minds to cheat the gods. It was easy enough. They took two Gauls, a man and a woman ; and two Greeks, a man and a woman also, and buried them alive in the Forum. Then they said the prophecy was fulfilled, for the Gauls and the Greeks dwelt in the Forum.

Their minds eased by this cruel act, forth the armies marched to meet the Gauls. They missed them at first, and the yellow-haired warriors came pouring across the mountains in their old way, ravaging the country, plundering and burning as far as Clusium, in Etruria. Loaded with booty, they turned back from Clusium to go home. But the Romans were on their track.

On one side, L. *ÆMILIUS* the Consul, on another, Regulus, marched to meet them, and soon hemmed them in. A battle was fought, very long and bloody, and Regulus was killed ; but the Gauls were totally routed, and *Æmilius* returned to Rome with chests full of gold chains that he had taken from the necks of the slaughtered warriors.

Still the Romans were not satisfied, and year after year they sent armies into the country of the Gauls, to punish them and subdue them. One of these armies was led by one of Rome's greatest generals, *FLAMINIUS NEPOS*. He was a man of great boldness and confidence in himself. Never doubted or feared, but went straight to his point over barriers

and obstacles, without scruple or delay. A strong friend to the people, withal, and bitterly hated by the nobles.

While he was away, in the Gaulish country north of the mountains, the nobles grew jealous of him, and laid a plot to have him recalled. They pretended they had seen awful signs of the gods' wrath, such as three moons at once in the sky, and a river flowing with blood. And the augurs being quite ready to certify that the meaning of these signs was that Flaminus ought to return, a letter was sent to the army with orders to that effect.

Flaminus was just going to fight a battle when he got the letter. He guessed what it meant: so he laid it aside, and said he would read it after the battle. Then he gave the word and the fight began. The Gauls were defeated, and the Romans won a great victory. Then Flaminus opened the letter, and finding that he had guessed truly, said that the gods didn't appear to know much about what was going on in the world, or else how would he have won the battle?

So he took no notice of the letter or of the awful signs that had been seen at Rome, and went on ravaging the Gaulish country, and gaining vast quantities of booty. When the season was over, he returned to Rome. The Senate and nobles were so enraged with him that they would not consent to his having a triumph; but the people were of quite another mind, and Flaminus triumphed in the usual way.

Sensible a man as he was, and well as he under-

stood the trickeries of the augurs, he could not always withstand them. For, a couple of years afterward, when he was chosen master of the horse to MINUCIUS RUFUS, he was obliged to resign by a ridiculous accident. At the moment of his appointment a mouse squeaked, and the augurs, with the gravest faces in the world, said that this was a bad sign, and new men must be chosen.

He was chosen Censor afterward, and the mice in the neighborhood having kept quiet, he was allowed to perform the duties of his office. It was he who built the great road to Ariminum, over which you still travel when you go from Rome to Rimini; likewise the Flaminian Circus in the Field of Mars, where horse-races and games were held. A second Appius, in this respect.

All this while the Carthaginians had been overrunning Spain and conquering province after province. After nine years' war, Hamilcar was killed in a battle with the natives on the border of the River Tagus; and his son-in-law, HASDRUBAL, succeeded to the command. He, too, fought and conquered, and spread the power of Carthage over new tracts of country. For nine years he led the Carthaginians with great skill and success, till a slave, whose master he had put to death, murdered him in his tent. Then the army called for young Hannibal to lead them.

He fought with still better fortune than his father and his brother-in-law, and soon subdued nearly the whole of Southern Spain.

The great city of Saguntum, near the southeast-

ern corner of Spain, now began to fear that it too would be attacked. It sent to Rome, and begged for the protection of the Romans. They gave it at once, and messengers were sent to Carthage and to Hannibal to say that he must not on any account molest Saguntum.

The messengers said, when they returned to Rome, that Hannibal had eyed them strangely, and spoken uncivil words.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL was now twenty-six years of age. A man of wonderful strength and activity; the best swordsman and the best rider in the Carthaginian army. He fared as hardly as his common soldiers; had no regular meals, and rarely went to bed; but ate when he chanced to find himself hungry, and, when he wanted sleep, lay down on the ground in his cloak wherever he happened to be. Young as he was, he was one of the most able generals that ever lived: cool, prompt, energetic; never off his guard, never weary; fertile in schemes, swift in action; as daring as prudent; and taking no thought for any thing but how to injure Rome, and how to wreak his vengeance on the hated Roman people.

Little he cared for the message the Senate sent him; but straightway, when his army was ready, laid siege to Saguntum. It is now a poor place, where travelers seldom stop, and goes by the name of Murviedro; but then it was a large and rich city, peopled by brave men, who were strong friends of the Romans.

The Saguntines closed their gates, and lined their walls and filled their towers with fighting men; and when first the Carthaginians came near, they were

received so warmly that they soon fell back. The Saguntines had a weapon which was quite new to their enemies: a sort of long spear made of fir with an iron head, and wrapped round the middle with tow smeared with pitch. Before they threw this spear, they set fire to the tow; as it flew through the air the pitched tow blazed up, and when it struck a man, it burned so fiercely that he was half roasted before he could draw it out. You will find, if you read the history of South America, that burning arrows were often used in the same manner in the Spanish wars there.



A BATTERING-RAM.

For all these fiery spears, and the bravery of the Saguntines to boot, Hannibal drove his battering-rams close to the walls of the city, and battered

down piece after piece of the wall, and tower after tower, his spearmen showering darts over the wall the whole time, until at last the Saguntines were overcome. They made a great bonfire in their market-place, and the chief men threw into it their money, their jewels, and whatever they had that was precious; then, after one last bloody struggle, they flung themselves into the flames, and were burned to death in scores.

It was so rich a town that, notwithstanding the money and treasure that had been burned, Hannibal found enough left to repay him for all his pains. Heaps and heaps of rich stuffs and money were divided among the soldiers; and they sat themselves down among the ruins to rest a while after the fatigue of the siege.

When the Romans heard that Saguntum had been taken, they sent to Carthage again to inquire what these things meant. The Carthaginians appearing to shuffle in their answers, one of the Roman messengers, FABIUS, gathered a fold of his toga in each hand, and cried, "Here is war, and here is peace—which will ye have?"

The Carthaginians gruffly said, whichever he liked.

"Then," said Fabius, "I offer you war!" And he returned home, and bade the people prepare for a new war with Carthage.

Hannibal, meanwhile, was making ready for greater deeds than the capture of Saguntum. One night as he slept, he dreamed that he saw before him all the gods of Carthage sitting in awful grandeur on their thrones, and that they bade him invade Italy.

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He obeyed, in his dream; and one of the chief gods, who went with him, warned him not to look behind. He did look, however, and he beheld a monstrous creature, seemingly bristling with hideous snakes, rush furiously over trees and houses and cities, crushing them as it went, and laying the whole country waste. Then the god warned him again, saying, "This is a sign of the desolation of Italy. See thou go straight forward on thy way, and look not behind." And he awoke and set his army in motion.

Over the Ebro (then called Iberus) and the Pyrenees, then through the beautiful plains of Southern Gaul—the loveliest country in the world—he led his men: thousands of wild Numidians on horseback without saddle or bridle, and dashing hither and thither like the wind; tens of thousands of fierce African foot-soldiers, all in white linen coats with scarlet borders; and a strong array of huge elephants, each with his castle on his back. He marched on, and on, and on, over mountain and river and plain, till he came to the great River Rhone, which flows down to the Mediterranean from the Alps.

Here the native Gauls tried to stop him, and gathered in great numbers on the opposite bank, brandishing their spears, and singing their war songs. But with them Hannibal made short work. A few of his best men crossed the river higher up, and fell on the Gauls in the rear; then Hannibal gave the word to launch the boats. He was very soon across, and scattered the Gauls like dust.

He made his horses swim across; but when it came to the turn of the elephants, they would not enter the boats or put a foot into the water. To get them across Hannibal had large rafts made of strong timber placed crosswise; these he covered with earth and stones and branches of trees, till they looked like solid ground. The elephants were then enticed upon them, and the rafts cut adrift and towed over. In this way all the huge animals were carried to the other side.

The Roman general, SCIPIO, had sailed from Italy to the mouth of the Rhone to meet him; but he gave the Romans the slip, and marched on to the foot of the Alps.

The Alps, as you know, are a ridge of huge mountains, like the Rocky Mountains in the West, very tall and very rugged. To this day it is a terrible business to climb some of them, though there are roads now over which the stage crosses. In Hannibal's time there were no roads, and the mountains were wild and forbidding. From January to December the snow lay upon their tops, and the ice hid in the valleys. In some places the cliffs rose straight upright for hundreds of feet. In others, foaming torrents rushed down through the clefts and valleys, and barred the way. In other places again, where the rise seemed gradual and easy, you came suddenly upon a lofty crag covered with snow, from which, every now and then, immense masses of ice toppled over, and rolled into the plain beneath with a noise like thunder.

It seemed almost impossible to cross these great

mountains with an army. But Hannibal had made his mind up: cross he would, no matter what the difficulty or the danger. So, with some Gaulish guides to lead the way, he began the toilsome march about the end of October.

It was terrible work for men bred under the scorching sun of Africa; and many of Hannibal's best soldiers lay down in the snow, and died by the wayside. Then, in the midst of the weary journey, the treacherous Gauls, seeing a fine chance to plunder, fell upon the Carthaginians in the narrow passes, and worried them without mercy. Hannibal had to stop his march, and fight battle after battle with these rough mountaineers, before they learned to fear him.

At last, on the ninth day, the army reached the top of the Alps. The worst half of the work was done. But it was colder than ever. The snow lay several feet deep on the ground. The elephants, unused to such cold, died one after another; and the soldiers, wearied out by fatigue, declared positively they would not stir another step.

Then Hannibal, pointing to the plain which glistened far away under their feet, cried, "Yonder plain is Italy, a country teeming with wine, and oil, and corn; and yonder lies the road to Rome. Have ye marched this far, and will ye hang back now?"

And the soldiers, fired by the sight and by the thought that they might soon be plundering the great and rich city of Rome, cried in reply, "We will go!" On they marched downward. Stopping here and there to shovel away the enormous snow-

drifts and fallen avalanches. Fighting stray battles with the mischievous Gauls, who hung on their skirts. But leaving to the winds and snows of heaven to bury the hundreds and hundreds of poor fellows who sank down exhausted on the mountain side, and were soon cold and stiff. Over twenty thousand there were—brave stout men—who began that dreadful ascent, and never set foot on the sunny plains on the other side.

But Hannibal did not stop to count the dead men. On he marched, brushing back a few Romans who tried to stop him at the River Ticinus, and encamping at last in the heart of that part of the Gaulish country which is now called Lombardy.

The Romans were ready for him. They had been waiting for some time, and now the two Consuls joined their armies together, and marched to the bank of the little River Trebia, not far from the city of Placentia. To the same place marched Hannibal as fast as he could, as eager for the fight as the Romans.

The way it began was this. Very early in the morning Hannibal sent his Numidian horsemen to harass the Romans, giving them private orders to run away when they were attacked. They did so; and the Roman general, who was the Consul SEMPRONIUS, thinking that he would easily beat such cowards, gave the word for the whole army to follow in pursuit across the river.

Into the Trebia they dashed, foot and horse. There is seldom any water there now; but at the time I speak of, it was a shallow stream, half filled

with ice and freshly-fallen snow. The Romans were nearly frozen when they reached the other side, and it was so early in the morning that they had not breakfasted.

Hannibal had roused his whole army very early that morning, and made every man warm himself at the bivouac fires, eat a hearty meal, and oil his joints. Then when the Romans were fairly across, he ordered the charge. So stiff and benumbed with cold were the Romans that they could not fight as usual; and when Hannibal's brother, who had lain in ambush with two thousand choice men, fell upon them in the rear, they gave up the contest and turned to fly. After them rushed Hannibal and his men, slaughtering them by the hundred, until a feeble remnant recrossed the river, and shut themselves up in Placentia.

After this victory Hannibal resolved to remain quiet till the warm weather. It was so piercingly cold that most of his remaining elephants and many of his fiery horses from Africa had died; and the men were glad enough to lie idle for a few weeks, feasting at the cost of their good friends the Gauls, in whose country they were.

The Gauls were not so well pleased at this as the strangers; and I am not surprised at it. They grumbled to each other, and said that their Carthaginian friends were as ravenous as their Roman enemies—that they ate up the fruit of the land like locusts. The Carthaginian soldiers didn't mind them in the least; but Hannibal, who knew perfectly well that the Gauls had a short and speedy

way of revenging themselves, and who remembered the fate of his brother-in-law in Spain, took great pains to protect his own life.

He used to go about the camp in all sorts of disguises. One day he wore a gray wig, and walked slowly with a stick, so that the story should go abroad that Hannibal was an old man. Another day he put on a red wig and fine clothes ; and the talk among the Gauls was that the general was a coxcomb with red hair. Again, he would appear in his usual dress, walking or riding as briskly as he was wont. And in this way, if the Gauls really wanted to murder him, they were foiled, from the simple reason that they could not agree which was the real Hannibal.

Meanwhile at Rome, the stupid augurs were hard at work frightening the people with the most absurd stories. They said that a baby six months old had been heard to cry in the Forum, "*Io triumphe,*" which meant something like Hip ! hip ! hurrah ! —that an enterprising ox had walked to the third story of a private house, and stepped out of the window, with reckless disregard of its own bones—that ships had been seen sailing across the sky—that wolves had taken a fancy to wear swords, with much more rubbish of the same kind.

It was far worse, and the augurs never in their lives heard of such awful wonders as appeared, when the people made their brave champion Flaminius Consul in spite of the nobles. They swore they saw spears fall from heaven with private messages from the gods ; goats turned into sheep, and cocks into

hens ; the sky cleft open from side to side, and the sun and moon fighting tooth and nail, as they said, just like man and wife. My opinion is, that the meaning of all this nonsense was that the augurs and nobles wanted to drive stout Flaminius into resigning his office, as they had done once before. Happily for him he did not give them a chance ; for, as soon as he was elected, he said the proper place for him was the post of danger, and he went off to the army.

With the early spring Hannibal crossed the Apennines, and poured his men into the rich plains of Etruria. After him marched the Consuls, Flaminius being particularly anxious to fight, and, as usual, never doubting for a moment but he would win the day. But Hannibal was too cunning for him. In the heat of the chase Flaminius hurried into the valley on the border of Lake Thrasymene. A thick mist hung over the lake and its shores, so dense that the Romans could hardly see each other. Still Flaminius pressed on, making sure that he would soon catch Hannibal.

He did catch him, indeed, but not where he expected ; for the cunning Carthaginian had scattered his men on the heights above the Romans, and above the mist ; so that when the Consul and his men were entangled in their march down below, down rushed Hannibal with his best troops, and fell furiously on the Romans, who did not see them till they felt their shock. A rain of spears and darts whistled through the mist, and plunged into the Roman ranks—the spearmen remaining invisible. And so it



LAKE THRASYMENE.

was, the Romans being taken unawares, and blinded by the fog, that the Carthaginians routed them utterly. Cruel Hannibal—his vow always uppermost in his mind—had given orders not to spare a single Roman. Most savage was the order; and savagely was it obeyed. Of all that Roman army which marched that morning by the side of peaceful Lake Thrasyrene, only six thousand wounded men escaped to tell the tale. Flaminus himself was butchered at the head of his troops.

There was a strange stillness at Rome a day or two after the battle. News had come from the army. Men gathered in the Forum and the streets, talking

together in whispers. Women, with babies in their arms, stood at their doors, pale and trembling. The Senators walked to the Senate-house with downcast eyes and dark faces. At last, the suspense of the people could no longer be borne. A frantic cry burst forth from the crowd, and men, women, and children rushed to the Senate and shouted that they wanted to know the whole truth.

POMPONIUS MATHO rose, and said, in a grave voice,

“We have been beaten in a great battle; the army is destroyed, and the Consul is killed.”

If Hannibal had heard the groans and the shrieks of agony which rose from that crowd of bereaved parents, and widows, and orphans, I think he might have forgotten his oath for a short while.

But the Romans soon got over their grief. From sunrise to sunset the Senate sat, taking counsel on the desperate state of affairs; and at last, no man even breathing the idea of peace, a new army was raised, and all made ready for another fight. When the question arose, Who was to command, now that Flaminus was dead? every one said that wise FABIUS THE GREAT was the best man. So they made him Dictator; and as he was a noble, they gave him for Master of the Horse MINUCIUS RUFUS, a man of the people.

Hannibal had marched down through Umbria into the rich country to the southeast of Rome. Thither Fabius followed him; but, greatly to the disgust of Hannibal, he would not fight a battle. His tents were pitched in the mountains and highlands, where

the swift African horsemen could not get at them ; and all the wiles and taunts of the Carthaginians could not tempt him down into the plain. Hannibal sent his Africans out to scour the country far and wide, and the Romans from their highland fastnesses could see the smoke rising from the burning villages of their friends and their own homes. But still, rage as they did at the sight, Fabius would not suffer them to stir.

He was biding his time. When Hannibal moved, Fabius moved after him, creeping along the tops of the mountain ridges, and watching for a chance to cut him off from his supplies, or to lock him up in some such defile as the Caudine Forks.

Once Fabius nearly succeeded in entrapping him between the mountains and the River Vulture. Every mountain pass was guarded, and it seemed impossible for the Carthaginians to escape. But Hannibal was too deep for the Romans. Tying a bundle of dry twigs and chips to the horns of each of two thousand oxen he had, he lit the twigs at midnight, and drove the oxen up the mountain side. They, bellowing from the pain, and tossing their blazing heads, rushed wildly up the heights ; and the Romans, not knowing what was the meaning of this vast multitude of fires flashing through the midnight darkness, set up a cry, "Hannibal is upon us !" and ran to the hills. Then the Carthaginians quickly marched out of the trap by the pass which was left unguarded.

Thus all the fruits of Fabius's patience and watching were lost. But he was not discouraged. He

began again, as before, to hang on the skirts and wings of Hannibal's army; and not all the grumbling or all the prayers of his restless soldiers could induce him to let them try a battle.

All this while the people of Rome were waiting anxiously to hear how it fared with the army. At first they were well pleased with the coolness and skill of Fabius; but after a time, the noisiest among them began to say to each other: Why does he not fight a battle? Is he afraid of Hannibal? And the Master of the Horse, Minucius, sending word to Rome that he too thought Fabius was over-cautious, and hinting pretty plainly that if he had the command things would be managed very differently, the people burst into open uproar. To satisfy them, the Senate, itself nothing loth, ordered that Minucius should have equal power with the Dictator. He and Fabius thereupon divided the army between them.

Minucius had soon quite enough of this plan. For, as he was far less cautious than Fabius, Hannibal easily entrapped him into a fight, and would have cut off his half of the army to a man, but for the other half, which came under the Dictator to his help and rescued him. Like an honest man, as he was, Minucius went straight to Fabius after this, and, of his own accord, gave up the sole command to him.

But at Rome the wisdom of Fabius was not understood. Many noisy persons said he was evidently afraid of Hannibal. They sneered at him, and called him the Delayer. So when his six months were over, no man asked him to stay where he was, but

the people chose as their Consuls **TERENTIUS VARRO** and **ÆMILIUS PAULUS**.

Æmilius was a noble, and a friend of Fabius, but Varro was the son of a butcher. A man of great power and nerve, strong of heart, and eloquent of speech, but daring and headstrong, like Flaminius. Æmilius was for following the plan of Fabius, and lurking in the mountains; but the people at Rome and Varro were all for fighting.

So—the two armies lying opposite each other near the strong fort of Cannæ, and by the little River Anfidus—when it was Varro's turn to command, he hoisted the red flag over his tent. This was the signal for battle. The Romans had the most men, but the Carthaginian horse were far fleeter and better drilled than the Roman, and Varro was a mere schoolboy beside so great a soldier as Hannibal.



CANNÆ.

A southern gale was blowing at the time, and Hannibal made it help him by placing his men with their faces to the north, so that the dust, which it blew before it in clouds, was whirled into the eyes of the Romans. Varro helped him too, in his way; for he formed his men into such dense masses that more than half of them were of no use, and they were all so huddled together that they could hardly use their swords. What with these helps, and the flashing valor of his African horsemen, Hannibal won the day. The Romans, packed together like sheep in a flock, were hewed down by the Carthaginians on all sides at once. Round and round the dense mass rode Hannibal and his brother **MAGO**, bidding the victors spare none, but kill, kill, kill!

And kill they did, from morn till sundown, as long as their hands could hold sword or spear. So many brave Romans fell in that day's fight that history hardly tells of any such slaughter at any battle before or since; and when the conquerors the next morning stripped the corpses of their clothes and ornaments, they counted the rings alone by the bushel.

They say that a Tribune of the soldiers galloping away from the field when he saw the day was lost, came upon the Consul **Æmilius**, who was badly wounded, and offered him his horse, saying, "Thou, at least, **Æmilius**, art innocent of this day's disaster." But the brave Roman refused. "Waste no time on me," he cried, "but hie to Rome with all speed, and bid them fortify the city against Hannibal's coming. And say to **Fabius** that, living or

dying, *Æmilius* thought his counsels were the best." The Africans were close upon them, and the Tribune had only time to gallop off. As he went, he turned back to look, and saw the wounded Consul fighting feebly in a crowd of enemies.

The dreadful news fell upon the city like a thunder-clap. But it was no time for weeping. For Rome, it was now a question of life or death; and the Roman spirit was equal to the crisis.

Every man was armed: from out the prisons the thieves were taken and offered pardon if they would fight the enemy. The gates were shut, and a strong guard set to watch that no man left the city. When Hannibal sent to say he had so many prisoners, and would Rome ransom them? the answer was: No, Rome wanted all her money for her own defense. And when Varro, broken down by the weight of his misfortune, retreated to Rome with the small handful of men that remained to him, the whole Senate, hate him though the nobles did, marched out to meet him, and, instead of reproaching him for his rashness, thanked him for that he had not despaired of the republic.

Such manliness you will seldom find in any other people.

All over Italy the old allies and friends of the Romans now began to rebel against them. Most of the Samnites and their neighbors joined Hannibal; and Capua, the greatest city in Italy next to Rome, opened its gates and received his soldiers as friends. It seemed as though Rome could not possibly escape.

But the spirit of the Roman people was so great that they did not for one moment lose hope. Army after army they sent forth to watch Hannibal and his new allies: round him on every side, before him, behind him, wherever he was, he always found new Romans. Never a battle would they fight with him—they knew him and his terrible African cavalry too well for that; but white-haired old Fabius the Great guiding all by his wise counsels, they hung round him and cut off his supplies, and destroyed the crops of his allies, and when he attacked them, fell back to some walled city, from which they beat him off. Year after year this sort of work lasted, till Hannibal began to grow very tired of the war, and to wish for some safe sea-port from which, in case of trouble, he could escape to Africa.

The best place for him was Tarentum, which the Romans held. Now in Tarentum there were two parties, one in favor of the Romans, the other hating them. The latter began to plot to bring the people round to the side of Hannibal. The Romans heard of it; and straightway, as the custom of that cruel age was, they put to death some noble Tarentines who were at Rome.

When the news of this bloody deed reached Tarentum it made Rome's friends colder, and her enemies stronger and more resolved. The latter sent word to Hannibal that if he would march down to the city they would give it up to him.

He was only too glad, and marched away directly. Tarentum was a walled city, and Roman soldiers guarded the walls and the gates. Hannibal's

friends were obliged to resort to a trick to get his soldiers in. One of them, who was a great hunter, was in the habit of returning to the city with his game late at night; and as he always, when the soldiers opened the gate to let him in, made them some present or other, he was a favorite of theirs.

One night this Tarentine rapped loudly at the gate, and called to the sentinel to let him in, "for," said he, "I have a boar here I have killed; and it is so heavy that I can carry it no longer." The soldier made haste to open the gate. The hunter, with a couple of disguised Africans, entered, carrying a boar; and while the sentinel was looking at the beast, the Tarentine killed him with a blow. Then the gates were opened, and Hannibal and his men rushed in.

The Roman Governor, who had fallen into the habits of the people, had spent the day in feasting and drinking: he had only time to throw himself, drunk as he was, into a boat and row to the citadel. There he shut himself up, while Hannibal took possession of the city, and plundered the houses of the Romans.

Still the people at Rome were unshaken. Awful distress prevailed in the city, so many men being taken from their work to fight, so many being killed. But the chief men never swerved for a second from their purpose of driving out the invader, and saving Rome. While Hannibal was away south, a Roman army laid siege to Capua.

The Capuans sent in all haste to Hannibal for help. Up he came, but so skillful were the Roman

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leaders, and so strong were their forts, that he could not force them to raise the siege. Then said Hannibal to his men, "Let us go and lay siege to Rome. When the Romans find us there, they will very quickly abandon the siege of Capua to protect their own city."

And all the Africans, with their horse and their elephants, marched off to Rome. When the Romans heard of their coming they shut their gates, and made ready for the worst. Noble matrons and beautiful young girls flocked to the temples of the gods, with flowing hair and swollen eyes, and prayed for help. Young men girt their garments tightly about their waist, and with clenched teeth stood upon the battlements gazing for the Carthaginian army. In the Forum sat the white-haired Senators, each in his chair, calm and grave of face as in the olden time when the Gauls massacred their fore-fathers, and never thinking for one single instant of giving up to Hannibal, come what might.

At last, in a mighty cloud of dust, the terrible African came with his horsemen, and his foot-soldiers, and his elephants, and halted over against the walls of Rome. In his mind, you may be sure, his ancient vow was uppermost as he smiled grimly, and spurred his horse straight up to the wall, and with all his might flung a javelin into the city. Often must he have thought of his father, and of his deadly hate of Rome, as his fierce Africans rode north and south, and east and west, through the Roman country, and burned, and pillaged, and laid waste those beautiful fields and happy homes.

But the Romans did not stir. Neither within the walls nor without, before Capua, did the soldiers move. Brave old Fabius was at Capua. He saw very plainly what Hannibal wanted, and instead of falling into the trap, he pushed on the siege with fresh vigor. At Rome, whenever the Africans drew near the walls, they were saluted with such a shower of javelins that they very quickly drew back. While he lay before the city, the Senate sent orders for one of their best generals to go to Spain; and the ground on which Hannibal's tent was pitched was sold by auction for a larger price than it was ever worth before. So, at last, with a heavy heart Hannibal gave the word to retreat.

This was the turning point in his fortunes. Up to this moment all had gone well with him and his country. The hour of misfortune was now come. "I see," said the great man to his officers, "that the gods are wearying of granting me their favors." The truth was, the Romans could not be conquered.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ARCHIMEDES.

ALL this time the war was going on in Spain, Sardinia, and Sicily, as well as Italy.

In Spain, at first the Romans had the advantage. Their troops were led by two brave brothers named SCIPIO, who won several victories, and regained much of the territory which Hannibal had wrested from Rome. But at last, in an evil day, one of them was killed; and a few weeks after, his brother was cut down in battle likewise. This for a time checked the Roman progress in Spain.

In Sicily, the Romans had a stanch friend in King HIERO of Syracuse. He was a brave and wise king, who, to the last day of his life, stood by the Romans in their wars, and sent them corn and food for their troops when they were hard pressed. When he died at the ripe old age of ninety, he was succeeded by his grandson, a weak, vicious boy of fifteen. It was a bad business for the rich city of Syracuse.

The boy-king—whose name was HIERONYMUS—no sooner found himself on the throne than he broke faith with the Romans, and said he would take the side of Carthage in the war. Some of his people were glad of the change, but others were enraged at it; and all hating him on account of his vices, a

party of them fell on him one day and murdered him.

The murderers ran into the city with the clothes of the poor boy-king all stained with his blood, and the crown they had torn from his dying head. Showing these to the people, they boasted of the cruel deed, and cried noisily, "Liberty! liberty!" until most of the townsfolk joined them, more to see what would come of it than from any other reason.

They soon saw enough. A new government was formed: the uncle and the brother-in-law of the murdered king were members of it; but their colleagues suspected them, and one day, as they entered the council-chamber, they were murdered by the guards. Then the murderers, made more ravenous for blood by the memory of these crimes, declared that not one of King Hiero's family must live. His three daughters were butchered. One of them had two children, fair young girls, who were surely harmless. But the men of Syracuse had no heart; they hunted them down in the streets of the city, and slaughtered the poor creatures like wild beasts, with blows of spear and sword and pike. A terrible time this!

The Roman general in Sicily was the Consul MARCELLUS—a man of tremendous vigor and relentless cruelty. He made terms with the butchers of Syracuse, who said they were all for the Romans; then marched against the town of Leontini, which had risen against the Romans, and taken the side of Carthage. He very quickly stormed it, and

let loose upon it the whole of his soldiery, bidding them take and destroy what they pleased. Two thousand deserters from the Roman army, whom he found there, he put to death in cold blood.

When the news of this fearful massacre reached Syracuse, it threw the whole city into an uproar. From end to end the cry was for war with Rome. It was hard work for Rome's friends to make their escape, so frantic was the rage of the people at the slaughter of their allies at Leontini.

Marcellus, when he was told of the riot and tumult at Syracuse, marched thither directly. The gates were shut against him. Then he collected a strong army and a large fleet, and laid siege to the place. So vigorously did he attack it by land and by sea, that he would have taken it but for the skill and science of a wonderful man named ARCHIMEDES.

Archimedes was a philosopher; that is to say, he spent all his time in thinking and working out problems in science. He had been a close friend of good King Hiero. On one occasion the King ordered a crown to be made by a goldsmith of Syracuse, and gave the man the gold of which it was to be made. When the crown was finished, and the goldsmith delivered it to the King, he weighed it and found that it weighed exactly as much as the gold he had furnished. Still he suspected that the goldsmith had cheated him by using silver in the inside of the gold, and gave the crown to Archimedes to try if he could find out if it was so.

It would not take one of our men of science long to test such a point as this; but in the days of Ar-

chimedes science was not far advanced, and neither he nor any one else knew how to ascertain whether or no there was silver in the inside. While he was thinking over the matter, and trying all sorts of ways to solve the problem, he stepped into a very full bath. The water of the bath immediately began to flow over the side.

The thought at once flashed upon the mind of Archimedes that he could find out what he wanted to know by the help of water. They say that he was so excited by the discovery that he ran home, naked as he was, shouting, "Eureka!" I have found it!

He took a lump of pure gold equal in weight to the crown, dipped it in a vessel full to the brim, and measured exactly the quantity of water that flowed over. Then he filled the vessel, and dipped the crown itself, and measured the water it displaced. It was much more than the lump had caused to overflow. Then Archimedes knew that some other metal lighter than gold had been mixed with the gold in the crown.

When Hiero died, Archimedes took no part in the quarrels or the butcheries I have related, but remained in his own house, like a great, wise man, wrapped in study. When the Romans laid siege to the city, the government called upon Archimedes to help them, and he set his whole soul to work to invent machines to annoy and repel the invader.

He built immense slings capable of hurling huge stones to a great distance, and with these he pelted the Roman ships till they were glad to sheer off out

of reach. He also contrived a sort of crane which stood on the walls of the city by the water side. This crane must have been something like the old-fashioned pumps you see in some parts of the country—a long straight spar balanced on the top of a post with the bucket and chain at one end and a heavy weight at the other. Instead of a bucket, Archimedes fastened a strong iron hook to the end of his chain, and to the other end of the spar he hung heavy weights which could be slipped off in a moment. When the Roman ships sailed up to the attack close under the walls, this great machine was set to work, and the hook lowered till it caught the rigging or spars of the ship. Then play was given to the weights, which were so immense that they lifted the ship partly out of water. Then, at a sudden signal, the weights were slipped off, and the ship fell with such a shock that she often foundered.

Another great machine which Archimedes is said to have invented was a series of burning-glasses, so powerful that he could with them set fire to a ship at a hundred and fifty yards distance. Some people think the story of these burning-glasses is a fable; but there is nothing impossible in it.

At all events, with or without burning-glasses, Archimedes contrived to invent so many and so terrible engines of war that for three years the Romans lay before Syracuse without being able to take it.

At last, a Syracusan traitor, named Sosis—one of the murderers of Hieronymus—showed them a secret path to one of the great towers which guarded the wall. They chose a dark night for the attack,

and a time when the Syracusans were celebrating a religious feast, as their custom was, with deep draughts of wine. Thanks to this, and to their guide the traitor Sosis, the Romans scaled the wall before the Syracusans were aroused, and when morning dawned half the city was in their power.

The other half still held out. The people of Carthage made great efforts to save it; they sent more men, with a strong fleet and good leaders, to attack the Romans. But the hot months found the Carthaginians encamped in low ground, and disease broke out among them and almost destroyed their army.

What the character of the Syracusans was you know from the horrible butchering and rioting that took place when the boy-king was murdered. The same shocking scenes were now repeated. All was uproar and disorder. New leaders were set up one day and stabbed the next. No man knew what to do, how to defend himself, or whom to obey.

It was easy work for Marcellus to find more traitors like Sosis, who agreed for a bribe to let him into the remaining half of the city. A Spaniard did the deed; and again, as before, the sun rose on the horror-struck people of Syracuse, and showed them all their strong-holds in the hands of the Romans. Small chance had they of pity who fell into the iron grasp of Marcellus.

As at Leontini, he bade his soldiers plunder their fill. None knew better how to do it than his Romans. They stripped every house in the place. Money, jewels, works of art, clothing, arms, and even

food they wrested from the wretched people, slaughtering without mercy all who ventured to oppose them. Marcellus himself seized every thing that was in the temples ; and so utterly destitute did his soldiers leave the poor Syracusans that, to save themselves from starving, they were obliged to sell themselves as slaves.

In the midst of the wreck and clamor of the sack, an old man sat on the ground in his garden, drawing problems on the sand. It was Archimedes. So lost to every thing around him, in his deep study, that perhaps he did not know the city was taken ; and when a brutal soldier spoke to him, he did not hear or answer him. The soldier raised his sword, and struck the white hairs of the aged philosopher to the earth.

So he died—one of the greatest thinkers of ancient times. A small matter to the world the sack of that city, great and rich as it was, in comparison with the death of that wise and good man. Even Marcellus was so ashamed of his murder that he gave out that he had tried to prevent it, and restored to his relations all the property they had lost. But people did not wholly believe him ; and though he was a great soldier and saved Sicily to Rome, in after times he was chiefly remembered as the man whose army had butchered in cold blood the great philosopher of Syracuse.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SCIPIO THE AFRICAN.

THE Romans lay before Capua, blocking up every road that led to the country, and suffering no man to go out or go in. Day after day, and week after week, and month after month, the Capuans bore the misery of the siege, hoping that Hannibal would come to their aid; but no Hannibal came. Then they saw they must yield. All the chief men met together at the house of one of them, and ate and drank in company: when the merry feast was over, each took poison and died.

The next day the city surrendered. The Roman general, FULVIUS, entered with a grand concourse of soldiers; the few great men who survived he seized and sent to Rome to be starved to death. Thence to other small places in the neighborhood, which had likewise revolted against Rome; their chief men he scourged and beheaded. So swiftly did he do his cruel work, that in a few days Capua and all the country round about were Roman once more, and every city and town was in mourning for the loss of its chief citizens. Cruel as Hannibal was, the people of Italy began to think his enmity was not worse after all than the wrath of bloody Rome.

There was very little to choose between them. It was a dreadful time for the poor farmers, and vine-

growers, and herdsmen of the country ; whichever side they took, they were sure to be pillaged, and to see their farms laid waste and their houses spoiled. All the beautiful Roman country lay bare as a wilderness.

Hannibal had sent to Carthage for more men, and his brother HASDRUBAL came marching over the mountains from Spain to join him with a fresh army. When he arrived in Italy he sent off swift messengers on horseback to tell Hannibal that he would be with him on such a day.

The horsemen rode and rode on their swift African horses, but they never came up with Hannibal. For the Romans catching them, they were kept prisoners ; and the Roman Consul, NERO, got Hasdrubal's letter.

He said never a word. But that night he chose seven thousand of his best men, and bade them march to the north for their lives. They, guessing what he meant, marched as soldiers perhaps never marched before. Not till they were ready to drop from fatigue did they halt to rest ; and as for eating, a handful of corn, swallowed as they marched, was all they wanted. So they came up with Hasdrubal long before he expected them ; and driving him backward till the mountain torrent Metaurus blocked the way, attacked and defeated him. Hasdrubal himself and most of his men were killed.

Then the seven thousand marched back again to where Hannibal was. They say that when they drew near his camp some of them tossed over to his sentinels a dead man's head. A sentinel picked it

up and bore it to Hannibal. He looked at it for a moment and saw that it was his brother's!

Not thus had Hannibal dealt with the Roman leaders who had fallen in battle. Perhaps these cruel soldiers of Nero had forgotten how Hannibal had reverently buried the dead body of the Consul Flaminius who fell on the bloody day of Thrasy-mene. And how, when Metellus was killed in a skirmish, Hannibal had had his body burned, as the custom of those days was, and sent the ashes in an urn to his son. But it mattered little.

Blows began to fall thick and heavy on Carthage. A young Roman noble named SCIPIO was chosen to lead the Roman army in Spain. He was very young, but a brave soldier, and so great a favorite with the people that a short while before they had chosen him to be *AEdile*. The Tribunes looked at the law, and said he could not serve, as he was too young; but Scipio replied—like JOHN RANDOLPH in the like case—that if the people chose to elect him, that made him old enough.

One great cause of his popularity was the idea the people had that, like the old King Numa, he had private meetings with the gods. There is no doubt but Scipio himself believed to some extent that he was inspired. Many great men have believed something of the same kind, and have fancied they were sent to do God's work. So young Scipio, when he withdrew from the company of other men, and shut himself up alone with his thoughts in the grand old temples of Rome, came to fancy that it was the gods who kindled the fire he felt in his

heart, and the gods who shaped the mighty schemes that seethed in his brain. It was a mistake, as you know; but I am sure it made Scipio a bolder and a more successful man.

Off he went now to Spain, where, as you remember, his father and his uncle had been killed, and the Roman power was at a very low ebb. Scipio soon changed the appearance of affairs. He burst like a whirlwind on the great city of new Carthage, and took it. Then he fought the Carthaginian leaders and beat them. What native tribes took their part he scattered.

After every victory he tried what he could do to win the love of the conquered. Instead of putting the chief men to death, as so many Roman generals had done, he let them go free, and some he loaded with presents. In this way the people of Spain began to like him far better than the Carthaginian leaders, and to flock to his side.

One story is told of his humanity which appeared more wonderful in ancient times than it would to-day. At the capture of a town in Spain, a young girl of surpassing beauty was taken and brought to Scipio, as his prize. No one, at that day, would have thought it wrong in him to have made her his slave. But hearing that she was betrothed to a young Spaniard who was among the prisoners, he bade the man be sought out, and brought before him. Then, while the Spaniard stood with downcast eyes before the victorious general, and expected at the very least to be sold as a slave or perhaps beheaded, Scipio led his betrothed forward, and joined their hands.

“Go,” said he, “I set you both free; be happy, and, if you can, be the friends of Rome.”

You can easily fancy how acts like this won the hearts of the Spaniards. In a very short time they all took his side, drove the Carthaginians out of Spain, and even wanted to make Scipio their king. But to this he would not listen for a moment. His business was with Carthage.

So when Spain was subdued, without wasting a moment Scipio left his army, took ship, and crossed over to Africa. On the coast to the west of Carthage there lived a powerful nation called Numidians. To their king—**SYPHAX**—went Scipio, to try to persuade him to take the part of Rome in the war.

Syphax received him well; but he also received at the same time a Carthaginian noble named **HASDRUBAL**, who had come to persuade him to take the part of Carthage. The two strangers argued against each other, each striving to make a better impression on King Syphax than his rival. Scipio, they say, was a man of winning manners and great eloquence; he could talk far better than Hasdrubal. But Hasdrubal had a daughter of great beauty named **SOPHONISBA**. The moment Syphax saw her, he fell in love with her; and when Hasdrubal said that if he would take the side of Carthage he might have his daughter to wife, the lovely Sophonisba smiling sweetly the while, all Scipio's eloquence seemed the merest nonsense to the love-struck king. He gave his hand to Hasdrubal, and married Sophonisba, after which Scipio made his way home as fast as he could.

Trouble was in store for him. His soldiers mutinied; the Senators were jealous of him. But he had too much faith in his divine mission to be affected by these mishaps. His turbulent soldiers he quickly subdued; then going to Rome, he rode rough-shod over his enemies among the nobles, and got himself chosen Consul without any difficulty. There was no man like him in Rome for self-reliance or energy.

Gathering in all haste an army, in spite of the jealous Senate, he crossed boldly over to Africa. The Carthaginians were ready to meet him. They had a strong army, and their new friend Syphax had joined them with another, in payment of his lovely young wife.

It so happened, however, that this lovely young lady had, in times gone by, been promised in marriage to a young Numidian prince named MASINISSA. When the Carthaginians wanted to win over Syphax, Masinissa was roughly set aside, and the fair Sophonisba given to his rival. With rage in his heart, Masinissa swore to be revenged on Hasdrubal and Carthage; and now, when Scipio landed, he hastened to join him with all the troops he could raise.

The two armies lay over against each other; the Carthaginians far the most numerous. But the Carthaginian tents were made of reeds, thatch, and dried leaves placed on hurdles of dry branches. To these Scipio set fire at night, and when the Carthaginians and their allies ran out of their tents, struck with fear at the tremendous fires by which

they were surrounded, he fell upon them and routed them easily. It was just such an affair as the attack of the Pequod forts, at the mouth of the Thames in Connecticut, by old John Mason, more than a couple of hundred years ago, but on a far grander scale.

King Syphax lost nearly the whole of his army, and fled in all haste. He was for leaving the Carthaginians to fight their own battles ; but his beautiful wife was true to her country, and persuaded him to raise another army. Masinissa, raging like a lion on his track, fell upon him and defeated him again. Again did Sophonisba prevail upon him to gather his remaining men together to help Carthage. But for the third time that terrible Masinissa, thinking of nothing but her he had loved so dearly, attacked him and defeated him.

This time he won the prize he wanted. Sophonisba fell into his hands. He had sworn vengeance against her, and fancied he hated her with a deadly hate ; but the moment he saw her, so resistless was her loveliness, that he forgot all about his oaths, and only remembered his love. In the midst of smoking ruins, with the dead and the dying around him, he married her, and promised himself at last a full enjoyment of the happiness he had so long sought.

But Scipio, when he heard of the marriage, said that no such thing could be. He was afraid, no doubt, that with such a lovely wife Masinissa would care less for war ; and he sent word to him that he must give up Sophonisba to be sold with the rest of

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the prisoners. The African dared not refuse; but neither could he bear the thought that his beautiful young wife should be sold with the rest of the booty, and exposed to hardship and insult. So he made answer that Scipio should be obeyed; but at the same time sent poison to Sophonisba. She, understanding well what he meant, drank the poison forthwith and died.

There was no resisting Scipio. Town after town fell into his hands; and the Carthaginians, trembling as they had done in the time of Regulus, sent hastily for Hannibal, who was still in Italy. They say that Hannibal was very loth to return to Africa. He had spent fifteen years in Italy, and overrun it from end to end. He had never lost a battle, and the Romans so feared him that they dared not meet him in the field. Long as he had waited, his patience was not worn out; he still hoped to see the sack of Rome, and the thorough fulfillment of his vow.

But he obeyed his country, and returned with all his men.

They say that he sent spies to examine the camp of Scipio; and that the latter, detecting them, led them through the camp, showed them every thing, then sent them back safe. They say also that Hannibal, struck by this act, begged Scipio to meet him; that they met, made fine speeches to each other, and parted greatly impressed with mutual admiration.

However this be, it did not hinder the battle. It was fought near a town called Zama, five days' journey from Carthage; and, for the first time in his life,

Hannibal was beaten. He had none of his swift African horsemen left; his elephants were useless; and, after a bloody fight, the Romans won the day.

This defeat killed Carthage. Its strength was gone. When some in the Senate talked of resisting still, Hannibal sternly bade them be silent. They must have peace, he said, on any terms, for they could fight no longer.

And peace was made accordingly, on terms so grievous to Carthage that her freedom was only a shadow. Yet a little while, and even that shadow will not be left her.

As for Scipio, the Romans were so grateful to him that they gave him the surname of THE AFRICAN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CATO THE CENSOR.

IN the same year that Scipio the African was born, there was born a son to an old soldier of Tusculum, whose name was PORCIUS, OR THE SWINE-HERD. The boy, in early youth, showed so much sense that the people gave him the name of CATO, OR THE SHREWD. His father bred him to work on his farm; teaching him to live with rustics, to toil as hard as any of his slaves, and when the day's work was done, feeding his young mind with stirring tales of the sturdy Romans of the olden time.

Like all young Romans, Cato became a soldier. He fought bravely at Capua, in Spain, and under Scipio in Africa. But he was chiefly noted, while quite a young man, for his rigid plainness of living



COUNTRYMEN EATING IN A TAVERN.

and his strict honesty. When at home, he ate and lived with his farm servants, and as they did. When he was a general in Spain, he often cooked his own food ; and when the war was over, he sold his only horse, so that the state should not be at the expense of carrying him home.

After his return from Africa he was made *Ædile*, and then *Consul*. He was such an enemy to show, that, even when he was *Consul*, no man in Rome lived more plainly than he ; and many were the fights between him and the fine ladies of Rome about dresses, and liveries, and jewels, and such matters. Bold and dashing as Scipio was, it was very clear that he would find a troublesome rival in Cato.

There was no peace yet, and Hannibal's spirit was not quenched. After the peace with Carthage, Rome sent a few of her troops over to Greece to settle with *PHILIP*, King of *Macedon*. Philip had been a friend of Hannibal's, and would have helped him in the war if it had lasted ; not that he cared much for Carthage or Rome either, but he wanted to make himself king of all Greece, and foolishly thought that Hannibal would put him in the way of doing so.

Now this wily King was caught in his own trap. Hannibal could not help him ; and the Romans sent their general *FLAMININUS* into Greece just to give the men of *Macedon* a lesson. It was easy enough. The smaller states of Greece were glad to see Philip humbled ; they did all they could for the Romans, and Flamininus drove Philip into the country of the people called the *Dog-heads*. There a great battle

was fought. Philip had his phalanx, according to the custom of his country, and the Dog-heads fought in the front of his army ; but the Roman legions broke down Dog-heads and phalanx, and won the day.

Then Flamininus went to Corinth, and told the Greeks, with a great flourish, that he had come to restore their liberty ; and they, poor simple people, were so delighted at the news, that they almost crushed him to death in their attempts to embrace him.

Hannibal, you may be sure, watched the war with Philip with eager eyes. When he saw that there was no prospect of the Romans being beaten, he sent word to the King of Syria—**ANTIOCHUS THE GREAT**—that there was a fine chance for him to conquer Rome if he chose. Antiochus had been thinking of that very thing, and had come to the same conclusion. So he began to make ready for war.

The Romans hearing of it, sent over to Carthage to make sure of Hannibal ; but he got wind of their design, and fled to Antiochus. The King of Syria was ready for war by this time. Hannibal wanted him to sail straight to Italy ; but Antiochus, who was a weak, shallow man, thought it better to conquer Greece first.

You can easily fancy how Hannibal must have raged and chafed when this foolish king, having crossed over to Greece, found nothing better to do for the first six months than to get married, and feast and enjoy himself. Little he knew of the men he had dared to provoke. When his feasting and love-making were over, he tried a battle with the

Romans, near the famous pass of Thermopylæ, in Greece, and was beaten to his heart's content—young Porcius Cato chiefest among the Roman victors that day.

Away he went home after this; and I dare say Hannibal was sick of him by this time, for he managed the war so badly that the two Scipios—the African and his brother LUCIUS—quickly overcame him, and stripped him of most of his power and territory. Then said they to Antiochus, “We must have Hannibal!”

It was not very magnanimous for a great state like Rome to hunt down this broken old man so pitilessly; but even in his poverty and helplessness he seemed so terrible, that the Scipios, at the very first word of peace, said—“We must have Hannibal!”

And they would have had him, no doubt, but that some one gave him a hint of what was plotting against him; and Antiochus, to his honor, being willing that he should escape, he fled. For years he wandered through the world, in sorrow, poverty, and old age; thinking sadly no doubt, in these his days of misfortune, of that terrible vow which had been his ruin.

At last, he found a home at the court of King PRUSIAS of Bithynia. He was sixty at the time; but so hale a man that he served Prusias in his wars, and did so much for the petty monarch that he began to fancy himself quite an important sovereign. At last, these pitiless Romans coming to hear of Hannibal's last home, they sent to Prusias,

and in the old words said—"We must have Hannibal!"

There was no manliness in the Bithynian king. He answered : "Oh, certainly ; he is at such a place. I will send a file of soldiers for him. Any thing to please my lords the Romans."

I dare say Flamininus, who was the Roman messenger on this occasion, and a man of fine manly heart, let Prusias see how he despised him for his baseness; but he said nothing. One of the courtiers, however, took horse at once, and riding hard, came up with Hannibal before the soldiers, and told him what was in store.

Then the great African saw that his game of life was played out. He had long foreseen this end of his troubles ; and to avoid being taken, had had seven doors made to his house to insure his escape. But when he looked out now, he saw all seven guarded by the soldiers. As the custom of the ancient heroes was, he called for poison, and drank it. "The Romans," said he, bitterly, "must be very anxious, methinks, to see the death of an old man, that they tempt Prusias to murder his guest." And so he died.

In the same year died Scipio the African. In his old age he had lived as men of his stamp mostly do. He thought himself almost equal to the gods ; and was so haughty and proud, that he was named the Prince of the Senate. When he was young and successful, and when Rome was hard pressed, his proud temper and lawless acts had been forgiven. But when the danger passed away, the Romans were

less content to be trampled: stern, rugged Cato, for one, declared he would never let Scipio raise himself above the law.

After the peace with Antiochus, Cato called for the accounts of the two brothers Scipio, to show that they had not received bribes from the Syrian king. Lucius accordingly produced the accounts, and was going to read them to the Senate, when his brother snatched them out of his hands and tore them in pieces. He did this, he said, because the honor of a Scipio was above suspicion; but I am afraid that this was only a grand flourish, and that the accounts would have proved the Scipios to have acted dishonestly.

At all events, afterward, inquiry was set on foot, and enough proof was found to convict Lucius Scipio of corruption. He was fined accordingly.

Then the Tribunes accused his brother the African, stern Cato saying that he ought to be tried. But when his turn came to speak in his defense, he cried, "Romans, this day seventeen years ago we won the battle of Zama, and overcame Carthage. Let us go to the Capitol and render thanks to the gods!"

And the people, fired by the idea, followed him to the Capitol, and forgot all about his trial for the moment. Scipio knew well, however, that Cato would not forget. While the stir still lasted in the city, he withdrew quietly to a country place called Liternum, where he died. Before his death, he ordered these words to be inscribed on his tomb: "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not have my bones!"

The story of Scipio is a pleasant one, and teaches

a useful lesson. He was, as you have learned, a brilliant, dashing soldier ; full of fire, and spirit, and talent ; loved his country, and served her at the risk of his life. A man chiefly remarkable, though, for his tremendous energy and self-will. He could submit to no restraint, however proper or just. He trampled the laws of his country just as quickly as the armies of her foes ; paid no more respect to the government of Rome than to the generals of Carthage.

There are passages in his life which may remind you of a famous American hero—ANDREW JACKSON. But there is this difference between the two. When Andrew Jackson broke the laws of his country by imprisoning Judge Hall at New Orleans and setting at naught the authority of the courts, he acted as Scipio might have done under the pressure of very trying circumstances, and for the probable good of his country. But when Andrew Jackson, after the danger was past, went of his own accord and stood his trial for having broken the law, and paid the fine imposed by the court, he acted as Scipio would not have done. If he had chosen to say to the people in the court-house, “Americans, so many days ago we won the battle of New Orleans, let us go and offer up thanks,” I dare say they would have been just as much excited as the Romans in the like case, and would have carried the General off in triumph. He said nothing of the kind, but set the example of submission to the law. If Scipio had done the same, he would have been the greatest man in Roman story. As it was, I

make no doubt he was the first of the murderers of the republic.

After his exile, Cato became the chief person at Rome. He was made Censor, and never had Rome so strict and rigid an officer. Small chance had bad men or rich profligates of escaping punishment when it was his business to keep watch over the morals of the State. Little hope had they of bending him one hair's-breadth from the straight line of Roman virtue.

While he was fighting day and night against the wasteful and luxurious habits that the Romans were learning from their neighbors the Greeks, the war with Macedon broke out afresh. Old King Philip had the treaty of peace with Rome read to him twice a day till he died. He knew what was coming. His son PERSEUS was king when the war broke out. He collected his men, and feeling that it was a struggle for life and death, fought with such valor that the first Roman armies that were sent over to Greece were beaten.

Then the Romans raised a great army, and gave the command of it to old *ÆMILIANUS PAULUS*, son of the Consul who was killed at Cannæ. He met Perseus at a place called Pydna. The augurs, as absurd as usual, were for putting off the fight, as there was an eclipse of the sun at the time. But *Æmilianus* cared very little for their croaking; the battle was fought, and Perseus was beaten.

This was the end of Macedon. Perseus fled for refuge to a temple. As the Romans dared not drag him from thence, he was safe for some time; but

the cruel Romans seized his little children, and the poor father fearing for them, gave himself up, and threw himself at the knees of Æmilianus, begging that he might be spared the shame of walking in the conqueror's triumph.

"That is in thy power," answered the hard-hearted Roman, meaning that he might kill himself if he chose.

He did not. Taken to Rome, he was led in triumph in chains. Behind him walked his three little children, who stretched their little hands to the rude Roman people as they passed, and begged their father's life. You know how the Romans usually dealt with captive kings—that dreadful underground prison—the bloody jailers with their torches—the stifled groans—you remember all this. Perseus was thrust into that horrible place. But it pleased God, three days before the triumph, to take away the life of one of the sons of the conqueror Æmilianus, and, five days afterward, of another. These misfortunes, I am sure, softened the Roman's heart: he interceded for Perseus, and he was not murdered.

These were proud times for Rome. Great Greece, with all her treasures, and all her learning, and all her great men—they were not many though, now—was overrun. Her splendid cities were ravaged by the Romans, and their works of art sent to Rome. So little did the Romans know about such things, that when their general, MUMMIUS, was stripping Corinth of the splendid paintings which hung in the temples, he bade the captains of the ships which bore them to Italy take care of them, "for," said

he, “if they are spoiled you will have to paint them over again.”

From far and wide kings and nations now began to beg the friendship of the Romans. That unspeakably mean man, Prusias of Bithynia, thought he had not done enough for the Romans in betraying Hannibal. He went to Rome, clad in rags and with his head shaved, so as to resemble a slave, and licked the dust at the feet of the Senate. Many other kings did the like.

Other suppliants came—old acquaintances—from Carthage. Came to say that Masinissa was plundering them year after year, as he was. He never forgot his early love, or the deep, unchanging hatred he vowed to Carthage when Hasdrubal spurned him, and bartered his beautiful bride against the army of King Syphax, nearly fifty years ago. His love and his wrongs were too deeply graven into his soul; and year after year, as they rose up in his memory, he would rush out at the head of his Numidian horsemen, old as he was, and tear away a province or a city from the side of bleeding, helpless Carthage.

The Carthaginians now besought Rome to shield them from this revengeful old man. The Romans sent over Cato to see what could be done. It is my opinion that Cato, stern and honest as he was at Rome, was much more likely to have lent Masinissa a helping hand than to have hindered him.

When he returned to Rome, he threw down on the floor of the Senate a handful of large ripe figs. The Senators were struck with their size and beauty. “Those figs,” said Cato, “come from Carthage, three

days' sail from hence." Then he told the Senate of the wealth and beauty of the country round Carthage, and how the people were rapidly regaining their strength. He ended by saying that in his opinion Carthage must be destroyed.

From that day out he never made a speech in the Senate that he did not end with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed!" That was the one object on which this stern old man had set his heart.

There was no good reason why he should desire the destruction of Carthage. It did no harm to Rome. It sought no quarrel: did not hinder the growth of Rome, or threaten her greatness. The only reason for Cato's wish was, that he hated Carthage. He lived at a time when people of different nations thought it right to hate each other, simply because they were of different nations. It is not so now, as you are aware. A man in this country, for instance, would be very ridiculous if he were to go about crying that England must be destroyed, or France must be destroyed, simply because the French and English are not Americans. And if Cato had lived in our time, and spoke as he did, I think he would have become a laughing stock, and would have found it hard work to get people to listen to him.

In Rome, however, it was very different; and when Cato dinned into the people's ears that Carthage must be destroyed, many who heard him, especially the old soldiers, thought—yes, she must.

An opportunity soon offered. Goaded to fury by the constants inroads of Masinissa, the Carthagin-

ians at last took up arms to defend themselves. Masinissa set up a terrible cry that Carthage was making war upon him, an ally of Rome. The Romans sent an army directly to help him.

When the Carthaginians heard of it, they were very penitent. They sent into exile the Senators who had proposed to take up arms against Masinissa, and promised any thing and every thing the Romans wanted.

The Roman general said he must have three hundred young men of the best families in Carthage as hostages. It caused a dreadful pang to their fathers and families; but the three hundred—the choicest youths of Carthage—were sent, and the Carthaginians hoped that the Romans were satisfied.

The Roman general then said he must have all the arms and engines of war that were in Carthage. The Carthaginians were greatly shocked at this demand. What should they do without arms, they said, when they had so many unfriendly neighbors around them? The Roman replied that he could not help it; he must have the arms. And Carthage, in despair, gave them up.

At last the Carthaginians thought they would have peace. But no. The Roman general now said that the people of Carthage must remove, with all their families, furniture, and property, to a place nine miles from the sea, for the Romans intended to destroy Carthage. The messengers flung themselves at his feet, wept, implored him not to drive them to utter despair; they could not leave their home—the home of their fathers, where they had

been born—the only place they loved. But the Roman said, sternly, that nothing else would satisfy him.

Then the messengers went away to Carthage and told the people of this last demand of the Romans. Such a cry arose in that city as it had never heard before ; and the people who had borne outrage upon outrage, and wrong upon wrong, now rose up under the burning sun and swore they would bear no more. They would not leave their dear city.

All flew to the workshops to make arms. Citizens rich and poor fell to the work, one and all bringing to the workshop all the tools and vessels of iron they had to be forged into weapons. Even gold and silver were shaped into arms, and the young women gave their beautiful long hair to be used as cordage for the ships and the machines. There was as much unyielding heroism in Carthage as there had ever been in Rome.

So when the Romans attacked the city they were driven back ; when their ships sailed up, a party of young Carthaginians, stripped naked, swam to the ships and burned them.

But Fate, like Cato, had decreed that Carthage was to be destroyed. Forth from Rome went young SCIPIO *ÆMILIANUS*, a son of *Æmilianus Paulus*, and lay before Carthage with a strong army. The people of the city—it was about as populous as New York at the present time, though it covered more ground—were dying of hunger, but they fought to the death. At last Scipio forced his way over a low part of the wall into the city. Even then, for six

days and six nights, the fight was kept up in the streets, and the pathway was covered with bodies.

Hasdrubal, the Carthaginian leader, gave himself up, and begged that his life might be spared. But his wife, cursing him for his cowardice, seized her children, threw them into a blazing fire, and leaped in after them.

Many of the people did the same. It was not till the whole town was burning that the few survivors surrendered.

Scipio burned the whole city. For seventeen days the fire raged, and whatever the soldiers chose they carried off. Then the charred walls were toppled over, and all that remained of Carthage was a mass of black slimy ruins and ashes.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE GRACCHI.

VERY soon after the fall of Carthage the war in Spain came to an end. It had lasted a long time, the Spaniards fighting with great courage in defense of their country, and many of their chiefs, especially one whose name was VIRIATHUS, showing themselves as good soldiers as the Romans. Army after army had gone out from Rome to subdue Spain, and had been crushed or worn away in the mountains under the arrows and stones of the hardy Spaniards. At last the destroyer of Carthage, the younger Scipio, now finished the contest. He laid siege to the strongest of the enemy's towns, Numantia, and instead of fighting, he girt the place around with trenches and earth-works, in order to starve it out. What the poor Spaniards suffered before they would yield was horrible and heart-rending. They ate all the animals they had, and even devoured the bodies of their children and their dead comrades. When Scipio took the place he only found there a few weak, thin, ghastly spectres who could hardly raise their swords. The town was razed to the earth, and all Spain submitted.

While these wars were being brought to a close, another war was slowly rising to a head. This was the old war between the nobles and the people. You

have seen how Scipio the African set the law at naught, and bore himself so proudly that he was called the Prince of the Senate. Other nobles were only too ready to do the like, and to strip the people of the power they had gained after the long struggles I have related.

Moreover, as these never-ending wars went on, the rich grew richer, but the poor grew poorer. The nobles and their friends helped themselves to all the lands that were taken from the enemy, and set gangs of chained slaves on them to till them. But the poor people, who were forced to go abroad to fight in the armies, often found, when they returned home, that their farms had been sold for taxes, or their houses burned and their cattle stolen by the enemy.

This could not have happened, of course, if the old law for the fair division of the conquered lands had been faithfully carried out. But it was not. When Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, as you may fancy, there was very little thought taken about the division of land; and so, while the people were busy fighting, the nobles easily contrived to lay the old law on the shelf, and divide the lands among them. And though every one saw they had no right to act thus, they were so strong and so united, that no man, for a long time, was bold enough to take the lead in opposing them.

There now arose two brothers, who made it the business of their lives to see the people righted, and to protect the poor against the rich. These were the GRACCHI.

They were sons of an excellent mother, CORNELIA,

a daughter of Scipio the African, and a woman of extraordinary strength of mind and energy. Many stories are told of her in the old writers. It is said that one day a fine Roman lady called upon her, and showed her jewels boastfully, inquiring at the same time what jewels *she* had; whereupon Cornelia called her two sons, and pointing them out to her visitor, answered that they were the only jewels she prized. The story is told of many mothers as well as Cornelia; but there is no doubt she was proud of her sons, as indeed became her.

The eldest of the two, TIBERIUS GRACCHUS, was chosen Tribune of the people. He was mild and gentle, but very determined. He said that the old law must be revived, and all the nobles and rich men forced to give up the public land they had wrongfully seized. A fierce clamor arose at this proposal of his; the nobles flew into a deadly rage, and said they would do no such thing.

To please them, Tiberius offered to let every man keep five hundred acres of the land; and if he had two sons, five hundred more. But the nobles would not hear of any compromise, and would not give up a foot of the land.

Then Tiberius said he was very sorry, but he must carry his point. And he did, in spite of the nobles, and even his own colleague who took their side. His law was passed, and the poor people, who were reduced to poverty by the effect of the wars, got each a piece of land to live on.

They were still badly off, as they had no money to buy tools or cattle. But a crazy king of

Asia, named ATTALUS, happening about this time to die and bequeath all his wealth to the Romans, Tiberius had this money divided among the poor people.

These acts greatly enraged the nobles. They could not get rid of Tiberius in an honest, straightforward way; for the people loved him, and always voted for him at elections. So they resolved to try the old method, which, if the old legends spoke truth, had served them so well more than once.

When election day came round, and the people went to the Capitol to vote, a tumult arose. Some of the nobles tried to drive the people from the place of voting, but were soon put to flight with hard knocks of thick sticks. They ran to where the other nobles were, and spread a report that the republic was in danger.

Then SCIPIO NASICA—the leader of the nobles—called on them to follow him, and rushed into the crowd. They did not use arms; but with clubs, stones, and pieces of broken benches, drove the people back to the edge of the hill, where they were. In the riot, Tiberius tripped over the body of a man who was down, and fell. Some nobles who were close by, began to beat him with their sticks, and one of them striking him on the head with a piece of a bench, killed him on the spot.

Then the nobles had the upper hand, and they made the people feel it. So bitterly did they hate Gracchus that they would not suffer his body to be buried, but threw it like offal into the Tiber. His friends they imprisoned, drove into exile, or killed.

Then they thought they were safe. Not quite yet, however.

At the time Tiberius was murdered, his brother Caius was with the army in Spain, with Scipio the younger, the destroyer of Carthage. Caius was a very different man from his brother. Fiery and passionate; gifted with as much energy as his grandfather Scipio the African, and with none of his brother's gentleness. When he heard of his brother's cruel murder, he fell into a deep melancholy. It seemed to have taken away all his vigor; he grew listless, would not have any thing to do with politics, and though he gained fame for his justice and virtuous conduct, shunned public notice, and lived away from Rome.

They say that while he was in this frame of mind, brooding over his great sorrow, his brother's spirit appeared to him in a dream, and called him—"Caius, why dost thou linger? Thou must die, like myself, in defending the rights of the people." And that this dream so troubled him that he forthwith went to Rome and asked the people to elect him Tribune.

All the old hatred of the nobles was now turned against him. Fiercest among his enemies was Scipio the younger, who had married his sister; a proud, overbearing noble who spurned the people as an inferior race of creatures. But Caius was afraid of no one. When he spoke in the Forum, words poured from his lips in a burning flow which nothing could resist; no one who heard that tremendous voice could help but obey its bidding. All his old vigor returned. With the groans of his murdered brother

ringing in his ears, he set about completing his work, and woe to the nobles who stood in his way.

For nearly two years he was the most powerful man at Rome. The division of the public land was carried out; the poor began to be comfortable and happy; new colonies were planted—among others, one on the ruins of Carthage; the nobles were stripped of many privileges which they had wrongfully usurped. So heartily were the people on his side, that when his brother-in-law said aloud in the Forum that Tiberius had been rightly served, some fanatic murdered him that night in his bed.

But all this was only for a time. The nobles were watching him, intent on their prey. They knew that, at some time or other, the favor in which he stood with the people would grow weak, and some blunder would be made by him or his friends that would give them a chance of dealing with him as they had dealt with his brother.

They had not long to wait. Walking through the Forum one day, a man tapped him on the shoulder and begged him to spare his country. Perhaps he was sent and told to say this by the nobles. Caius stared at the man, wondering what he meant; but some of his followers, roused by the insult, fell upon the man and killed him.

Caius was deeply shocked and grieved at the murder. The nobles would not listen to his excuses; but taking the body of the dead man through the Forum in procession, they called the people to witness that this was the first victim of Gracchus. When many were excited, the Consul **OPIMIUS**, be-

lieving the time had come for the nobles to strike, usurped the supreme power, and bade all the Senators arm themselves and their slaves, and appear next day at the Capitol.

Gracchus knew well what it all meant, and saw plainly that his dream was to come true. He cared nothing for himself; but when he thought of what would become of the poor people when he was dead, he bent before the statue of his father and burst into tears.

His friends were all for fighting, and putting an end to the nobles. The chief of them, **FULVIUS FLACCUS**—a hair-brained, good-natured fellow—assembled a large number of men, armed them, and marched to the old spot, Mount Aventine. They wanted Gracchus to lead them; but he would not head a civil war, he said, and let them go alone. Afterward, thinking that he ought to share the danger, he prepared to go out. His wife hung round his neck, beseeching him to stay at home; but he sadly unclasped her hands, and went forth unarmed.

At early morning the two parties stood facing each other. Flaccus and his party had been drinking all night, and were noisy and senseless. Opimius and the nobles were not drunk, but were mad with rage and the thought of vengeance. A single word from Gracchus would have been the signal for a deadly fight; but he was for settling matters peacefully.

He sent Flaccus's son—a little boy—to Opimius to propose terms of peace; but the haughty nobles threw the child into prison, and marched forward.

Flaccus and his men were not sober enough to defend themselves: at the very first onset they scattered in all directions, and the battle was over.

Gracchus, seeing how matters were going, left the Aventine, and went to a sacred grove near by. His dream, he knew, had come true; he would not let his enemies have the pleasure of tearing him in pieces. Calling a slave, he bade him kill him ere the nobles found him out; and it was so done.

His body was not cold when the pursuers came to the place. The Consul Opimius had offered as a reward for his head its weight in gold. A man named SEPTIMULEIUS cut it off, and to win a larger reward, scooped out the brain, poured molten lead into the hollow, and bore it to the Consul on a spear. Opimius was so glad to see it that he did not notice the trick, but paid the full weight in gold.

Then the nobles had every thing their own way.

The death of the Gracchi was a cruel loss to Rome. They were perhaps the best men of the republic. I know of none whose aims were higher, whose virtues were purer. They never sought any thing for themselves; and great as their power was, and unbounded their influence over the people, never stained their fame by a single act of cruelty or oppression. Neither in the history of Rome, nor in that of any other country, will you find two nobler characters.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JUGURTHA.

MASINISSA, the cruel tormentor of Carthage, was dead. After him his son, **MICIPSA**, had reigned over Numidia, and was dead also. He had two sons, **HIEMPSAL** and **ADHERBAL**, and one nephew, **JUGURTHA**. The sons were weak, helpless youths; but the nephew had inherited all the vigor and the cruelty of his grandfather. He had fought under Scipio in Spain, and was not likely, as you know, to learn gentleness or moderation from that fierce Roman.

When Micipsa died, he left his kingdom to his sons. But some of the people were for having Jugurtha alone to reign over them; and he, in his deep, dark mind, had resolved on the same thing. So, when his cousin Hiempsal—a vain, empty fellow—insulted him, and ill-used him, Jugurtha quietly sent a band of murderers to his house at night, and had him put out of the way. This was the first black deed of his dark career.

Adherbal and his friends flew to arms, and tried to conquer Jugurtha; but he had most of the best troops on his side, and was, besides, a skillful leader and a bold soldier, and Adherbal was quickly defeated. He made his escape to Rome as fast as he could, and begged the Romans to help him against his cousin.

At first, the Romans were for taking the side of Adherbal, and putting down Jugurtha; as, indeed, became their sense of justice. But the nobles had the upper hand—it was only four years after the murder of Caius Gracchus—and they cared nothing at all for right or wrong. When Jugurtha heard that Adherbal had gone to Rome, he sent messengers after him in all haste with presents for the Roman nobles—rich stuffs for one, jewels for another, money for a third.

You remember that when Pyrrhus did the like, and his counselor Cineas offered presents to the nobles of that day, he made nothing by it: some refused his gifts; and those who accepted them were the first to order Cineas to leave the city. It was very different now. The nobles took Jugurtha's presents, and in payment ordered that the kingdom of Numidia should be divided between Adherbal and Jugurtha. Nor was this all. When the Roman officers crossed over to Africa to divide the kingdom, Jugurtha bought them too, and got the lion's share of the country.

Then Adherbal supposed he would have peace. But he little knew the fierce spirit of his cousin. The division was no sooner made than Jugurtha began to try to pick a quarrel with Adherbal; and at last, finding that the latter could not be provoked, boldly declared war upon him.

The Romans, when they heard of it, sent over word that the fighting must cease, and the cousins be friends. But Jugurtha gave the messengers presents, and thus got rid of them. When they were

gone, he entrapped Adherbal into his power by swearing that he would not hurt a hair of his head; and the moment he held him, he put him to death with all his followers.

More Romans were sent over upon this to inquire into the matter, and punish Jugurtha if he was found to blame. But he tried the old plan—loaded the Romans with money and presents; and they went home saying that it was quite a mistake to speak ill of Jugurtha, that he was an excellent man and a virtuous monarch.

This language answered well enough with the nobles, most of whom had sold their souls to Jugurtha. But it did not satisfy the people. Dark rumors of the murders of the Numidian princes had reached Rome, and when the Tribune **MEMMIUS** proposed that the truth should be found out, all the people cried with one voice, “Yes, we must know the truth!”

So they sent to Jugurtha, and asked him, would he come to Rome and explain matters? He, being bold and venturesome, came directly.

He brought with him bags upon bags of money, and huge piles of presents of every kind: these he began to give to all the chief nobles. After a time he had bought so many that the Senate was ready to do any thing he wanted, and he could not help saying, as he looked at the city, “Rome itself is to sell, if any body wants to buy it.”

The nobles had completely the upper hand, and perhaps Jugurtha might have settled every thing to his heart's content, had he been able to control his

fierce hatreds. But finding one of his old Numidian enemies living quietly at Rome, he could not restrain himself: one dark night he sent a party of his servants to his house and had him murdered.

This horrible deed roused the people once more, and Jugurtha had to make his escape to Africa as fast as he could. The Romans, in all haste, sent armies after him. He tried the old method with the generals; but this time he could not succeed. He was forced to fight.

The first two generals that were sent to meet him he overcame; but the third, the Consul **METELLUS**, won a battle or two. The war was finished by the next leader, **CAIUS MARIUS**, a very remarkable man, of whom we shall soon hear more.

Marius took city after city, and won battle after battle, till at last Jugurtha fled for refuge to his father-in-law, **BOCCHUS**, the king of the Moors. There was very little honor or affection among these savage kings; Bocchus took the first opportunity of betraying Jugurtha to the Romans.

He had had his day; neither his courage, nor his cunning, nor his bribes, could avail him now. He was taken to Rome, and dragged behind the chariot of the conqueror Marius at the triumph, his hands chained, and his children, dressed in black, walking by his side.

There was no **Æmilianus** to intercede for the murderer this time. No one pitied him that we know of; I make no doubt but even now, in the hour of his ruin, he bore himself so haughtily and so defyingly that it would have seemed a mockery to

talk of pity. So, when the procession turned to ascend the hill of the Capitol, they dragged him aside as usual ; the trap-door of the underground prison was raised, and they lowered him down with the jailers. When he felt the cold, damp air, he said, with a bitter smile, "What a cold bath this is!"

He needed no fine clothes or jewels now ; so the hungry jailers stripped him, and seeing that he wore massive gold ear-rings, would not wait to unfasten them, but wrenched them from his head, tearing his ears, with brutal gibes. Then they left him alone, without light or food, in that dismal place.

Next day, and every day for a week, the jailers returned to the trap-door, raised it, and looked in ; then seeing the wretched man stir, and hearing him groan, they closed the trap and went away. At last, on the sixth day, when they looked in, he neither stirred nor groaned ; so the jailers lowered themselves down by the ladder and saw that he was dead.

If you go to Rome, you may still go down into that horrible dungeon, and tread on the stones where Jugurtha lay dying, and thinking, repentantly I hope, of his murdered cousins and his wicked life. It is still a loathsome, unclean den, as it was in his day, and you will shudder at the thought that human beings—many far less guilty than Jugurtha—used to be left to die of hunger there.

CHAPTER XL.

MARIUS.

FOR many years after the death of the Gracchi the people of Rome submitted to be trampled by the nobles. They had no great leader to stand up for their rights, and the nobles were so much shrewder than they, that every time they tried to help themselves they only made their condition worse.

While they were sulkily brooding over their sorrows, a new man came forward and asked them to choose him to be Consul. This was CAIUS MARIUS.

It is said that he first got the idea of running for Consul from a Jewish or Syrian witch whom he took with him wherever he went. When he was with the army in Africa, this witch told him that her gods had revealed to her that he would be chosen Consul if he went to Rome. He paid the greatest respect to every thing she said, and went directly to METELLUS, his commander, to ask leave to go to Rome.

Now Metellus was a noble of high family; he despised Marius, who was a poor man's son.

“You run for Consul!” said he, with a bitter laugh; “hadn't you better wait twenty years or so, till my son can be your colleague?”

Marius went notwithstanding, the sneer rankling

in his breast. It was not the first insult he had received from the nobles ; you may be sure he remembered it well. And when he arrived at Rome and told the people he was not a noble, but a common man like any one of themselves, and would stand by them forever, and they elected him Consul by an immense majority, I suspect Metellus was rather sorry for the speech.

Marius was not a man to be sneered at. A huge, rough fellow, as strong as a giant : knowing very little about laws or letters, and caring less ; but a man of iron will, and so good a soldier that Scipio the younger had said openly that Marius would be the best of the Roman generals when he was gone. This praise he got when quite a young man ; but the nobles had kept him down so long, and so unfairly, that he was now over fifty years old.

A story is told of him which shows the control he had over himself. He had painful tumors in both of his legs. After he became Consul, he found them so troublesome that he sent for a surgeon to have them cut out. The surgeon came—some rude butcher, no doubt—and began to cut and hack at one of the tumors. Marius held his leg himself, and during the whole operation, which was long and brutal, never winced or uttered a groan. When the tumor was cut out, the surgeon turned to the other leg. “No,” said Marius, “let it be : it is not worth the pain.”

More Gauls came pouring down from the mountains and threatening Rome. They were called Cim-

BRI and **TEUTONES** : came from the north, and were huge men, as the Normans are to this day ; so fierce of mien that the very sight of them had already frightened a Roman army. All Rome now said that Marius was the man to fight them.

Marius set out accordingly, crossed the mountains, and came up with the Teutones near the place where the pretty city of Arles now stands, in the south of France. The Roman soldiers did not like their looks. They had never seen such giants. The Teuton chief was taller by a head than any man in the Roman army, and so active that he could leap over six horses abreast.

Marius made up his mind not to fight till the Romans were used to the sight of the strange warriors. He pitched his tents and intrenched his camp opposite them, but lay quite still. They, burning for the fight, tried hard to provoke the Romans. The chief offered to meet Marius in single combat ; but the rough Roman told him, if he was tired of life, to go hang himself.

Other Teutons sent insulting messages to the camp. "Have you nothing to say to your wives, Romans ?" asked they : "we shall soon be with them." Still Marius would not let a man stir.

At last, when the Romans were quite accustomed to the sight of their enemies, and eager to fight, Marius let them loose, and gave the signal. The battle was soon over. The Teutones were utterly defeated. So many of them were killed, that to this day the place goes by the name of the Field of Corpses.

Then Marius turned about to fight the Cimbri.

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They had crossed the mountains and were in Italy waiting for their friends the Teutones. When they saw Marius march up with his army, they had misgivings, and sent him messengers to say—"Give us land for ourselves and our brothers the Teutones, and we will make peace."

"Never mind your brothers," answered the Roman, sternly. "We have given them land already, which they will keep forever!"

Then the battle began under a burning July sun. The Cimbri fought like savages. To prevent their ranks from being broken, the men were chained together with iron chains: their horsemen wore on



▲ TROPHY.



ANOTHER TROPHY.

their helmets the heads of bears and wolves. But neither the chains nor the shaggy helmets helped them much ; they were beaten and slaughtered like the Teutones. Toward the close of the day the Cimbrian women, seeing that all was lost, strangled their children, and threw themselves under the hoofs and upon the horns of wild oxen they had, lest any Cimbrian matron or maiden should suffer insult from the conquerors.

So Marius ended the war, and erected trophies at Rome. When he went home, and triumphed, no

man could stand against him. Five times the people chose him to be Consul, and the nobles had to submit. They had had the upper hand long enough; Marius made them feel that he was master now.

When election day came round, he ran again, and was chosen Consul for the sixth time. But very soon after his election fortune began to turn against him. He was not a great statesman, and was not able to contend with the cunning nobles. Bad men had gathered around him, and wormed themselves into his friendship: their bad fame hurt him. He was growing old, besides, and the people, who had stood by him for twenty years, were ready to support a younger man.

A war breaking out in Italy with the allies and subjects of Rome—it is called in history the Social War—one army was led by Marius, another by a young noble named SULLA. He was a wild youth, who had served under Marius in Africa, but a man of great energy and vigor. He led his army so well, and showed so much fire and courage, that some people gave him the nickname of THE LION; and the nobles saw at once that he was the man they wanted to oppose Marius. They began to say every where that he was the greatest general of the two.

Envy so preyed upon the mind of Marius at this, that he left his army and shut himself up at Rome in disgust. Soon afterward war was declared against MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus. The question was, Who was to lead the Romans? And the nobles said that Sulla was the man, of course.

When old Marius heard of it, it roused him. They had said he lived like a bear in his den ; but the bear came out now, and very fierce he looked. He went down to the place where the young men at Rome used to meet to leap and run and wrestle ; and old as he was—he was nearly seventy at the time—he ran with the youngest, and not many of the strongest that were there liked to feel his gripe round their body. But it was of no use. The nobles only laughed at him. And the people of Rome being lukewarm, the Senate named Sulla to lead the armies against Mithridates.

But the old warrior was not beaten. He went to the people, and, by tremendous efforts, roused them once more against the nobles. They passed a law giving votes to many tribes which did not enjoy the rights of citizenship ; and by their votes the acts of the Senate were annulled, and Marius was appointed to lead the army instead of Sulla. Marius sent to the army to say he would soon be with them, and would take the command.

But Sulla had not been called the Lion for nothing. If Marius was violent, he was more violent still. When he received the message he flew into a terrible rage, and called his soldiers out, and asked them whether they would submit to be the slaves of the mob at Rome ? They, who were fond of Sulla, and rather liked the prospect of plunder, cried with one voice, “No !”

Then said Sulla, “Let us go to Rome and set these pestilent fellows straight.”

So they marched off, and arrived at the city be-

fore any one knew that they were coming. Marius and the people tried to make some feeble sort of defense; but the Lion, raging like a very wild beast, and threatening to burn the city if hand or foot were stirred against him, the people slunk to their homes, and Marius hastily took ship and sailed to sea.

He started in such haste that the ship had no provisions on board. For some little time she sailed along the coast, Marius and his friends being afraid to land for fear of being taken. But at last the torments of hunger were too great to bear, and they put ashore in a boat.

The spot where they landed happened to be a wild desert part of the coast. Far and wide they wandered without seeing houses or finding food. But they met a farmer, who told them that horsemen were scouring the country on every side in search of Marius. This news frightened them so that they hid themselves in a wood, where they lay all night, half starved and shivering from cold.

The men who accompanied Marius almost lost heart. But he bade them be of good cheer. "This is nothing but a freak of fortune," said he; "the gods have revealed to me that I am to be seven times Consul." His courage could not be broken.

When morning came, they wandered through the country in search of food. Of a sudden two horsemen came in sight and galloped toward them. In desperate haste they plunged into the sea and swam out to a vessel that was passing. The horsemen rode their horses into the surf and shouted to the

captain to send those men ashore. But he was touched by the distress of so old a man as Marius, and refused.

At nightfall, however, he said he could not risk his ship by keeping them on board. Marius landed, and hid himself in a hut by the marshy River Liris. An old farmer took pity on him, and covered him with reeds. But he had not been long there when he heard the tramp of horses, and the sound of loud voices. He knew them well.

Creeping out of his hut, and stripping off his clothes, the old man plunged into the muddy water of the marsh, and waded to a place where the reeds were tall and thick. It was bitter winter, and very few men could have borne such exposure. Rough old Marius stood with the water up to his neck, listening intently for his pursuers.

Soon enough he heard their footsteps and voices. They came nearer, nearer, till the horses splashed the water over his head, and some soldier saw his white hairs through the rushes. With a rope round his neck they dragged him out, all covered with mud and slime; then tossed him into a house which served them as a prison at Minturnæ.

Then they asked each other what should be done with him. One proposed one thing, another something else; but the greater number said the best plan was to kill him, and so make an end of him, and please Sulla. So they called a Cimbrian slave, gave him a sword, and sent him into the room where he was to do the deed.

When first the Cimbrian entered the room he

could not see Marius, as the place was dark. But after a moment he saw through the gloom two fierce eyes glaring at him, and he heard a grating voice growl, "Slave, darest thou kill Caius Marius?" Smitten with terror, the slave ran out of the room, threw down his sword, and said he could not kill Caius Marius.

"Let us send him away and get rid of him," then said the soldiers. So they put him on board a ship, gave him clothes and food, and bade him sail straight to Africa.

The ship landed him on the place where Carthage had stood. It was now all in ruins—a wretched, gloomy old ruin like Marius himself. He sat him down on the stones, gazing darkly at the desolation around him; and for a moment he thought that his heart, like Carthage, was desolate and broken.

He had not been there long when a soldier went to him, and told him the Governor of Africa had said he must not stay there.

"Go to the Governor," he cried; "and say that you saw Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

And he arose, and wandered farther on till he came to a barren island. There he found rest.

While he was there, new troubles broke out at Rome. Sulla was away in Greece fighting, and the nobles having no leader like him at Rome, the people rose in their old way. Every one knew that the right man to lead them was old Marius.

He knew it too, and the moment he heard of the rising he took ship and landed in Italy. Crowds

joined him, and he marched on Rome. People were horror-struck at his appearance. He had not cut his hair or beard since he left Rome; and the gaunt old man, in a dirty, ragged dress, with his fierce eyes gleaming like red coals under his shaggy eyebrows, looked so terrible that men shuddered at the sight of him.

Rome, quaking and trembling, opened its gates. In he marched, thinking of nothing but vengeance on the nobles who had driven him into exile. Most cruelly did he avenge himself. He bade his guards cut down every man whom he did not salute. They, liking nothing better, slaughtered the nobles and the chief friends of Sulla till the streets of Rome were ankle deep in blood. A dreadful day for the city!

Then Marius and CINNA became Consuls. This was Marius's seventh consulship, and his presentiment was thus fulfilled.

But the pleasure of victory over his old enemies was too much for him. For the first time in his life he began to be disturbed by strange fears. He was always thinking of Sulla's return, and fancied he heard a voice ringing in his ears the dismal line—"Terrible is the absent Lion's den." Hideous visions of furies, flapping their loathsome wings in his face, haunted his dreams; and often he thought he saw the ghosts of the murdered nobles bidding him come to the infernal world. In his remorse and misery he began to drink deeply, which, you know, was not likely to make him feel easier. It was, perhaps, a happy day for him when he died, a little more than a fortnight after he was chosen Consul.

CHAPTER XLI.

SULLA.

VERY soon after Sulla had driven Marius into exile he went off to the wars. Mithridates, King of Pontus, was the enemy he went to fight: he had sent an army into Greece—which was a Roman province—to conquer it. To Greece, therefore, sailed Sulla with a strong Roman army.

The Greeks, for the most part, were for Mithridates and against Rome. They had been harshly used by the Roman governors, and fancied that another master would treat them better. So they were glad to see the men of Pontus when they landed, and promised to help them against the Romans.

Athens especially was all on their side, and drove out the Roman officers who were stationed there. Sulla came trooping down and laid siege to the place. The walls were high, the Athenians brave: it held out a long time. While the siege continued, the wits of the city made mockery of Sulla. He was a drunkard, and his face was spotted with red and white blotches; they said he looked like a mulberry sprinkled with flour.

It was a dear joke, as they soon found out. Sulla met the men of Pontus in the field, and scattered them like chaff. Then he took Athens, and ringing in the ears of the frightened people that he would

make them remember the Roman Lion, let loose all his wild soldiery on the beautiful city. He bade them plunder their fill, and not to mind killing any Athenians who got in their way.

More men came from Pontus to help the Greeks, but as fast as they could land the Lion tore down upon them and cut them to pieces.

Then he crossed over into Asia, and did the same there. There was no chance for Mithridates against the bold Roman soldiers and their terrible leader; so he sent to Sulla to beg for peace. Sulla, rather anxious, I fancy, to get back to Rome, granted it on condition that the conquered enemy should give up several provinces in Asia and pay a large sum of money.

It was while Sulla was fighting in Greece that Marius returned to Italy, and made himself Consul for the seventh time. So bitterly did the savage old man hate Sulla that he burned his house, seized his property, and drove his wife and children out of Rome. You may fancy how the Lion raged when he heard of it, and how furiously he fought with the men of Pontus in order to make an end of the war and get back to Rome.

His turn was now come. He wrote a letter to the Senate, saying that he had made peace with Mithridates; reminding the Senators how well he had served his country in the old war against Jugurtha, and in the wars in Italy; going over the history of the war with Mithridates, and showing how he had humbled that powerful enemy, and won ever so many provinces and no end of money for Rome; and winding up terribly—"In return for

all this you have burned my house, killed my friends, driven my wife and children out of their country. I am now going to take vengeance on you."

The Senators trembled when they heard the letter read as if it had been a real lion's roar in their ears. After the death of old Marius, his son **MARIUS THE YOUNGER** and his friend **CINNA** had held the chief power at Rome. The Senators sent in all haste to Sulla to say that they would be happy to try to reconcile him to these enemies of his. But the haughty Roman sent back word that he wanted no mediators, no reconciliation: he could take care of himself; it would be well for the others if they could do the same.

And he began to march on Rome. Many of the soldiers had heard so much of the valor of the Lion that they went to join him; among others, two young Romans named **POMPEY** and **CRASSUS**, who afterward became famous men. Against him young Marius and the other Consul raised the best army they could, and made ready to fight for the mastery of Rome.

Sulla was in no hurry. He moved very slowly forward, sending small parties of his men to meet the Consuls, and turning over in his mind what he would do when he got to Rome. Over a year passed in this way. At last he advanced sharply on the city. A great battle was fought outside the Colline gate, and his side won the day. The Marians were utterly destroyed.

Then Sulla sent for the Senators to come and meet in a temple outside the walls. They, more dead

than alive, obeyed. Just as they had assembled, shrieks and groans were heard: some of the Senators started at the sounds.

“Be good enough,” roared the Lion, “to attend to me, and not to these noises which do not concern you. It is nothing but a few wretches I am having chastised.”

The sounds were the dying groans of six thousand prisoners whom Sulla’s soldiers were butchering in cold blood.

This was only the beginning. When the Lion entered Rome, he commanded that the friends of Marius should all be put to death. Wherever they were, in the street, in their houses, in the temples, in ever so secret hiding-places, the cruel soldiers found them out and slaughtered them. Young Marius killed himself; his head was brought to Sulla, who gazed at it grimly, and said, “One should learn to row before one tries to steer.” Out of his grave the bones of his father were dug and thrown into the river; for the Lion’s hate was so insatiable that he even begrudged his dead rival’s soul rest in the world of spirits.

When every known friend of Marius was gone, people began to hope that Sulla would relent. But no; the killing went on. Some were slain because they were rich—many because Sulla’s followers wanted their houses—many to please some fine lady or other, who was a friend of Sulla’s.

One of the trembling Senators mustered courage to ask whether Sulla would be good enough to say whom he intended to spare?

The Lion roared that he really had not made up his mind whether he should spare any ; but to oblige the Senate, he would let people know whom he intended to kill. So he made out a list of names of persons to be murdered—it was called a proscription list—and hung it up in a public place, where every man could see it.

With bated breath the wretched Romans crowded round the list, every man in an agony lest he should find his own name there. Those who did, hid their faces and ran away ; but there was no place so dark or so distant that Sulla's fierce soldiers could not find it, and drag their victims out, and chop them down.

Those whose names were not in the list, went away rejoicing, and saying that Sulla was not such a bad man after all. But their joy did not last long. For next day, out came a second list, longer than the first, and on the day after, yet a third. As fast as the proscribed were killed the soldiers bore their heads to Sulla's house, and piled them up in his hall : a ghastly, hideous sight it must have been to see the dim twilight fall through the window in the roof on the dead men's blood-smeared faces and staring eyes. I wonder how Sulla ever dared to go out or in.

At length, when the soldiers were tired of killing, Sulla stopped the massacre. He called the people together, and told them a story.

“A farmer,” said he, “was annoyed by vermin which infested his coat. Twice he took it off, and shook it to get rid of them. Finding them there

still, he took it off a third time, and threw it into the fire. Ye, too, have had two lessons: beware of the fire!"

The poor broken-spirited Romans feebly applauded the story, and promised to take the hint. When the Lion said he wanted to be Dictator—not for six months only, as the law directed, but for as long a period of time as he chose—they said, "Oh yes, by all means, let us choose the Lion Dictator." And they chose him accordingly.

They went to see him triumph—a grand affair it was, with strings miles long of grand chariots, and splendid horses with gold trappings, and officers in gorgeous armor, and black-robed prisoners in chains and sorrow, and wagon-loads of gold and silver and rich stuffs, which Sulla had stolen in Asia—and very grand indeed looked the Lion himself, as he stood in his triumphal chariot and moved pompously through the crowd. But still, I think, there must have been many a cheek in that crowd that grew red, and many a hand that was clenched, as the bad man passed by with the blood-stains on his face.

Little cared he what men said or thought. As he was the only man in Rome who had any power at all, he took in hand to reform the laws. Hating the people as fiercely as ever, he stripped them of all their rights, made mere puppets of their Tribunes, and set up the nobles in all their old pride and state. And as, in fact, he did not care any thing for the old families, though he disliked their rivals the most, he made nobles of his chief officers, and sent them into the Senate.

From time to time, even when all Rome lay under his heel, his conscience would prick him, and he would shudder at the thought of some of the friends of Marius rising up against him still. When this happened, he would fly into furious rages, and try if he could not do something more to crush them. He made a law that none of their children or descendants, to the end of time, should ever hold office in Rome. He had all their property sold, wherever it was. Even in his sleep their names haunted him, and he would curse them.

One young man, and one only, dared to stand up against the Lion. This was JULIUS CÆSAR, who became so famous afterward. He had married a daughter of Cinna, the friend of Marius. Sulla ordered him to put her away. He had no doubt but Cæsar would obey him. Pompey, to please him, had put away his wife, and married another man's. But Cæsar was made of very different metal from Pompey. Though he was only nineteen at the time, he said that no Dictator should sever him from his young wife: he would keep her, and the Lion might roar as he pleased. The Lion did roar, and was for having Cæsar killed at once. But the Julian family was the greatest in Rome, and Sulla's friends besought him not to quarrel with them. "Be it so," said he, gruffly; "but that young man will give you more trouble than many Mariuses." And he let Cæsar escape from Rome.

Another young man, M. TULLIUS CICERO, who, like Marius, was born in the country town of Arpinum, and who had just begun life as a lawyer, ven-



GATEWAY AT APPINUM.

tured to appear in Court to plead the case of a man whom one of Sulla's followers wanted to plunder. You may fancy what state Rome was in when this act of Cicero's was thought wonderfully courageous ; and when he himself, after his speech, took no rest till he made his escape from Rome.

They say that after Sulla had slaughtered every one who would not be his slave, and destroyed every law which was not exactly to his taste, he became humane and moderate, and only killed a man now and then, just to divert himself. He grew tired of politics, in fact, and appeared one day in the Forum to lay down his power. Calling the people together, he asked if there was any man there whom he had wronged ? If there was, let him come forward and accuse him.

These bitter jokes were not much noticed by the people, they were so glad to get rid of the Lion. He went away to a country place he had on the Bay of Naples, and spent his last days there, feasting and drinking, and herding with the vilest creat-

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ures. Before he had been there long, a loathsome disease attacked him. Sores broke out all over his body, and vermin crawled from them, till it seemed a question which was the most disgusting—his body or his heart.

In his misery a magistrate happened to offend him. In his old way the Lion roared to his guards to put him to death on the spot. But the men who carried out the corpse of the unhappy magistrate were called the moment after to carry their master to his bed. He had broken a blood-vessel in his fury, and died of the injury.

It will give you some idea of the rottenness of Roman society at this time, to learn that all classes of people followed his corpse to the grave, and pretended to be very much afflicted by his death. The ladies of Rome—with many of whom he had been a great favorite—shed showers of tears on the mournful occasion, and went day after day in flocks to strew flowers on his tomb.

He wrote his own epitaph before he died. It was: No friend ever did him a kindness, and no enemy an injury, that he did not repay with interest.

CHAPTER XLII.

SERTORIUS.

HERE and there, during the lifetime of the Lion, Romans had been found bold enough to refuse to submit to him. Not in Italy; he was too powerful and too cruel for that; but away in that distant province of Rome which we now call Spain.

The chief of these bold men was SERTORIUS, a very brave and skillful soldier and a good citizen. Trained to virtue by his mother, on whose farm he had spent his youth, Sertorius had made himself a great name in the wars of the time, in the course of which he had lost an eye. When Marius made himself master of Rome, Sertorius had joined him out of hatred to the nobles and love for the people; but when Marius ordered the nobles to be butchered, Sertorius indignantly reproved him, and fell upon the butchers, and slew them by the hundred. When Sulla returned, and made himself tyrant, Sertorius resisted him as long as he had a dozen men to stand by him, and a handful of corn to eat. Beaten at last, and driven out of Italy, he went away to Africa with a broken heart.

In the Atlantic Ocean, about eight hundred miles from Portugal, lie a group of beautiful islands covered with vines, where grapes ripen under the loveliest climate in the world. We call them the Azores.

The ancient poets, who had dreamy notions of another world, fancied that they were the place where good men's spirits rested after death, and wrote pretty poems about the tranquil happiness of the blessed in these enchanted isles.

Sertorius had read these poems, and I dare say he believed them, for he was a man of a romantic and superstitious mind. He had met with bold sailors too, who had sailed westward in fine weather and had seen the islands with their green valleys and purple hills; and, in a fit of downheartedness, he resolved to go thither, so as to be far away from the selfish nobles of Rome.

But while he was making ready for the voyage Sulla died. Said he, "I will hie to Spain, and see whether there be any hope for freedom there."

So he crossed over, and the Spaniards were very glad to see him, and chose him to rule over them, without minding the Roman Senate in the least. Sertorius governed them well. He appointed a Spanish Senate, and tried to teach the Spaniards that there was something better to do in the world than to fight and hunt. He set up a school too—the people of Huesca still know the spot where it stood—and made all the chief Spaniards send their sons there to learn the Latin tongue, and whatever else the schoolmasters of those days could teach them.

When the nobles at Rome heard of his doings, they said to their general, METELLUS, "Just take a few soldiers and bring that impudent fellow in chains to Rome."

It was much easier to say this than to do it. The

Spaniards were very fond of Sertorius. A band of the best of them gathered round him and took a solemn oath to die with him. They say that many of them believed he was specially favored by the gods, and that a tame fawn which he had brought from Africa, and which followed him about wherever he went, was a god in disguise. At any rate, they liked him a great deal better than the Roman nobles, and as he was a good soldier, and knew every crag, and plain, and brook in Spain, Metellus had very little chance against him. It was a bad business for the Romans when he fell upon them in the mist of the morning or at dead of night, with his bold Spanish mountaineers ; and the nobles soon found they were getting the worst of it.

Then said they, “ Suppose we send Pompey against him ; no one can stand against Pompey.”

So Pompey came sailing across to Spain with a great army, and no end of boastings as to what he would do with Sertorius. But when he met him—it was on the bank of the river Xucar—the Spaniards fought so bravely, and Sertorius led them so well, that Pompey was beaten, and might have been finished altogether but for some more Romans who came up to help him just at the close of day.

In the hurry and confusion of this flight Sertorius lost his fawn. The superstitious Spaniards said this was a bad sign, and went away to their tents very sulkily. My opinion is that they were tired of Sertorius, and that the Roman nobles had bought up the chief men among them. For, when the fawn was found again, they still went on murmuring and

sulking, and many of them deserted Sertorius and went over to the Romans.

He punished them cruelly—barbarously. Their sons were at the school he had founded; he seized them, and sold them as slaves. Some of them, it is even said, he caused to be put to death.

He soon paid the penalty for this shocking crime. A vile, treacherous creature named PERPERNA, who had been one of his chief officers, invited him to a grand banquet. He asked to meet him nine Romans, vile creatures like himself, who were in his plot.

When the feast was over, and the apples were on the table, some of the conspirators pretended to be drunk, and began to talk in a coarse, unseemly manner. This they did in order to provoke Sertorius, who was a moral man, and could not bear profligacy of any kind. But he would not be provoked. When they caroused and blasphemed, he turned round on his couch and pretended to go to sleep. Then Perperna took a goblet of wine and threw it on the floor. This was the signal agreed upon. The stoutest of the conspirators flung himself upon Sertorius and pinioned his arms, while the others stabbed him to death.

I am very glad to say that when Perperna galloped off to Pompey with the head of Sertorius in a basket, Pompey received him as so vile a wretch deserved. He would not see his face, but bade his soldiers put him to death instantly as a murderer.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SPARTACUS.

A NOTHER enemy who arose against the nobles at this time, and proved himself as brave as Sertorius, was SPARTACUS THE GLADIATOR.

Gladiators, or broadswordsmen, were slaves and prisoners of war, who were trained to fight with each other in public for the amusement of the Roman people. In our time such amusements would be considered very shocking and barbarous. The Romans saw no harm in them; and as they were very exciting, great crowds of men and women used to flock to the theatre when there was to be a gladiator-fight, just as people flock in our time to hear a great singer; and the ladies clapped their hands and screamed with delight when they saw a strong man fall dead at their feet, his life-blood bubbling out of his nostrils.

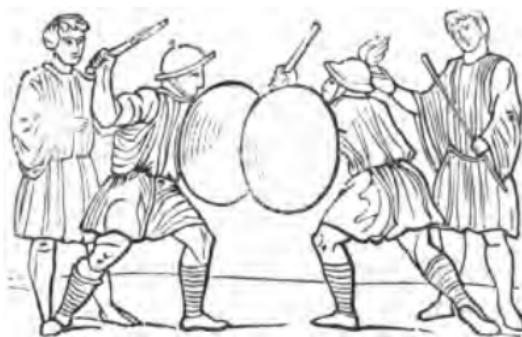
Some of these gladiators fought with swords like the Romans themselves. Others carried a strong net, which they tried to throw over the head of their antagonist, so as to entangle him: if they succeeded, they stabbed him instantly with a sort of three-pronged spear they carried. When two gladiators were pitted against each other in the theatre, they fought until one of the two was disabled and overthrown. Then the conqueror turned to the people to

decide whether he should kill the wounded man outright or not. If the people fancied he had done well, and would be able to amuse them another day, then they pressed downward their thumbs, and this meant that he was to be spared. But if they were not pleased with him, or thought he was too badly wounded to be of any further use, then they raised their thumbs, and the unhappy wretch was put out of pain on the spot.

GLADIATORS.



were kept and taught to fight. Spartacus, a Thracian, was shut up in one of these prison-schools. He had been taken prisoner in war; and his wife,



GLADIATORS.

hearing of his misfortune, had journeyed all the way from her own country to Capua, where he was. I dare say this brave woman had something to do with the resolution he now took.

Having secretly formed his plans, and won over eight-and-seventy other gladiators to join him, he broke out of his prison-school into the streets of Capua. There was a cook's shop near by: into it the gladiators rushed, and caught up the knives and cleavers and spits to serve as arms, and with these fought their way out of the town. As luck would have it, in the country they met a wagon full of swords and spears. Seizing these, they hastened to the top of Mount Vesuvius, and hid themselves in and around the smoking crater, where no one dared to follow them.

A band of Roman soldiers besieged them there; but Spartacus, falling upon them unawares, routed them, and marched away to the north, summoning all the gladiators and slaves to join him. "If we are to die," said he, very sensibly, "we had better

die fighting for our own liberty than for the Romans' amusement." So thought the gladiators, who came by twenties, and by hundreds, and soon by thousands to march under his orders.

When more Romans attacked him, he defeated them with great slaughter, and ravaged the country far and wide, and spread the fame of his valor even to the city of Rome. He had now one hundred thousand men under him, and plenty of arms and provisions.

"Now," said he, "I will go back to my own dear home in Thrace, where my children are."

But his officers said, Not so. They were strong enough to march on Rome, and march on Rome they would. So off they went, in spite of Spartacus, with about half his army, and met the Romans, and were beaten, and for the most part miserably killed.

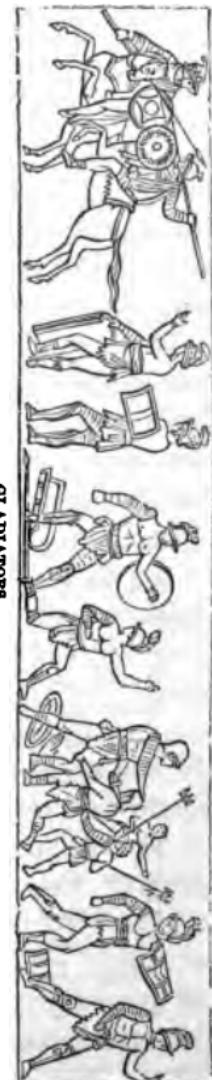
In his rage at the news, Spartacus marched down with his men, fell upon the victorious Romans, and beat them. The Romans he took prisoners he divided into two parts, and made them fight as gladiators for the amusement of his army, just to see how they would like it. A just retribution, too.

Still he never thought to make head against all the power of Rome, and even in the hour of victory he was always thinking of escape. More Roman armies coming out to fight him, he hurried away to the south of Italy, and hired boats and ships there to cross over with all his men into Sicily. But when the day came, the sailors betrayed him, and would not ferry him over. On one side one Ro-

man army, under the command of Crassus, was pressing him hard; on another, another Roman army was marching up to inclose him.

He saw there was nothing for it but to fight, and before the second army came up, he turned savagely upon Crassus. When they brought him his war-horse on the morning of the day of battle, he drew his sword and killed him. "If I win the day," said he, "I shall have plenty of horses; if I lose it, I shall want none."

Then the fight began furiously. The Romans were the most numerous by far, and, I dare say, they fought better than the slaves as a general thing. Not better than Spartacus though. Through legion after legion he hewed his way, mowing down the Romans with his terrible broadsword, and calling aloud for "Crassus! Crassus!" But Crassus took care not to hear, and other Romans wounding Spartacus, he fell on one knee. Even then he looked so fierce, and dealt such tremendous blows with his sword, that the soldiers kept at a respectful distance till they had killed him with arrows and darts.



All his men were taken or killed. The killed were the happiest; for all the prisoners were crucified along the roadside between Rome and Capua, and their bodies left to rot and poison the air, as a warning to future gladiators not to follow the example of the brave Spartacus.

None ever did. For five hundred years the gladiator-fights went on in the theatre, and brave men killed each other by the hundreds and the thousands, and the Romans cheered, and the Roman ladies screamed with delight just in the old way, when the sand and gravel at their feet was sodden with blood.

There is a famous statue at Rome of a wounded man leaning upon his hand and slowly sinking into death. Some people suppose it represents a gladiator, and I dare say it does. Perhaps you have read the lines which Byron wrote when he saw it:

I see before me the gladiator lie—
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone, [won.
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!

CHAPTER XLIV.

MITHRIDATES.

I MUST now tell you the story of MITHRIDATES, King of Pontus, who gave the Romans so much trouble about this time.

Pontus, his kingdom, was a country of Asia Minor. It is a long while now since the Turks conquered Asia Minor, and made it a part of the dominions of the Sultan, as it is to this day. Nineteen hundred years ago—before there were any Turks—Asia Minor was split up into ever so many little kingdoms, which were inhabited by very poor-spirited races of people, and governed by the most absurd and wretched tyrants the world has ever seen. Some of these kingdoms had been overrun by the restless Romans, who had made them Roman provinces, and set over them Roman governors, to rob, murder, and oppress the natives—a kind of work the Romans understood perfectly, and liked above all things. Pontus was another of them; the Romans had not conquered it yet, though they had nibbled it round the edges, biting a bit off here and a bit there, and promising themselves to swallow up the whole some fine day.

But while they were nibbling, there was growing



up at Sinope, the capital, a boy who was destined to make himself very famous by the brave and persevering manner in which he resisted them. This was Mithridates, son of the King of Pontus.

These royal families of Asia Minor were more like herds of wild beasts than men. They were always fighting with each other, and murdering each other in cruel and treacherous ways. In their choice of victims they seem to have given their relations the preference over strangers, and to have taken more delight in murdering their own children or their parents than any one else.

When Mithridates came to the throne, at eleven years of age, his relations set to work directly to kill him. They first tried to poison him. But he escaped this death, it is said, by swallowing large doses of medicine daily as antidotes against poison. Then they tried to kill him openly. This danger he also escaped by spending most of his time away hunting, and also, I dare say, by showing his family that, young as he was, he was strong enough and bold enough to give some trouble to the murderers they hired to kill him. So, neither plan having succeeded, his turn came in course of time, and he showed himself more than a match for his friends at the murder business. He first caught his mother and his brother and cut off their heads; then he choked a score or so of cousins. These little family arrangements completed, he began to reign in earnest.

The business of his life, he soon saw, was to be his struggle with the Romans. Either they must be the masters of Asia Minor, or he must be the

master. He resolved that he would be the master. First, he shut himself up with several learned men, and learned all the languages of the various nations with which he would have to deal; working so hard, and learning so quick, that it is said he taught himself to speak twenty-five languages. Then he raised a great army, and equipped it in the Asiatic fashion.

To train his army to fight, he thought he would knock his neighbors about a little. On one side of him lay Cappadocia. A brother-in-law of his was king there. You know how little this was likely to help him; and you will not be surprised to learn that Mithridates, one fine day, marched into his kingdom, conquered it, cut off his brother-in-law's head, and made his son king in his place. The son not pleasing him either, after a short while he cut off his head too.

On another side lay Bithynia. The Bithynian king was a great-grandson of that Prusias who had betrayed Hannibal to the Romans. Mithridates came marching down against him with fire and sword, but he wisely saved his head by running away and begging for help from the Romans. When he was gone, Mithridates set up a man of his own to reign in his stead; but, like the others, he grew tired of him in a few weeks, and had him poisoned.

This was mere play. The Romans took the part of the Bithynian king, and stirred up another native king to make war on Mithridates. It was just what he wanted. He very soon demolished the Romans' friend, and falling suddenly on the Romans themselves, drove all their governors out of Asia.

Then, on a given day, he commanded the people of Asia Minor to put to death every Roman—man, woman, or child—that was found in the country. You may fancy how bitterly the Romans had made themselves hated by their avarice and oppression, when you learn that this cruel command was joyfully obeyed, and that seventy thousand Romans of all ages were killed in two or three days.

One of the Roman governors, whose name was **AQUILLIUS**, fell into Mithridates's hands alive. He was set on an ass and ridden round the country, with a label on his breast declaring that the war was caused by his greed and cruelty (which was, I dare say, true in some part), and at last put to death by having molten gold poured down his throat.

Flushed with success, Mithridates sent armies over to Greece, where the Roman governors had made themselves as deeply hated by the people as in Asia. But there they met Sulla (as you heard in the last chapter), who beat them, cut them all to pieces, then crossed over to Asia, and forced Mithridates to make peace.

It cost him so much, what with the men he lost in Greece, and the money Sulla forced him to pay, that he was very nearly ruined. For ten years he could do nothing but plot and scheme, and make ready by degrees for a new struggle. At the end of that time, having raised a new army larger than the first, and armed the men this time in the Roman way—in the vain hope that he might thus infuse into their hearts some spark of Roman bravery—he began the war again.

To give heart to his soldiers, who were very superstitious, he offered solemn sacrifices before marching against the enemy. To the god of the sea he offered a splendid chariot drawn by beautiful milk-white horses, whom he ordered to be driven at full gallop over a high cliff into the roaring waves of the Black Sea. In honor of the god of war he raised on the top of a large mountain a huge pyramid of dry wood, crowned with offerings of milk and honey, and oil and incense. Then, having mustered his whole army around the mountain, he set fire to the pyramid, and feasted and made merry, while the flames curled round the top and rose so high in the air that they were seen a hundred miles off.

But he had better have saved his milk-white horses and his oil and honey, and the rest. For the moment he met the Romans, and they charged, with their shields and broadswords flashing in the sunshine, his whole army took to flight, and the Romans chased them like sheep, killing vast numbers of them, and frightening the others so terribly that they ran out of sight and never turned up again.

Mithridates was greatly disgusted at their cowardice; but, without losing heart, he sent trusty officers throughout his dominions to collect all the able-bodied men they could find, in order to raise another army to fight the Romans again. And so he did; and just as before, when the Romans fell on them with their heavy swords, the feeble Asiatics turned and fled, leaving their king to save himself in the best way he could.

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This was almost a finishing blow to Mithridates. He was very nearly caught himself as he rode away after the battle ; a band of Roman horse were close on his heels, when he bethought himself of cutting a hole in a money-bag he carried, and escaped while his pursuers were stopping to pick up the gold pieces he dropped.

But his wives and sisters were left behind. In the midst of his agony he remembered them, and called for his chief eunuch. When the eunuch came, he bade him ride for very life to where the women were. "Tell them," said this jealous king, "that me they can never see more. The Romans are coming; say that they must not find one wife or sister of Mithridates alive."

In hot haste over the sandy plains rode the eunuch, starting and looking round at every noise to see if the Romans were not behind him. When he reached the place where the women were, he dismounted, and quickly running into their room, held out a bowstring and a cup of poison, and told them to take their choice. The poor girls screamed and tore their hair in their great distress, and implored the eunuch to spare them a little while longer; but he had no more feeling for any human creature than his master, and put them all to death, in an agony lest the job should not be done before the Romans came.

One of these unhappy girls, a lovely Greek, named MONIMA, had married Mithridates only a short while before, and really loved her cruel husband. When the eunuch in his brutal way said to her, "Choose!"

she took the royal fillet which bound her hair and tried to strangle herself with it. It broke; she threw it aside, saying, "It is not fit even for this!" and stretched her head to the eunuch. He wrung her neck as calmly as if she had been a fowl.

All this while Mithridates was riding for his life. He rode and rode till he entered Armenia, where another son-in-law of his, **TIGRANES**, was king. Tigranes was so ignorant a man that he fancied he was the greatest sovereign in the world, called himself the King of Kings, and when he went out, had four captive kings to run in servants' livery before his chariot. He was so proud that he thought it beneath him to know any one who was in distress: he would not see Mithridates, or notice him in any way.



TIGRANES.

But when the Romans sent to him, as they had sent long ago to Prusias, to say, "We must have Mithridates," this haughty king flew into a rage with their messengers because they would not grovel in the dust at his feet, and sent for Mithridates to say he had made up his mind to give the Romans a lesson.

"Beware," said the wise old King of Pontus, "how you attack them. These Romans fight well."

The King of Kings made light of the warning, went out in great state at the head of his armies, and at the first onset ran away with all his men.

After this, he began to think more of Mithridates,

and let him lead his armies. More battles followed; and though the Asiatics ran away whenever they had a chance, sometimes Mithridates managed to make them hold their ground, and the Romans had harder work than before. The people of Asia, who always hated the Romans, annoyed them in various petty ways; and as they quarreled among themselves, and rose against their general, LUCULLUS, Mithridates contrived at last to get back his dominions once more.

While these wars were going on, other Asiatics who lived near the coast, and had been cruelly oppressed and plundered by the Romans, began, like Mithridates, to revenge themselves. They left their old homes, and journeyed to distant islands in the Mediterranean and wild spots on the coast; there they built ships, and armed them, and sallied forth in little parties of three or four to war upon the Roman vessels. The Romans called them pirates. Perhaps they were. But I dare say the poor people of Asia when they saw their children sold into slavery and their houses robbed and burned would call the Romans pirates; and really the name answers as well for the one as the other.

These sea-rovers were terrible fellows, who feared nothing, and kept the whole sea-coast of Italy in constant trembling. Sometimes they would land a boat's crew, seize a few Romans, and keep them on board their ships till they got a heavy ransom. Sometimes they would kill every living creature that fell into their hands. Often when they caught a man who said he was a Roman citizen—it was a

very great thing in those days to be a Roman citizen, as you may see from what St. Paul says—they would pretend to be quite shocked and sorry for what they had done. Some would fall on their knees and beg his pardon. Others would offer to wait upon him. The captain would beg him to forgive them, and would help him on with his cloak or tie his sandals. When the poor Roman had been hoaxed in this way long enough, and said he forgave the sea-rovers—they would lower a plank over the side, and would ask him, with great show of respect, to be good enough to walk down, or else they would have to help him. So they would drown him.

When the news of their doings reached Rome, the people cried with one voice that the pirates must be put down. With one voice too, they said that the man to put them down was Pompey.

Pompey was the favorite of the day. He was handsome, pleasant in manner. He had been the friend of Sulla, and the friend of the nobles. He said now he was the friend of the people. At bottom, there was but one person whose friend he was, and that was Pompey ; and a foolish friend even to him. As he had done some fighting, however, in Spain, and was always very lucky in what he tried, it was natural the people should choose him to make an end of the pirates.

They gave him as many ships, and as many men, and as much money as he wanted ; and then, for fear he should still want something, they gave him leave to break any laws he chose. They had got used to see their laws broken by this time.

With all his power and his ships it took him only three months to put down the pirates. Some he overcame in battle, and killed; some he drove ashore and burned their ships; and many he persuaded to take to other callings. So there was an end of the sea-rovers.

Then the people cried as before—the nobles crying the loudest of all—that he was the man to make an end of Mithridates too. When Pompey heard of it, he said, “What! will they give me no rest?” But you may be sure this was only a fine flourish, and that no man wanted the appointment so badly as Pompey.

He sailed to Asia with a large army, and fought a battle with the old King of Pontus. Strange to say, the Asiatics did not run away, and it is not quite sure that Mithridates was beaten. But at the next battle his men came to themselves again, and scampered off faster than ever.

Then the old King rode away for the second time to his son-in-law, Tigranes. But the King of Kings was as base as he was proud. He drove his father-in-law out of his dominions, and ran—I wonder whether the four kings ran before him still—to kneel at Pompey’s feet, and show what a mean-spirited creature he was at bottom.

Away over the rocks, and through woods—among wild races as savage as himself—and through deserts as parched and forbidding as his own heart, the old King wandered, journeying round the eastern shores of the Black Sea. He journeyed on and on, suffering dreadful privation and hourly danger, till he

reached the Crimea. There—it was then called the Bosphorus—he had long before set up a kingdom, and sent his son to reign over it. This son no sooner heard of his coming than he killed himself, from sheer dread of seeing his father's face.

From Kertch (which was taken the other day by the Allies) Mithridates sent to Pompey to propose peace. Pompey made answer that Mithridates must come himself. He knew the Romans too well for that.

Deserted, ruined, exiled as he was, his great spirit was not broken. He began to train the rough men of the Bosphorus for a great expedition against Rome. There is a rock near Kertch where the people of the place say that Mithridates used to sit watching the stormy Black Sea waves, and turning over in his mind his mighty plans of vengeance.

But fortune was against him. An earthquake shook the country, and frightened the people. He fell ill, and lay for many days in a raging fever. When he arose from his bed, the people rebelled against him, his son, PHARNACES, at their head.

As bold as ever, he met them face to face, put them down, and spared his son—the only one of his family for whom he ever showed any tenderness. Pharnaces promised to be faithful to him forever after, and went out and rebelled again.

The people shouting under his windows that they would have none of him, he fled with a servant and two daughters to a strong tower, where he shut himself up. Pharnaces, with the mob, besieged him there. Then he saw that he could fight with fortune

no longer: he must die. There is a story told of his taking poison with his two daughters, who died of the dose, while their father found that it hadn't the least effect upon him in consequence of the antidotes he had been used to take. But the account of this last family party is very improbable. It is certain that he killed himself, no matter how; and that his son—who inherited his affectionate disposition—had his body packed up in all haste, and sent across the sea to Pompey. Pompey buried it with great honors at Sinope, in the sepulchre of the kings of Pontus.

After this, Pompey had easy work in Asia. His soldiers had only to show themselves, and the natives ran away directly. So Pompey got great glory, and carried off as much treasure as he wanted.

Among other countries he invaded Judea, which was in a very unhappy state at this time, having been eighty years independent, and torn and ravaged by its king-priests. There were two of them now, brothers, who were fighting for the crown. Both asked for Pompey's help. He gave it to the elder, HYRCANUS, upon which the younger persuaded the people of Jerusalem to shut their gates against him. He besieged the place, and took it after a great deal of fighting, in which numbers of the wretched Jews were killed.

But it seems that the killing did not enrage the Jews half so much as Pompey's walking through the temple with his officers, and entering the Holiest of Holies, where no man but the high-priest was allowed to set foot. He, of course, being a Roman,

thought nothing of it, and laughed and joked with his officers, while the Jewish priests were half dead with terror at the bare sight of such profanity. However, to please them, he stole nothing, and this soothed them a little.

In that year, probably during the siege of Jerusalem, there was born a child who afterward became **HEROD THE KING**. He lived a busy and a wicked life, and died bidding his soldiers with his last breath go and slaughter "all the children that were in Bethlehem, from two years old and under." But with all his soldiers and all his cunning, he could not slaughter the child who was that year "born King of the Jews."

T*

CHAPTER XLV.

CICERO.

AND now, it seemed there were very few nations left for the Romans to conquer that were worth the conquering. None of their enemies had been able to stand against them. Wherever the Roman eagles had gone they had been victorious. That little city on the seven hills had spread and spread until all the Mediterranean shores on both sides were subject to it.

But for all this, I don't think the people of Rome were much better off. The nobles made all the laws, and managed matters pretty much as they liked; and bad as they had been in former times, they were now far worse, more insolent, more selfish, more corrupt. They had grown more enlightened and richer of late years, and had come to despise not only the gods and the augurs (which was not perhaps a great pity), but also the example of those great poor men, like Fabricius, who had been the fathers of Roman greatness. Their learning did not do them much good; and their wealth—not very honestly gained, I am afraid—was a positive mischief. Many of the nobles built themselves houses which cost over half a million of dollars, and kept as many as eight and ten thousand slaves to wait upon them.

The richest man in Rome was Crassus. He had made his fortune by buying up the estates of people whom Sulla had proscribed; and as he was very greedy of gain, he followed the trade of a money-lender. Though his wealth was so enormous that the greatest fortunes in this country could not compare with it, he was so mean that, having once lent a hat to a poor friend to go to the country, he took no rest till the friend returned and he got it back.

Then there was Julius Caesar, who, though poor and very much in debt, was growing an important person. The sea-rovers of Asia had caught him, some time before, and sent word to his family that they must have twenty talents as his ransom.

“Twenty!” said he, when he heard of it; “I am worth more than that. Ask fifty, and when I am free I will fight you, and have you crucified.”

He was as good as his word; for the moment his ransom was paid, he fitted out a couple of ships, dashed after the sea-rovers, caught them, and crucified them as he had said.

Crassus was the friend of the nobles, to whom he lent money, and who were very glad to eat his fine dinners, and made laws to suit his speculations. Caesar was a noble himself, and of very high family; but he rather took the side of the people, and though he was very quiet, and spent most of his time in pleasant company, feasting and making merry, he was watching public affairs with a very keen eye.

But the leading man of the day at Rome was the great orator Cicero. He was so glorious a speaker that the Forum hushed whenever he rose to address



the people; and to this day his speeches are among the best young orators are taught to study. He was, besides, a gentleman of fine feelings and high honor; a philosopher also, of rare depth and learning. Too much, perhaps, of a gentleman and a philosopher for the rough times in which he lived, and lacking that iron will and boldness which make men strong.

Him the nobles chose to be Consul, though he did not belong to their class. They supposed, of course, that he would do their work.

While he was Consul, a very strange plot was formed at Rome. What its real object was, and who the conspirators were, we can not tell now. But it seems certain that a band of wild, reckless persons—idle, worthless nobles, old soldiers, city vagabonds, and others of the same sort—did form a plot to overthrow the government. The chief conspirator

is said to have been SERGIUS CATILINA, or, as we call him, CATILINE. It has always been the fashion to abuse him heartily, and to call him all the hard names in the dictionary; I dare say he was a wild sort of fellow, who led a profligate life, and was ready for any mischief. But I wish, for my part, that he had told us his story, so that we might have heard both sides. I shouldn't wonder if Cicero and his other enemies, when they had him down, made him out to be a much worse man than he was. However this be, the story they tell is this:

Soon after Cicero became Consul, strange tales were told about Catiline having wanted to kill the Consuls. Well, these blew over, and people were forgetting them, when a young woman named FULVIA went to Cicero in a mysterious way, and said there was a great plot on foot against the government, and that Catiline was at the bottom of it. She said she had heard this from one CURIUS, who was her lover, and was in the plot. Cicero bade her say nothing, but try to worm the whole secret out of this talkative lover of hers. Meanwhile he went about Rome himself, whispering to every body that Catiline was a shocking character and ought to be sharply watched.

When Fulvia had brought him more stories about the plot, and he thought he knew enough, he made a terrible onslaught on Catiline in the Senate. Catiline denied every thing, and said, if the Consul was afraid of his doing harm, he was willing to place himself in the hands of any Senator who chose to keep him as a prisoner.

Cicero answered, "We do not think it safe to have thee in the city, and dost thou expect us to take thee into our houses?" A very fine answer, no doubt, but better suited for a theatre than a Senate.

Among other things, the woman Fulvia told Cicero that two of the conspirators would call at his house on a certain night to kill him. Of course, when they came, they were told Cicero was not at home for them. They went away, saying they would call again. This, too, is uncommonly like what we see at some of our theatres.

However, it chanced that some people did rise in the country near Rome and made a great noise. Cicero had been expecting it, and had made ready one of his grandest speeches, full of the most beautiful figures of speech and flowery language. When the news reached him, he rushed to the Senate, where Catiline was, and burst out with this splendid speech. When he had ended, Catiline, who was taken aback by so fierce an onslaught, rose to reply; but the Senate would not listen to him. The members shouted, and stamped, and hooted, and hissed, till he ran out of the building, burning with shame, and rage, and revenge.

Whatever he had intended up to this time, Cicero and the Senate had now left him no choice how to act. Bidding his friends **LENTULUS** and **CETHEGUS** remain in the city, he took horse and rode away to the people who had risen in the country.

There were at Rome at this time a party of Gauls who had come to make a treaty with the Senate on behalf of their tribe. Lentulus—who seems to have

had no sense at all—went to these Gauls, and said to them: “We are going to upset the government; suppose you make your treaty with us. If you will help us in our plot we will agree to what you want.”

The Gauls, in their plain way, said they would think of it, and went and told Cicero the whole story. Cicero persuaded them to pretend to agree to the proposal, but to insist on getting it in writing, signed by the chief conspirators. Lentulus was such a simpleton that he wrote out his proposal, and signed it himself, and got eight of his friends to sign with him.

Cicero got the paper, of course, and arrested all the signers directly. Then he went to the Senate, where he made the Senators’ blood curdle by telling them of the horrid schemes of the conspirators, and how they were all to be butchered in their beds, and how Rome was to be burned, and so on. They, scared out of their wits, cried that the prisoners should be put to death. Julius Cæsar, who was not so easily frightened as the others, was for sparing their lives; but CATO, the leader of the nobles, said that nothing but their death would satisfy him.

So said most of the nobles. Cicero accordingly went out and had them all strangled without a trial. He did so from weakness, not from cruelty; but still, he ought to have known better.

Against Catiline, who had gathered some twenty thousand men together, and was trying to make his way into Gaul, the Senate sent off two armies. They soon entrapped him, and cut off his retreat.

Driven to bay, he fought them bravely, and was, of course, utterly defeated. His own body was found where the fight had been thickest, with a stern frown on his brow.

This was the end of the plot, and I must say it was cheaply put down, considering the noise Cicero made about it. I am not very sorry for Catiline, for he was not a virtuous, or in any way a pleasing character; but for Cicero's sake, I wish he had been dealt with somewhat differently.

The people of Rome, who had not forgotten those dreadful times when Sulla and Marius entered the city with fire and sword, were in ecstasies with Cicero. When he went into the Forum, after having the nine conspirators put to death, and exclaimed in a solemn voice, "They have lived!" every body shouted for savage joy. In the Senate, nothing too complimentary could be said of Cicero. Cato declared he was the father of his country.

I am afraid this flattery spoiled him, and turned his head. He began to fancy himself a great conqueror, and wrote as much to Pompey, who never forgave him for the letter. He made speech after speech hours long to the people, reminding them of what he had done, and proving how great a man he was. They grew a little tired of it at last, and though they cheered him when he gave up the consulship, and cried, "I alone have served the Republic!" they never raised him to power again.

Rougher men than he were needed for these times. Pompey was on his way home from Asia at the head of his army; and the poor people at Rome were in

terror lest he should do as Sulla had done. I am very glad to say he did not. He sent his soldiers each to their homes, and entered Rome with a few friends only. Instead of thanking him for sparing them, the stupid nobles took the first opportunity of quarreling with him, and making an enemy of him.

Cæsar, too, came sailing home from Spain about the same time, and was chosen Consul. The nobles didn't like him either, nor he them. To oppose them, he made a league with Pompey and Crassus against them.

Then a new tussle began for the mastery of Rome —Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus on the one side, and the Senate and nobles on the other. The nobles struggled might and main. In their old way they brought their hangers-on and slaves into the Forum, and tried to bully Cæsar; but he was as bold as he was wise, and they got the worst of it.

Cæsar wanted Cicero to join his side, and tried hard to win him over. But he could not succeed. Cicero was an irresolute man, who was always trying to do right, but never could make up his mind exactly as to what was right and what wrong. While he was weighing the matter, a sad trouble befell him.

There was a festival at Rome which was kept every spring by most of the women of the city. It was a secret festival, at which no men were allowed to be present, and was celebrated in a very mysterious way in the Consul's house with closed doors. A wild young Roman noble, named **CLODIUS**, who had

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fallen in love with one of the ladies who were to go to the festival (it was Cæsar's wife, and he put her away in consequence), contrived to get inside the house in woman's dress. The women detected him; and the people, who were terribly shocked at his impudence, insisted on his being tried for the offense.

When the trial came on, Clodius swore that he had been away in the country on the day of the festival. Cicero, hearing the false oath, went forward directly and said that Clodius had sworn falsely, that he had met him in Rome on the very day. Clodius was acquitted, his family being rich enough to buy up the judges, and he vowed vengeance against Cicero.

To wreak it, he got himself elected Tribune of the people, and straightway accused Cicero of having put nine Roman citizens to death without a trial.

If Cicero had come forward manfully and called the Senators to witness that they had ordered the conspirators to be put to death, and had said boldly that what he had done he would stand by—I am sure Clodius would have been beaten. But instead of this, he acted in a very feeble, irresolute manner. First, he asked Pompey to protect him—Pompey, who never befriended any one in distress. When he found that Pompey wouldn't help him, he put on mourning and went into the Forum to beg for pity. His friends the Senators put on mourning likewise, and were as mean-spirited as any thing you can imagine on the occasion.

Clodius had no pity for him, but wrought early and late, with threats and bribes and tremendous

exertions, to induce the people to condemn him. Browbeaten and bullied by this vindictive man, Cicero at last lost heart altogether, and fled to Greece, leaving all his property to be seized and his house to be burned by his revengeful enemy. It is very sad to read the doleful letters which he wrote about this time, and to think that so gifted a man had so little manliness.

When he had gone—Cæsar soon afterward setting off for Gaul—the Tribune Clodius was left the master of Rome.

END OF VOL I.

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